Oct. 14, 1985

THE NEW YORKER

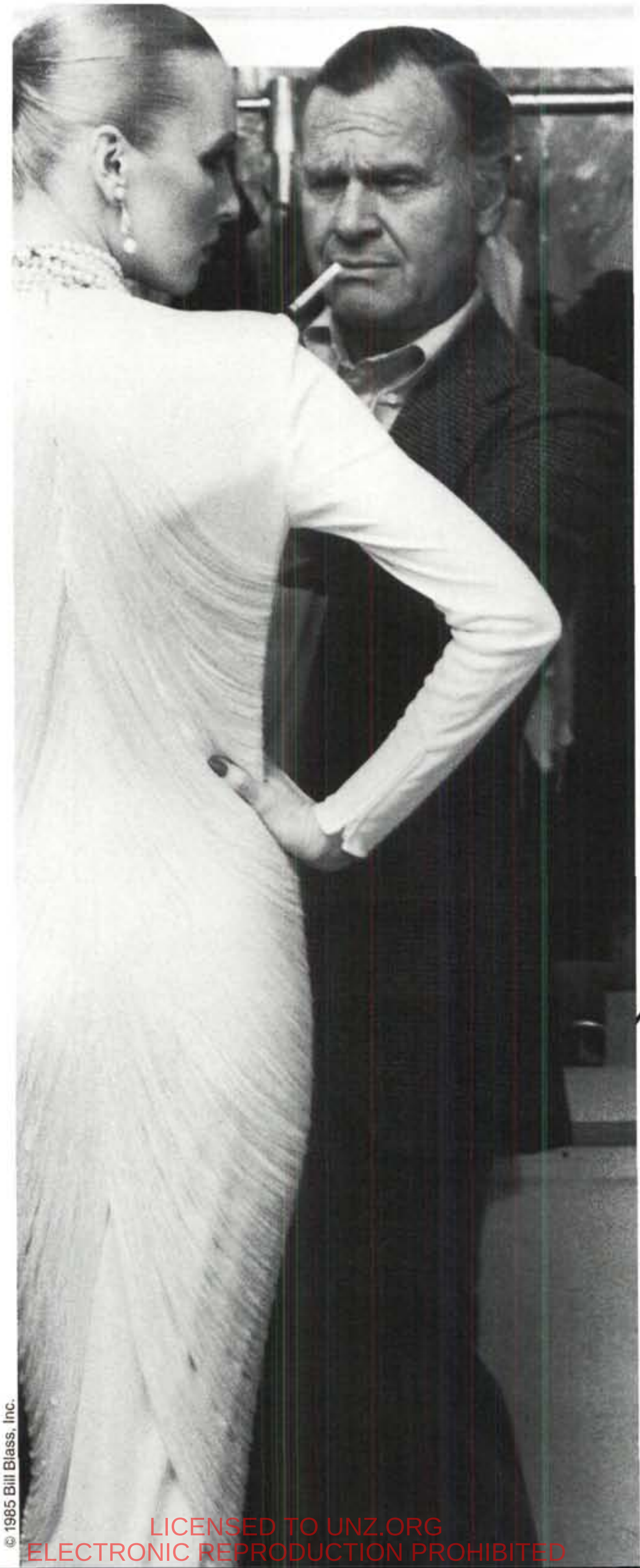
Price $1.50

Barbara Westman

My latest list of what I like and don't like so much about women.

My dislikes.

1. A woman who tells you everything. As soon as you've met her.
2. Who can't go to the movies by herself.
3. A woman who wears exercise clothes when she isn't exercising.
4. Who uses a pencil to dial the phone.
5. Who reads book reviews. Instead of books.
6. A woman who calls everyone darling.
7. Who thinks it's extravagant to buy two bottles of perfume at once.



My likes.

1. A woman whose best friend is a man.
2. A woman who loves dogs that are bigger than cats.
3. Who enjoys getting dressed for dinner. At home.
4. Who sings, loud, even though she's tone deaf.
5. A woman who gets mad. And isn't afraid to say so.
6. A woman who sends a man flowers, just because it's raining.
7. Who doesn't think it's extravagant to buy two bottles of perfume at once. Mine, of course.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A further chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Cabbagehead—A play by Oliver Goldstick, presented by the Lion Theatre Company. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Moves on Wednesday, Oct. 16, to the 890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St., 533-8834. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Double Image Theatre—Presenting two plays in alternating weekly repertory—**FILTHY RICH**, a play by George F. Walker: Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 9-11, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 19-20. . . . **SAVAGE IN LIMBO:** The scene is a bar in the Bronx, and many of the rackety customers are in personal trouble of one sort or another. John Patrick Shanley's play is often funny, though seldom quite believable. The production, under Mark Linn-Baker's direction, is splendid; with Mary McDonnell, Deborah Hedwall, and Randle Mell, among others. (10/7/85) Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 12-13, and Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 15-18. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 247-5361. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—A number of coarse jokes about Jewish husbands and Jewish wives fill an evening that purports to be about four middle-aged tennis players in Connecticut. Written by David Wiltse and starring Keir Dullea, Cliff Gorman, Robert Reed, and Charles Repole. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—An 1868 drama by Augustin Daly, **A FLASH OF LIGHTNING**, is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 13. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Goodbye Freddy—A comedy by Elizabeth Diggs, presented by Manhattan Punch Line. (Intar, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 20.)

The Iceman Cometh—Over four and a half hours of muddled conversation on that tired schoolboy subject of debate: "Resolved, that man cannot live without illusions." With Jason Robards, Donald Moffat, and Barnard Hughes. (10/7/85) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays a 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Gilber and Sullivan's **THE GONDOLIERS.** (Norma Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30 and 8.)

A Map of the World—An expatriate India novelist of more or less conservative view confronts a young English journalist from socialist publication at a conference on worl poverty in Bombay. David Hare's play becomes muddled at times, but it is never dull and the acting of the large cast is very good Roshan Seth and Željko Ivanek are splendi in the leading roles. Mr. Hare directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayett St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8 Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Marriage of Figaro—The Beaumarchai comedy, translated and adapted by Richar Nelson, and starring Anthony Heald, Dan Ivey, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, an Christopher Reeve. The director is Andre Serban. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 9. Open officially on Thursday, Oct. 10. (Circle in th Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239 6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays a 3.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller the same name by Edward I. Koch. With score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a boo by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 16

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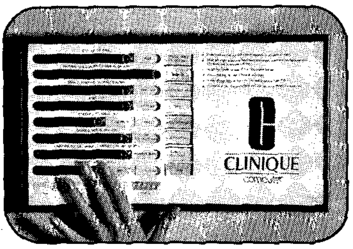
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bleecker St. 982-9292. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

The Normal Heart—Joel Grey has now assumed the leading role in this interminable, insulting non-play about the victims of AIDS in the homosexual community of this city. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his comedy about a pair of ill-matched men into a non-comedy about a pair of women the like of which has never been seen on earth, much less on Riverside Drive. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Once Is Never Enough—A sequel to R. A. Shiomi's 1982 mystery-comedy "Yellow Fever," this play was written by Mr. Shiomi, Marc Hayashi, and Lane Kiyomi Nishikawa. A presentation of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 2.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations—some harsh, some tender—written for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Short Change—Four undergraduates—3m., 1f.—who move into an apartment near their college are the characters in Geoffrey Gordon's sit-comedy. The performance lacks urgency, in spite of a number of entertaining lines and engaging, if sometimes inaudible, actors. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Singin' in the Rain—An unwelcome curiosity, which attempts to translate an immortal movie musical into a Broadway show; everyone concerned has labored hard, always in vain. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Solo Voyages—Robbie McCauley stars in this one-woman show, for which Joseph Chaikin has adapted and directed three monologues from three short plays by Adrienne Kennedy. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7 and 9.)

Song and Dance—Imported from England and tricked up for the American trade, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical with Van Johnson and Walter Charles as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,592 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Mandy Patinkin and Maryann Plunkett. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 13.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Feld Ballet—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 3—Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 7; Sunday, Oct. 13, at 7:30; and Friday, Oct. 18, at 8: "The Grand Canon," "Impromptu," "Adieu," and "Les Noces" (company première). . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct 10-11, at 8: "Intermezzo No. 2," "Medium Rare" (première), "Les Noces," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2: "A Footstep of Air," "Impromptu," "At Midnight," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Medium: Rare," "At Midnight," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16-17, at 8: "Against the Sky" and two premières—"Aurora I" and "Aurora II." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8: "The Envelope," "Caught," "Medium Rare," "Return to Maria La Baja" (company première), and "Intermezzo No. 1." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Tango Argentino—A five-week engagement that opens Wednesday, Oct. 9, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 10. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Opening night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30 Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Houston Ballet—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10-11, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 12 at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, Oct 15-17, at 8: "Symphony in D," "Beads o Memory," and "Daphnis and Chloe." . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 19, a 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3: "Pee Gynt." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246 8989.)

La La La Human Steps—Presenting "Human Sex," a new full-length work. (Dance Theatr Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 10-12, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3.)

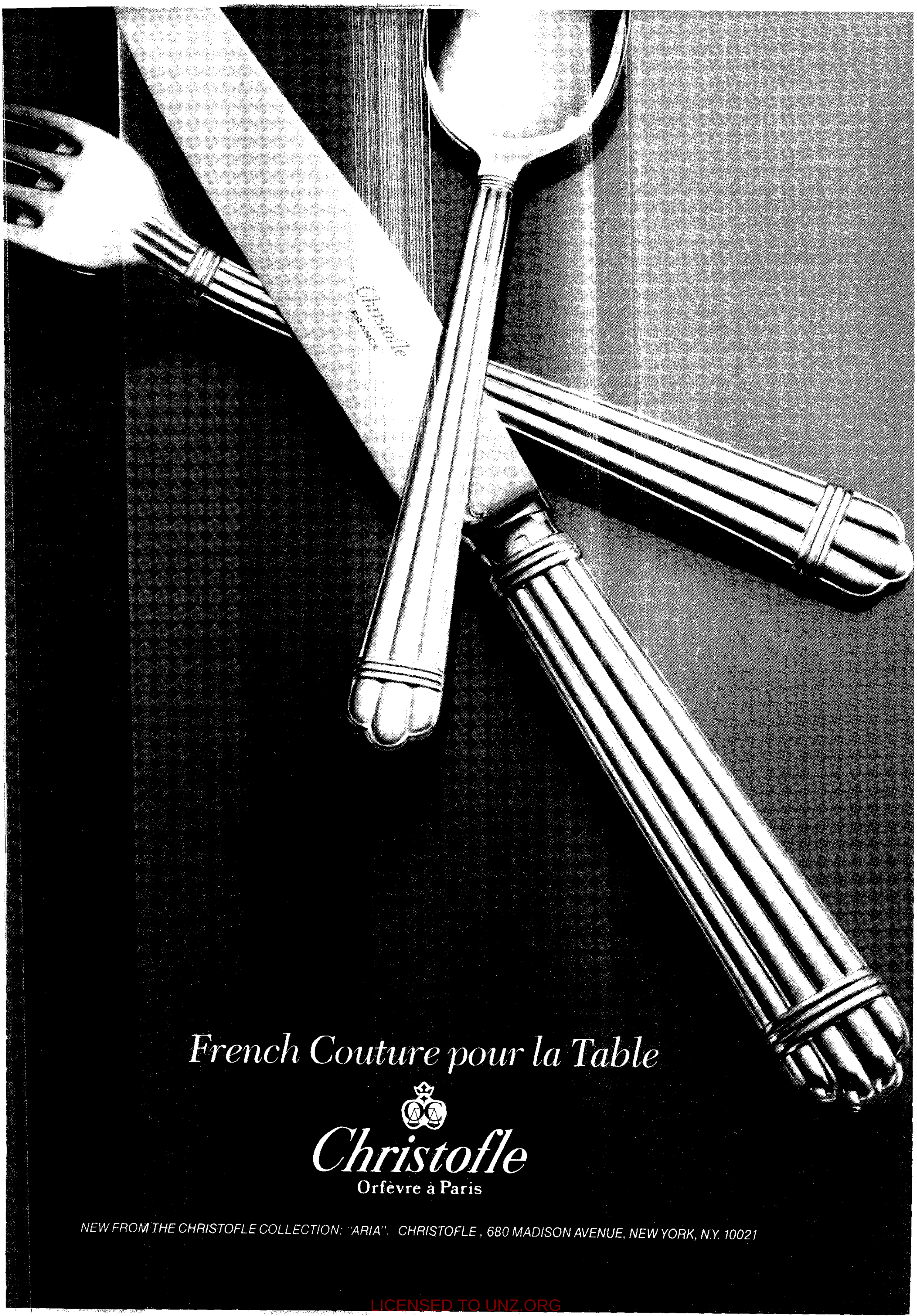
Robert Small and the Small Dance Company—"Huggings and Hangings," a new full-length work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday Oct. 10-13, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.

Jane Comfort—With her dance company, in a new full-length work, "T.V. Love." (Danspace at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 17-20, at 8:30. *For tickets, cal* 674-8112.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-fac type is used to pick out a few of the more nota ble performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated live that are subject to last-minute change; it i therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

concentrates on Gershwin tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10, the 29th Street Sax Quartet; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, the **JOANNE BRACKEEN** quartet; Sunday, Oct. 13, the Carol Flamm trio; Monday, Oct. 14, the Libby Richman quartet; Tuesday, Oct. 15, the Bill Holiday quartet; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16-17, the back-to-basics-yet-out-there piano professor **JAKI BYARD** and a trio; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, pianist **JIM MC NEELY'S** trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**CLEO LAINE,** the smoky-voiced English pop and jazz singer, is present through Sunday, Oct. 13; on Monday, Oct. 14, drummer **ROY HAYNES** will head a combo; and on Tuesday, Oct. 15, **CARMEN MC RAE** will begin singing on this stage. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 9, **STEPS AHEAD,** with **MICHAEL BRECKER, PETER ERSKINE, MIKE MAINIERI, VICTOR BAILEY,** and **CHUCK LOEB;** Friday, Oct. 11, La Bamba & the Hubcaps; Saturday, Oct. 12, the Uncle Floyd Show; Monday, Oct. 14, Stockton's Wing; Tuesday, Oct. 15, the Duck's Breath Mystery Theatre, a comedy outfit; Wednesday, Oct. 16, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (David Johansen in a tux) **& THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday, Oct. 17, the **DO'A WORLD MUSIC ENSEMBLE;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, **NRBQ.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A convivial, dark-panelled, real New York bar with live jazz, in the form of piano-bass duos. Pianist **ONAJE ALLEN GUMBS** works with a bassist through Saturday, Oct. 12, and on Sunday, Oct. 13, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** will arrive with bassist **WALTER BOOKER.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Until Saturday, Oct. 12, singer and pianist **STEVE ROSS** occupies the Café Carlyle, a room where couples have been overheard to murmur, "Honey, this is our kind of music." On Tuesday, Oct. 15, **BOBBY SHORT,** who still owns the place in the hearts of many, will return with his trusty sidekicks **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ And over in the Bemelmans Bar you will find singer and pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** performing from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Chinese Tea Room, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—The polished and concise pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** is back in this room around the corner from Carnegie Hall. He plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Behind a dark, unprepossessing, easy-to-miss front door, down a corridor with industrial-strength corrugated-metal walls (the kind that would tempt any kid with a stick), and down a flight of stairs, there is this snazzy, cozy jazz room. **JOE PASS,** out and out revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike—and by a lot of the nonplaying laity—is here through Sunday, Oct. 13. "How *does* he do it?" his listeners seem to be asking at the end of a set, stunned, fulfilled smiles on their faces. On Tuesday, Oct. 15, electronic, rhapsodic violinist Noel Pointer will move in. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Oct. 9, Peter Holsapple; Thursday, Oct. 10, Jeremy Wall; Friday, Oct. 11, the Ben Vaughn combo and Pianosaurus; Saturday, Oct. 12, **MARIA MULDAUR;** Tuesday, Oct. 15, John Whelan; Thursday, Oct. 17, David Massengill; Friday, Oct. 18, **CHRISTINE LAVIN;** and Saturday, Oct. 19, Jim Dawson. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

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Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with pianist Peter Madsen and bassist Phil Bowler until Saturday, Oct. 12; starting Wednesday, Oct. 16, the Kitt Moran trio will perform; Sundays pianist **BROOKS KERR** sings and solos; Mondays belong to pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. **JOHN EATON** is the pianist through Saturday, Oct. 12; on Tuesday, Oct. 15, Johnny Varro will claim the piano bench; Sundays Keith MacDonald owns the keyboard; and on Mondays you can hear **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

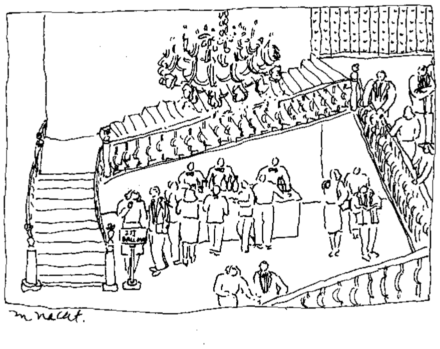
Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. **ROLAND HANNA,** a powerhouse of a pianist, is here through Saturday, Oct. 12, and starting Tuesday, Oct. 15, two fine pianists, **BILL MAYS** and **FRED HERSCH,** along with an extra piano, will be on the premises. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday, Oct. 9, **IKE TURNER** & the Ikettes and Carol MacDonald & Mac Attack; Thursday, Oct. 10, Melanie; Sunday, Oct. 13, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Tuesday, Oct. 15, Jonathan Edwards; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, Pure Prairie League. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**KAYE BALLARD,** aided by singer-pianist **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** pays tribute to lyricist E. Y. (Yip) Harburg Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen usually drops by to play clarinet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 9, saxophonist **ARTHUR RHAMES;** Thursday, Oct. 10, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, violinist Noel Pointer; Monday, Oct. 14, **JUMP STREET;** and Tuesday, Oct. 15, the Frank Canino quintet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom: Friday, Oct. 11, What Is This? and the Neats; Saturday, Oct. 12, Saga and Shy Talk; Monday, Oct. 14, the Tomboys; Thursday, Oct. 17, **DUANE EDDY,** the basic-twang guitarist of the fifties, and the **RAYBEATS,** the psychedelic-surf band of the eighties; Friday Oct. 18, **FATS DOMINO,** the great New Orlean singer and pianist, who had his first hit i 1950 when he was twenty; and Saturday Oct. 19, English rockabillyist **NICK LOWE** Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.



Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., a Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz, blues, and sambas upstairs in a simple, basic, music-firs club. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 9, Myn Jackson; Thursday through Saturday, Oct 10-12, Didier Lockwood; Sunday, Oct. 13 the Mike Clark–Neil Kirkwood quartet; Tuesday, Oct. 15, Sandy Barbar; Wednesday, Oct 16, Marc Wagnon Shadow Lines; and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 17-19, the **BO MINTZER** big band. Mondays belong to the **TO PIERSON** orchestra. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Housto St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen t Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggae ists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to b swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday Oct. 9, **CARLENE DAVIS;** Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 10-12, Batucaje; Tuesday, Oct. 15 **AZYMUTH,** a Brazilian pop-fusion trio; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16-17, reggae-is **BURNING SPEAR;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct 18-19, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St (242-1785)—South African pianist and composer **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** known to many a Dollar Brand, leads his band, **EKAYA (CARLO WARD, RICKY FORD, CHARLES DAVIS, DICK GRIFFI CECIL MC BEE,** and **BEN RILEY),** through some of hi rhythmic, haunting, mesmerizing pieces Tues days through Sundays. Mondays are **GIL EVAN** nights; when his experienced (trumpeter **LE SOLOFF,** tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAM HOWARD JOHNSON** on baritone sax and tub and others) but unjaded **BIG BAND,** with its un mistakable Evansian blur of instrument plays Charlie Parker tunes on top of a heav rock beat, it sounds like bebop march musi Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simpl basic blues and rock club. The schedul Wednesday, Oct. 9, rhythm and blues wit Spencer Bohren; Thursday, Oct. 10, roc singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Friday an Saturday, Oct. 11-12, cajun-ists Loup Guro Tuesday, Oct. 15, the Bullies; and Wedne day, Oct. 16, Firesign, a blues outfit. Musi after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in th barnlike downstairs room. On Oct. 14, **RA BARRETTO, MANNY OQUENDO'S CONJUNTO LIBRE,** an **RANDY BRECKER,** the guest jazz soloist, will all b present. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrac **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** perfor piano-bass duets every night but Monda from nine-thirty. And, in addition, jazz har ist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with h combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11t St. (255-4037)—People from all over th world are attracted to this famous, unpreten tious basement establishment, fifty years o this year. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** is here wit bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and drummer **AL FOST** through Sunday, Oct. 13, and on Tuesda Oct. 15, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and sax phonist **MICHAEL BRECKER** will begin co-piloti a quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BA** nights. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (66 8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-h student food (Columbia University is ju across Broadway), beyond the pinball m chines is a room full of live jazz. Drumm **CHICO HAMILTON** guides his quintet throu Sunday, Oct. 13. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sp cious, airy bar connected to a spacious, ai dining room by a spacious, airy passagew

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with tables and chairs and pianists or guitarists and bassists in it. The music schedule: bluesy pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** through Saturday, Oct. 12; starting Tuesday, Oct. 15, pianist Pete Maliverni and bassist Calvin Hill; Sundays guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE;** and every Monday Jim Roberts and Brian Torff. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JAMES TAYLOR—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 9-11, at 8.

RICHARD CLAYDERMAN—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8.

JIM ROBERTS—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8.

SPYRO GYRA—With Stanley Jordan. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

DOO-WOPP, VOL. XV—With Johnny Maestro & the Brooklyn Bridge, Jive Five, the Impalas, and others. (Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3.)

RELATIVITY (JOHNNY & PHIL CUNNINGHAM and **TRIONA NI DHOMHNAILL & MICHEAL O'DOMHNAILL)**—Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8.

SUPERTRAMP—With the Motels. (Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

JON HENDRICKS AND ROGER KELLAWAY—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Oct. 18, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

BOBBY WOMACK and **THE MANHATTANS**—Beacon Theatre. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8 and midnight.

JOE CHAMBERS AND NY PRIME—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.

MICHAEL FRANKS—With Paquito D'Rivera. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, Oct. 11, at 9: The Lyres and the Chesterfield Kings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 9: The Dickies and the Dead Milkmen. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8: John Shaw's Assemblage. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 9 and 10:30: Peter Leitch, Pepper Adams, John Hicks, Ray Drummond, and Billy Hart. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

MAGDALENA ABAKANOWICZ—Life-size sculptures of regimented, headless men, done in fibre strands and resin, by a Polish artist. Eighty such figures crowded into one room, seated as if at prayer, provide a haunting spectacle. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

NICOL ALLAN—Sumi-and-sepia-ink drawings, plus collages. Through Oct. 26. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

WILLARD BOEPPLE—Abstract steel and bronze sculptures, some with brown and green patinas. Through Oct. 25. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

ALICE DALTON BROWN—Realist paintings of Greek Revival porches and other features of Victorian-era homes. Through Oct. 30. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

STEPHEN DE STAEBLER—Monumental ceramic abstractions based on the figure. Through Oct. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

WALTER DEXEL (1890-1973)—Paintings, collages, and drawings by a German Constructivist. Through Oct. 26. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

HEIDE FASNACHT—Irregularly shaped wall sculptures made from unfinished wood. Through Nov. 2. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

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ADOLPH GOTTLIEB (1903-74)—Fourteen paintings that, as a group, just about summarize his career. Through Oct. 31. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ASGER JORN (1914-73)—Paintings by a Danish Cobra artist. Through Nov. 16. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ALUN LEACH-JONES / GILAD OPHIR—Abstract geometric paintings and drawings. / Experimental photographs of light and trees. Through Oct. 26. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

ROBERT NATKIN—A new set of abstract paintings. Through Nov. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DAVID PARK (1911-60)—Beach scenes and still-lifes predominate in a show of oils, gouaches, and drawings by this influential West Coast artist, noted for his Fauvist colors and his simplification of the human figure. Through Oct. 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Aquatints, linoleum cuts, and etchings. Through Oct. 30. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

LIUBOV POPOVA (1889-1924)—Works on paper and two oils by an artist who was a member of the Russian avant-garde in the twenties. Through Nov. 2. (Rachel Adler, 58 E. 79th St.)

ROBERT QUIJADA—Collage-constructions. Through Oct. 26. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

LUCY SALLICK—Paintings of Reid State Park in Maine. Through Oct. 26. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOAN SNYDER—Eighteen paintings in mixed mediums. Through Oct. 30. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

ROBIN WINTERS—A group of a hundred and five figure drawings is titled "Metropolitan Acquaintances," and a group of ninety-nine such drawings laid on the Hoffeld gallery floor and covered with a sheet of Plexiglas is titled "Death Draws." Through Oct. 26. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

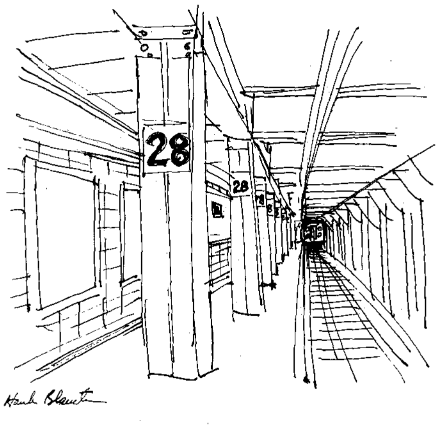
GROUP SHOW—Paintings and works on paper by artists who gathered at Mabel Dodge's salon in New York between 1913 and 1917—Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, Max Weber, and others. Through Nov. 2. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

FRED BRATHWAITE—Cartoonlike figures applied to canvas with spray paint and brushed-on paint. Through Nov. 2. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE CASTORO—Two shows of sculptures. Silvery, angel-like steel figures, plus related ink drawings. Through Oct. 22. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Iridescent stainless-steel shapes approximating drapery folds. Through Nov. 9. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

ROY DE FOREST—Eight new fanciful paintings filled with the artist's usual set of folkish characters. Also, drawings and a construction. Through Oct. 26. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)



VALENTINA DUBASKY—Oil paintings resembling primitive cave drawings. Through Oct. 26. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

JOELLYN DUESBERRY—Among the paintings by this pleinairist are views of the cornfields near her home in Millbrook, New York. Through Oct. 26. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

NORRIS EMBRY (1921-81)—Expressionist works in mixed mediums, most on loan from museums and private collections. Through Nov. 2. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

OMAR GALLIANI—Large allegorical paintings and drawings (Prometheus, for instance) done in dark tones by an Italian artist. Through Oct. 25. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI (1901-66)—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings, eighty-three works in all. Through Nov. 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

AL HELD / DAVID HOCKNEY—New abstract paintings. Through Oct. 26. / Seven paintings from the early sixties. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT IRWIN—Models, blueprints, and photographs documenting his environmental projects, plus two gallery installations. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

KITTY KLAIDMAN—Lush grasses and plants are being tossed around by the winds of an approaching sandstorm in these paintings (acrylic and oil pastel) of southeastern Spain Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Pearl, 38 E 57th St.)

PAT LASCH—Wall sculptures based on the theme of the heart. Through Nov. 2. (Markel, 50 W 57th St.)

WYNDHAM LEWIS (1882-1957)—Paintings and drawings (prizefights, lovers, dancers, abstractions) by a Vorticist who was a pioneer of modern art in England. Through Oct. 26 (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

ELSIE MANVILLE—Still-lifes. Through Oct. 26 (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

PETE OMLOR / WILL INSLEY—Paintings on window screening. / A new group of twelve-inch-square paintings representing wall fragments, plus drawings of buildings. Through Oct. 26. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

GABOR PETERDI—A small retrospective of paintings. Through Oct. 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO (1907-84)—Sweeping impressions of figures in landscapes. Through Nov. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

HILLA REBAY (1890-1967)—Nonobjective paintings and collages by the first director of the Guggenheim Museum. Through Oct. 26 (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

SCOTT RICHTER / ILSE BING—Large wall sculptures more or less based on the human figure, made of pigmented beeswax caked on armatures of wood, foam, and wire. Through Saturday Oct. 19. / Vintage fashion photographs, which were commissioned by *Harper's Bazaar* in Paris in 1933 and 1934. Through Oct. 26 (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RODNEY RIPPS—Richly textured abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

BRUCE ROBBINS—Paintings combining oil, encaustic, canvas, wood, aluminum, plaster and wire mesh. Through Nov. 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

DANIEL BENNETT SCHWARTZ—Traditional representational paintings, including a work called "Portrait of the Artist Running." Through Oct. 30. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

LAURA SHECHTER—Precisionist still-lifes and interiors. Through Oct. 30. (Schoelkopf, 50 W 57th St.)

JANE WILSON / HARVEY GORDON—Paintings of Long Island vistas. / Still-lifes and interior painted on Plexiglas. Through Oct. 30 (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.

ROBERT ZAKANITCH—New paintings on shape

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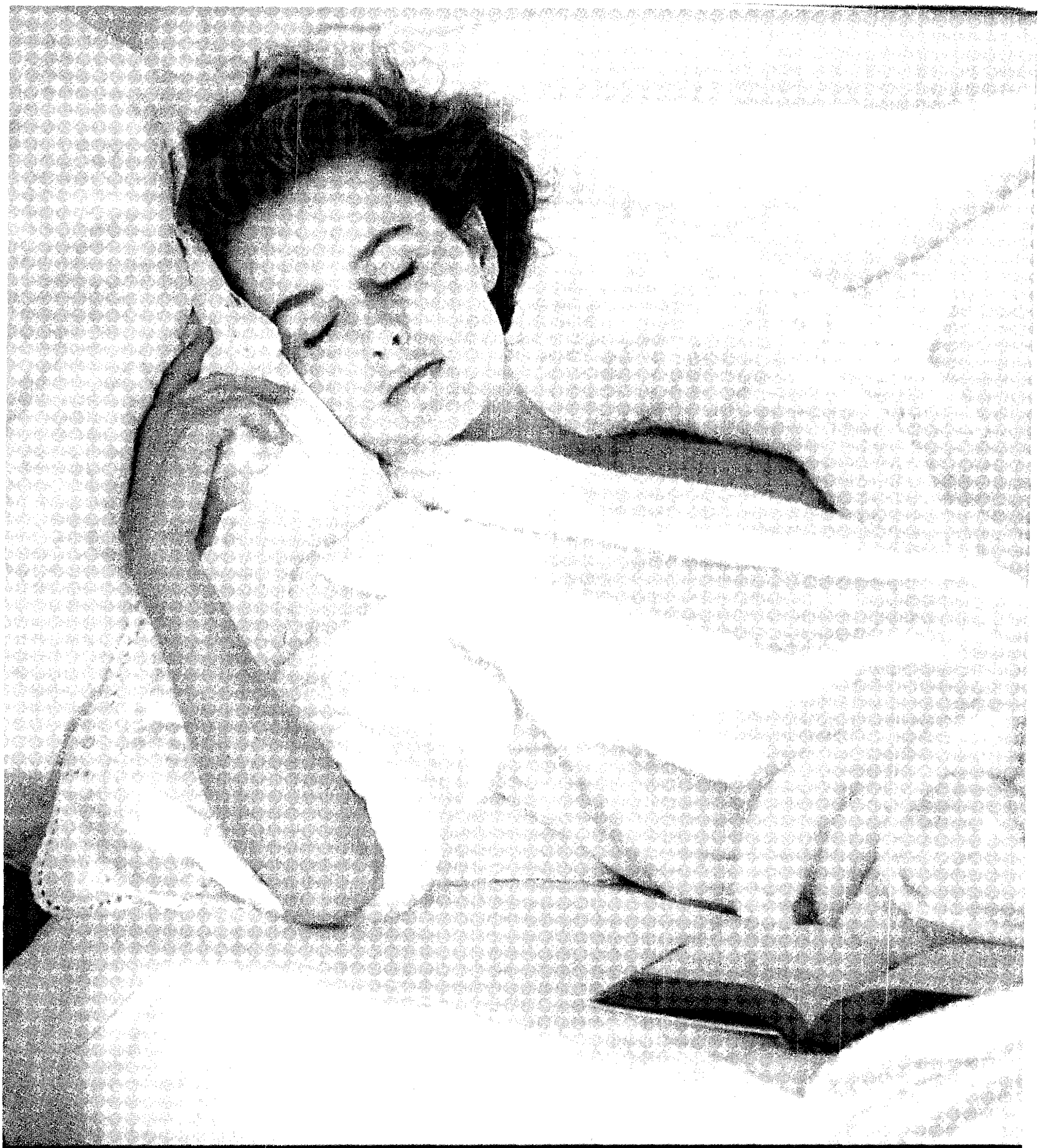

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canvases. Through Oct. 26. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

David Bates—Three-dimensional paintings on wood, one with the title "Cajun Mardi Gras." Through Oct. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Janice Biala—Landscapes and interiors. Through Nov. 2. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Paul Brach—Landscapes of the American West, including two paintings whose frames are carved with Navajo motifs. Through Nov. 2. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Gandy Brodie (1925-75)—There is a strong emphasis on nature in these paintings and works on paper from the artist's estate. Through Nov. 9. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Howard Buchwald—New abstract paintings. Through Nov. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Bruno Ceccobelli—Huge paintings, heavily freighted with religious symbolism, mostly done on wood and sometimes framed in rough-hewn timbers. The colors are profoundly earthy, and even the brushstrokes are ponderous. Through Tuesday, Oct. 15. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

James Coignard—Paintings and etchings on handmade paper by a French artist. Through Wednesday, Oct. 16. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.)

Jiri Georg Dokoupil—New figurative paintings and pastel drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Don Dudley—A wall installation. Through Oct. 30. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Fujii Chuichi—Sculptures in which massive, rough logs of Japanese cypress and Japanese cedar have been bent, like umbrella handles. Through Oct. 26. (Carpenter+Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

Herbert Katzman—Expressionist paintings and drawings in a retrospective that includes works from as far back as 1949. Through Nov. 3. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Donald Lipski—Sculptural works with a surreal bent—a book with paraffin poured between the pages, a glass-handled pickaxe, and a large shovel wrapped in plaster among them. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Vincent Longo / Elizabeth Harms—Abstract pattern paintings. / Pastel abstractions. Through Oct. 26. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Ron Martin—Thickly painted black canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Rosalind Shaffer—A painted construction of a woman taking a shower typifies these works. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Keith Sonnier—Seven large abstract sculptures of painted industrial metal. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Carol J. Steen / Stefan Triffa—The simplified forms of rolling pins, sickles, and other objects hand-painted on paper. / Paintings, sculptures, and drawings evoking Rumanian folklore. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Andy Warhol and Jean-Michel Basquiat—Large collaborative paintings in which, say, Warhol puts in a well-known logo (GE's or Arm & Hammer's) and the younger artist takes off from there. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St., is showing a group of Warhol's paintings and prints entitled "Reigning Queens" (Queen Elizabeth II is one of them). Through Saturday, Oct. 12.

Group Shows—At **boone,** 417 West Broadway: Paintings by Brice Marden and Georg Baselitz, and drawings by Joseph Beuys. Through Oct. 26. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: The thirtieth show of works on paper by emerging artists. Through Oct. 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **feldman,** 31 Mercer St.: Several works each by six painters and one photographer. Through Oct. 26. . . . **nosei,** 100 Prince St.: A line is the prerequisite for paintings in this show by seven contemporary artists, among them Twombly, Basquiat, and Schifano. Through Thursday, Oct. 17. . . . **112 greene street gallery:** Diverse works by twenty artists who are associated with the Arthur Roger Gallery in New Orleans. Through Saturday, Oct. 19.

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Sculpture—At the **ingber,** 415 West Broadway: Wit in sculpture is the basis for a show of pieces by Red Grooms, Rosemary Cove, George Sugarman, and others. Through Nov. 2. . . . **szoke,** 164 Mercer St.: Photographs and other documents attesting to contemporary public sculptures by Aycock (Maryland), Norvell (Connecticut), Holt (Virginia), Longo (Toronto), and others. Through Nov. 1. (Opens Saturdays at noon.) . . . **weber,** 142 Greene St.: Works by Biederman, Kendrick, and LeWitt, together with three large drawings by Aycock and installations by Buren and Haacke. Through Oct. 26.

OTHER GALLERIES

Stephen Buckley / John Duff—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases. / Clay and bronze sculptures. Through Nov. 10. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Dan Freeman—Paintings of dogs and frogs who are swimming, eating, etc., as though they were humans. Through Oct. 26. (M-13, at 440 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Bill Rice—Paintings of street scenes and street people on the lower East Side. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Fox, 56 Bleecker St., at Crosby St.)

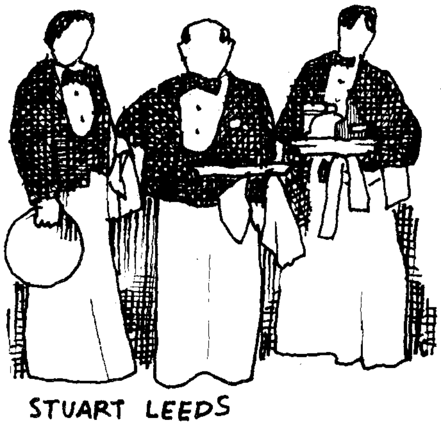
Stefan Roloff—Painted surreal sculptures created from found objects. Also on view, an animated video of a painting by the artist. Through Nov. 2. (Art Palace, 611 Broadway.)

Art Michael Staats and Mark Wilson—Two artists best known for their night-club decorations are showing works on a smaller scale—more or less representational paintings and sculptures by the former and abstract canvases by the latter. Through Sunday, Oct. 13. (Bond, 30 Bond St., between Lafayette St. and the Bowery.)

Francesc Torres—Political images drawn on canvas and paper with liquid aluminum that hardens to create a three-dimensional effect. Through Oct. 27. (P.P.O.W, 216 E. 10th St. Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at noon.)

Arte Povera—Organized by Germano Celant, the critic who invented the term, this is the first full-scale show in this country given to an Italian art movement that is roughly analogous to Minimalism and Conceptualism. The works of twelve artists occupy every space of the not-exactly-confining P.S. 1. Through Dec. 15. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **artists space,** 223 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs selected from the slide file here by art critic Kay Larson. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **franklin furnace,** 112 Franklin St.: "Letterism and Hypergraphics: The Unknown Avant-Garde 1945-1985," put together by a French curator, Jean-Paul Curtay, is composed of French drawings, books, sculptures, and other works created with letters of the alphabet, words, and figures. Through Dec. 7. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays, at 1 Saturdays.)



PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—Photographs of suburban America at dusk. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

Robert Capa (1913-54) / **Henri Cartier-Bresson**—A retrospective that includes forty Spanish Civil War prints. / Sixty portraits spanning fifty years, Colette, Truman Capote, and Saul Steinberg among them. Through Nov. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Lois Conner—Platinum prints of China, especially the limestone formations in Guilin and Yangshuo. Through Friday, Oct. 18. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Len Jenshel—Photographs taken on travels in the American West, Thailand, and Italy. Through Oct. 26. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Allan McCollum and Laurie Simmons—Prints showing magnified dolls' heads and reflecting his ideas about photographic reproduction conveyed through her ideas about subject matter. Through Oct. 27. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6:30.)

Ray K. Metzker—Prints from his student days and the years just after. Through Nov. 16. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Photographs and photogravures. Through Nov. 15. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Sheeler (1883-1965)—Ten vintage gelatin-silver prints. Through Nov. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Cindy Sherman—New work, probably her most decadent to date. Through Oct. 26. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Boyd Webb—Surreal photographs. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: Fashion photographs from the forties and fifties by Genevieve Naylor, Wilhelm Maywald, Richard Avedon, and Carl Perutz. Through Oct. 26. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **wolf,** 30 W. 57th St.: Still-lifes and architectural abstractions by photographers who were associated with Clarence White and worked early in this century. Through Nov. 2. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A seventeenth-century imperial Mughal tent is the centerpiece of a wide-ranging exhibition of Indian art, numbering more than three hundred objects of religious and secular derivation. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A display of black-figure vases by the Amasis Painter, an Athens potter of the sixth century B.C. Through Oct. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Riklis collection of geometric abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures has come the museum's way, and selections from it are the nucleus of an exhibit that follows this aspect of abstraction from European Cubism and Constructivism right up to American Minimalism. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Paintings and works on paper, primarily from the sixties and seventies, by abstractionist Alfred Jensen. . . . ¶ A show of paint-

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ings, sculptures, photographs, and installations by nine emerging American artists. Both shows through Nov. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 14, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set, never exhibited before, to an Apple IIc personal computer. . . . ¶ A Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective includes paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A display of abstractions painted on cigar-box lids by Richard Diebenkorn in the late seventies. . . . ¶ A selection of contemporary American prints acquired by the museum this year. Both shows through Dec. 2. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays, except Oct. 14, and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Monday, Oct. 14, from 1 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, carpets, and other works from a productive period in Indian art masterminded by the sixteenth-century Moghul emperor Akbar, who encouraged artists and artisans to depict his reign and who, not surprisingly, appears in these depictions as a heroic figure—whether a three-year-old wrestler, a leader of an army, a visitor to a Muslim shrine, or an overseer of a building in his capital city. Starts Thursday, Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of modern Finnish glass. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings and watercolors from the Thaw collection, representing such artists as Rembrandt, Mantegna, van Gogh, Degas, and Klee. Also from that collection, a small selection of bronzes, silversmith works, and oil paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit of sixty paintings by American naïve artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, among them Ammi Phillips, Erastus Salisbury Field, and Edward Hicks. From the collection given to the National Gallery of Art by Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch. Through Dec. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of architectural photographs of New York dated 1895 to 1960 and taken by the Wurts Brothers firm, which specialized in commercial and residential photography. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A retrospective of Conceptualist Allen Ruppersberg's works, including his 1974 piece with the complete text of Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray" written across twenty six-foot panels. Through Nov. 10. (Open Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Lucy Sexton and Anne Iobst (performance), Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; Vernita Nemec (performance), Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Pat Oleszko (performance), Friday through Sunday, Oct. 11-13, and Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 17-20, all at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Kathleen Battle, Brenda Boozer, and Artur Korn; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caballé, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Falstaff," with Carol Neblett, Gail Dubinbaum, Fiorenza Cossotto, and Giuseppe Taddei; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2: "Jenůfa" (in English), with Roberta Alexander, Marisa Galvany, Timothy Jenkins, and William Lewis; Vaclav Neumann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Evelyn Lear, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and Aage Haugland; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 14, at 8: A new production of Moussorgsky's "Khovanshchina," with Natalia Rom, Helga Dernesch, Wieslaw Ochman, and Martti Talvela; Neeme Järvi. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gail Robinson, Evelyn Lear, Tatiana Troyanos, and Artur Korn; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Falstaff," with Carol Neblett, Gail Dubinbaum, Fiorenza Cossotto, and Giuseppe Taddei; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Jenůfa" (in English), with Roberta Alexander, Mignon Dunn, Edward Sooter, and Graham Clark; Vaclav Neumann. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gail Robinson, Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, and Aage Haugland; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 1:30: "Falstaff," with Carol Neblett, Gail Dubinbaum, Fiorenza Cossotto, and Giuseppe Taddei; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Kovanshchina," with Natalia Rom, Helga Dernesch, Wieslaw Ochman, and Martti Talvela; Neeme Järvi.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8: "The Mikado," with Leigh Munro, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and Richard McKee; conducted by David Abell. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Margaret Cusack, Victoria Vergara, John Absalom, and Stanley Wexler; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2: "I Puritani," with Jenny Drivala, John Aler, Robert McFarland, and Harry Dworchak; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Dobish, Richard Leech, Frederick Burchinal, and Jeffrey Wells; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 1: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Sharon Christman, Jon Garrison, and William Parker; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 7: "La Traviata," with Marianna Christos, Mark Thomsen, and William Stone; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Carmen," with Louisa Jonason, Susanne Marsee, George Gray, and William Dansby; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "The Mikado," with Claudette Peterson, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and Richard McKee; David Abell. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Dobish, Richard Leech, Frederick Burchinal, and Jeffrey Wells; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Sharon Christman, Jon Garrison, and William Parker; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Jane Shaulis, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd

St. 228-8200. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting—Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10, at 8; Friday, Oct. 11, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 7:30: A Wagner-Sinopoli-Brahms program, with Hei-Kyung Hong, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8; Friday, Oct. 18, at 2; and Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 7:30: A Wagner-Schumann-Tchaikovsky program, with Lorne Munroe, cello.

Boston Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Seiji Ozawa conducting the opening performances of the season here—Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10, at 8: A Shostakovich-Brahms program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8: A Richard Strauss–Beethoven program.

National Symphony Orchestra—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting and acting as cello soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Gunther Herbig conducting a Beethoven-Shostakovich program, with Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Prism—Robert Black conducting, with Christine Schadeberg, soprano, and Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Yakov Kreizberg conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting a Mozart-Wagner-Beethoven program, with Hildegard Behrens, soprano. The first in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

"Fidelio"—Robert Bass conducting the Collegiate Chorale and Orchestra in a concert version of the Beethoven opera, with Johanna Meier, soprano, and James McCracken, tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 3.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—Two in a series of four concerts—Saturday, Oct. 12: The Concert Royal, with Sandra Miller, flauto traverso, in a Bach–Handel–Domenico Scarlatti program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19: Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra in a performance of three Bach cantatas. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 873-9546.)

"Belshazzar"—David Labovitz directing the Choral Symphony Society and the York College Chorus in the first in a series of three concerts, this one a performance of the Handel oratorio. With Janice Hutson, soprano; Margaret Evans, mezzo-soprano; Michael Dash, countertenor; and Alburtt Rhodes, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3.)

New England Bach Festival—Blanche Moyse directing the chorale and orchestra in a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Arleen Augér, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst and Jon Humphrey, tenors; Sanford Sylvan, baritone; and David Evitts, bass. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

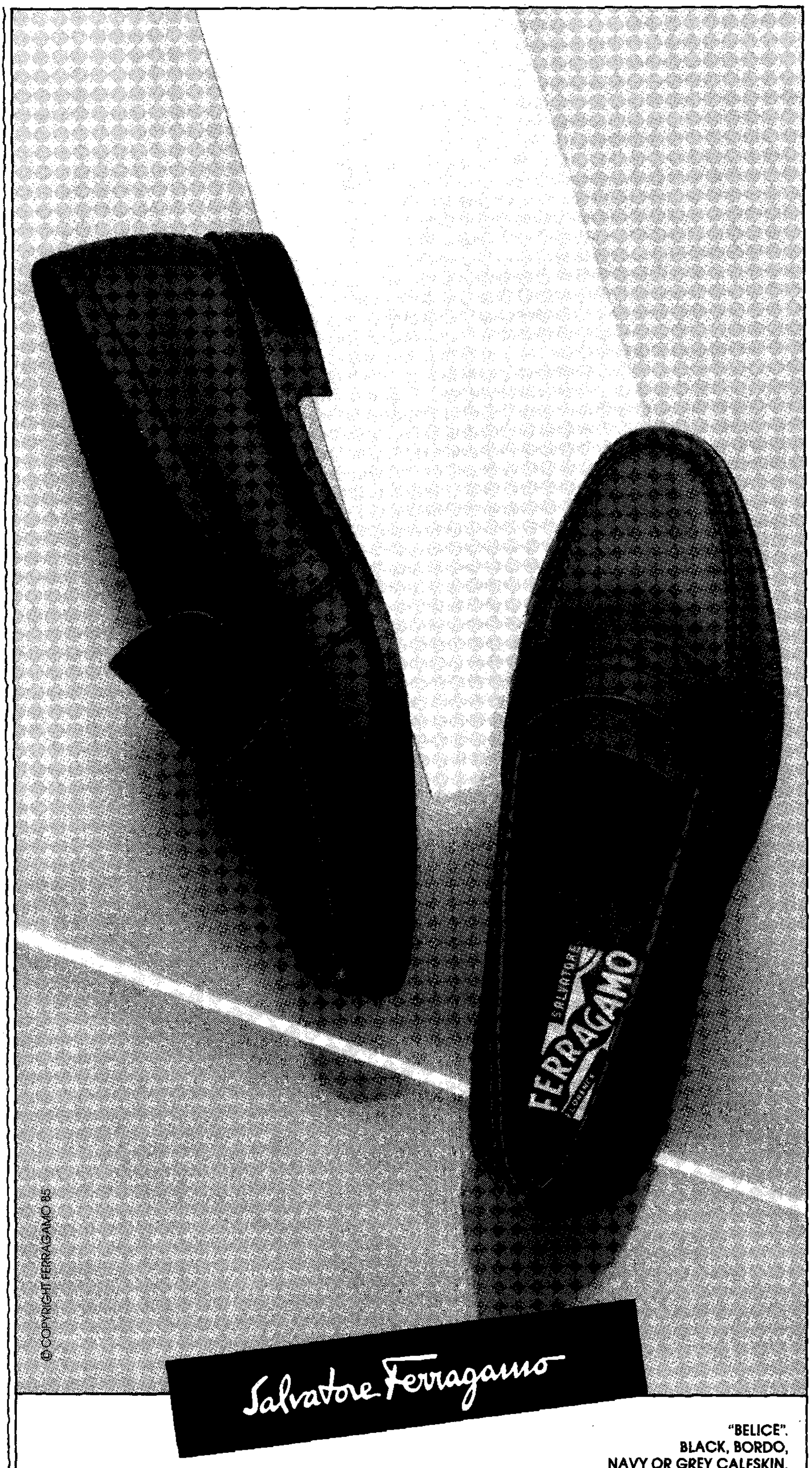
Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the first in a series of four concerts. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

RECITALS

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in the first two in a series of three Schubert lieder programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesdays, Oct. 9 and 16, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—The first in a series of three Brahms-Haydn programs, each with a guest violist, this one with Scott Nickrenz. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Rafael Puyana—Harpsichord, in the first two in



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a series of three Bach-Scarlatti concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursdays, Oct 10 and 17, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A Sessions-Copland program, with the Atlantic String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8. A pre-concert discussion among Beveridge Webster, David Diamond, and others will be held at 7 in the Café Carnegie.)

North/South Consonance—At Christ and St. Stephen's Church—Thursday, Oct. 10: Salvatore Macchia, contrabass, with assisting artists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17: Max Lifchitz acting as conductor and pianist for soloists and an ensemble performing a program of American music. (*120 W. 69th St. Evenings* at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.)

Composers in Red Sneakers—A program of contemporary music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three programs, each to be performed twice. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, at 8.)

Trio Chanteclaire and Lyra–A Viol Consort—A joint concert of Renaissance and baroque music. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Western Wind—A program called "Charlie Morrow: Epic Songs of War and Peace." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, *Oct. 12, at 7:30.*)

Elmar Oliveira—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Samuel Marder—Violin, in a benefit concert. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2.)

Cleveland Quartet—A program that includes the New York première of John Harbison's String Quartet No. 1. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3.)

Music for a While—A program of music from the Iberian peninsula in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Kazys Yakutis—Baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar. (*Grace Rainey Rogers* Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Maria Meirelles—Piano, in two programs of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 14, and Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Stanford String Quartet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 2.)

Hamao Fujiwara—*Violin. (Alice Tully Hall.* Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Jeffrey Swann—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Charles Libove and Nina Lugovoy—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Marian Hahn—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Yin Cheng-Zong—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Donald Joyce—Organ, in an all-Bach program. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the recital.)

Katsuya Yokoyama—Shakuhachi (vertically held bamboo flute). (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400. Friday and Saturday, *Oct. 18-19, at 8.*)

Christine Schadeberg—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Lockenhaus Festival—The second in a series of four concerts by musicians from Gidon Kremer's four-year-old Austrian-based festival. With Mr. Kremer, violin; Tabea Zimmermann, viola; Nancy Allen, harp; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Irina Arkhipova and Vladislav Piavko—A joint recital by this mezzo-soprano and tenor from the Bolshoi Opera. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Jaime Laredo—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

José Feghali—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—A Haydn–Mozart–Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Jean Sibelius Quartet—A Sibelius–Kalevi Aho–Mozart program by this group from Finland. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Toshiko Kiryu—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the third annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. Performances of American premières by the **pina bausch tanztheater wuppertal** will run through Tuesday, Oct. 22. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 9-11, at 8: "Gebirge." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2: "Arien." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 17-19, at 8: "The Seven Deadly Sins," an adaptation of the Brecht-Weill work, with Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Sunday, Dec. 8.)

"Luisa Fernanda"—Performances of a Spanish zarzuela composed by Federico Moreno Torroba. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3, and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—*Exhibition games*—At **madison square garden:** Washington vs. San Antonio and Knicks vs. Houston, Thursday, Oct. 17, at 6. . . . ¶ Atlanta vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, Oct. 19, at 6. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Thursday, Oct. 10, at 7:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Monday, Oct. 14, at 9.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Oct. 10, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Sunday, Oct. 13, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 19, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Oct. 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Oct. 17, at 7:35.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 21. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 11; the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 12; the Beldame, Sunday, Oct. 13; the Frizette, Monday, Oct. 14; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . **meadowlands:** Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Monday, Oct. 14, at 1:30; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. The Young America, Thursday, Oct. 10; the Ballantine's Scotch Classic, Saturday, Oct. 12; the Rutgers, Friday, Oct. 18; and the Meadowlands Cup, Saturday, Oct. 19.

Tennis—Meadowlands Tennis Challenge: John McEnroe, Ivan Lendl, Jimmy Connors, and Andres Gomez. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 460-4370. Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Nov. 3.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—*Russell* Baker and Tom Wicker reading from their own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8.) . . . ¶ Athol Fugard reading from his own plays. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ Mark Strand reading from his own poetry. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Walking Tour—"The Fifties: Fashionable Fifth Avenue," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 13, starting at the International Building, Fifth Ave. between 50th and 51st Sts., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, Oct. 13, from 1 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 2: Silver. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 2; Friday, Oct. 11, at 10:15 and 2; and Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2: European porcelain; English silver; jewelry; and French furniture, decorations, and paintings. From the estate of Anita O'Keeffe Young. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 2, and Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 11.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 5 elections will be Thursday, Oct. 10, and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 9.

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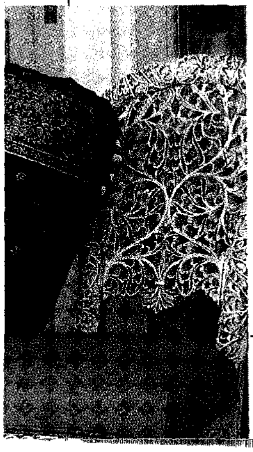
Paisleys, paisleys, paisleys— and other decorating ideas from India— conquer the West.

PULENTLY designed shawls from Kashmir—some with richly embroidered borders, others with all-over patterns—took the fashionable world by storm in the mid-1800's. Soon, mills in the obscure Scottish town of Paisley were turning out their own versions. (These, in their turn, proceeded to take the world by storm to the tune of one million pounds sterling per year; they have become sought-after antiques, and are collected world-wide, today.)

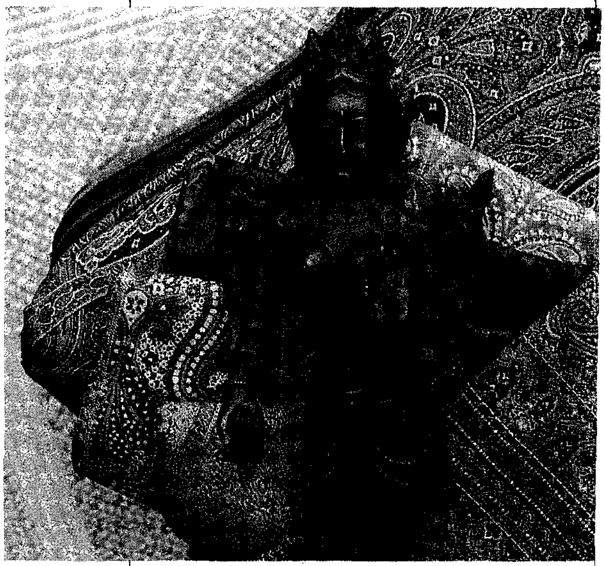
Despite its Scottishness, the name Paisley continues to be often mistakenly identified as a region in India. But there's no mistake about the design motif: warmly exotic, distinctive and appealing, every swirl of every paisley says "India." Surprisingly, this passage from India—a native design coming to belong to the rest of the world—has been going on for some three thousand years.

For a start, the whole technique of printing on fabrics was invented in India; sophisticated methods for printing and dyeing in a range of colors that seemed to know no inhibition were well developed when Europe and even Japan were mostly monochromatic and purely primitive. The list of other decorative ideas from India extends all the way from such homey things as seersucker (from *shir-o-shakar,* literally milk and sugar) and calico (from *Calicut,* India) to such surprisingly "English" things as chintz and such "American" discoveries as the bungalow. And then there's also sturdy khaki, luxurious cashmere, today's ubiquitous dhurries, kindly crewel, and the ever-popular madras cottons. Probably no other culture can show as pervasive an influence on the fabric inventory of the world as does India—and the influence continues as dynamically as ever, even in today's volatile times.



In the San Francisco bed-sitting-room shown here, interior designer Scott Lamb has brought the warmth and design exuberance of India to a typical San Francisco Victorian room. He transforms it with a romantic mixture of raj, courtly and native India and achieves a 1980's version of stylish comfort and lush informality. The day-bed is upholstered in *Faner,* a herringbone-woven cotton stripe, that recalls the sturdy peasant work-fabrics of India, though it's actually woven in Schumacher's own New Jersey mill. The curtains are *Srinigar,* a pure silk with an embroidered-looking windowpane check that's an exclusive Schumacher import from India. The wing chair and the onion-dome-shaped screen are covered in Schumacher's companion fabric and wallpaper *Khyber,* based on an authentic embroidery motif. The Victorian-looking rug is another import from India, also exclusive with Schumacher. But the key to the room's special ambience is the paisley-bordered fabric *Rajah,* in Indienne red, made into a table cover and also dressing up the bolsters. The same fabric, in indigo, can be seen in the lower left picture on the upholstered seat of a carved antique chair from Goa.

A sampling of the wide range of colors, the lavish variety of motifs and the subtle design that paisleys are heir to, can be seen in the center picture on this page. The jewel-like colors, the seemingly endless catalogue of sensuous swirls—are all controlled by a very sophisticated design intelligence. (The wool rug in the background of this picture, incidentally, is a happy translation of the crisp texture of straw matting into a more lasting medium.) Whether it's to cover a chair and brighten up a dark corner or to create a sensational sofa in an elegant living room; whether it's bedroom, kitchen or bath; there's no place that a paisley can't help. With drama, with color, with enthusiasm. No wonder Scotland and then the world were conquered. No wonder the conquest continues to this very day.



From just about the time that paisleys from Paisley had become well established as a fashionable household word, F. Schumacher and Co. has been supplying America's interior designers and architects with the world's best for the comfortable, fashionable household. Importing, producing, commissioning, and inspiring—fabrics, wall-coverings, rugs and carpets. Wherever today's ideas are coming from, knowing professionals looking for infallible choices seem invariably to agree that the one place not to be missed is "surely, Schumacher."

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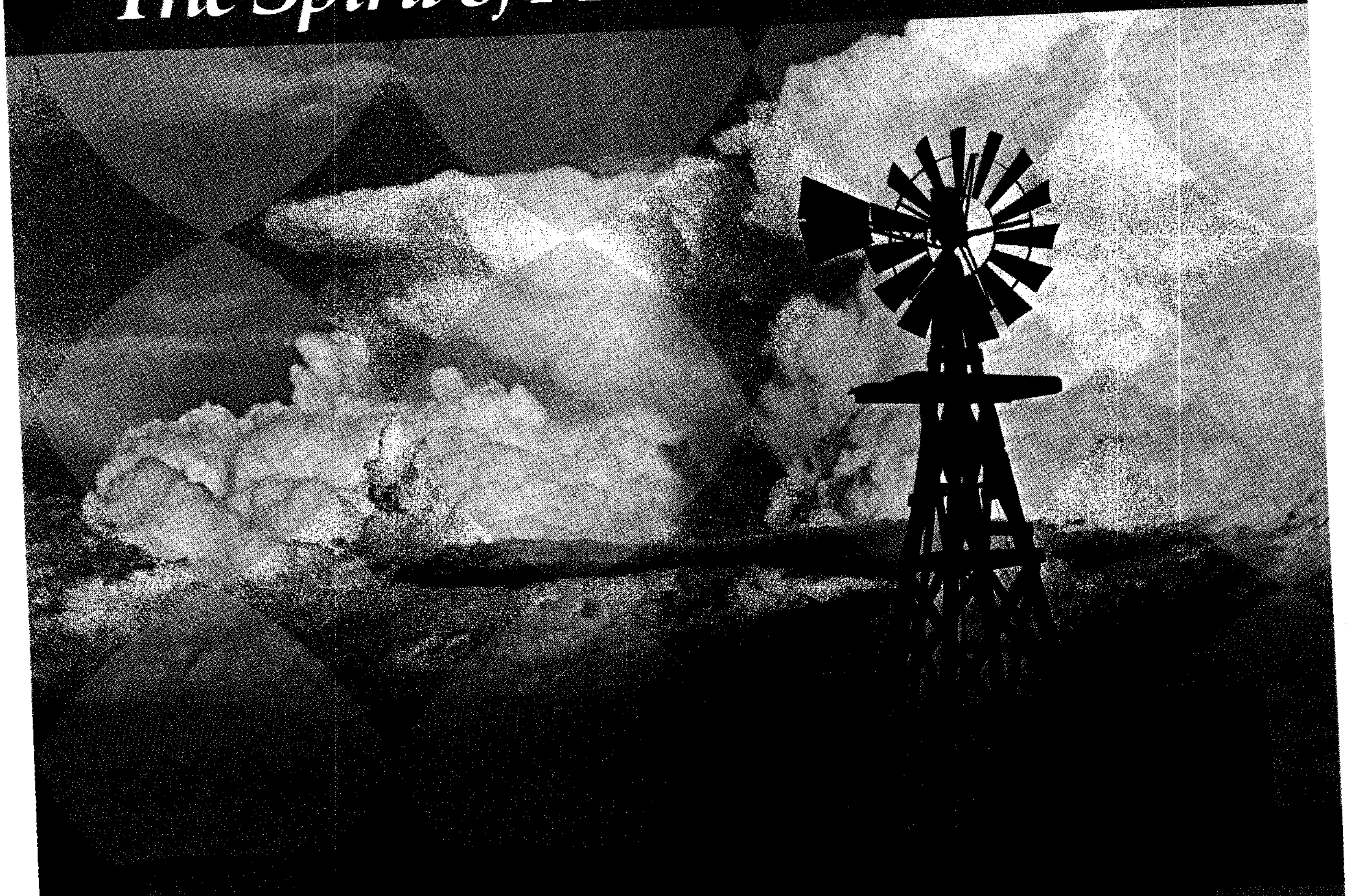

Harnessing the Wind by David Muench

The country's appetite was growing. So our inventive ancestors looked toward a new ally—the wind—to help bring up the water needed to make the fertile land even more so. And they toasted their success with America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon. Old Grand-Dad still makes that Bourbon as we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Oct. 10: "Queen Kelly" (1929; directed by Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson.
From Oct. 11: "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"After Hours" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Plenty" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Compromising Positions" (†).
Theatre 2: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 3: "Back to the Future" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 10: "Cocoon" (†).
From Oct. 11: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"After Hours" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Doctor and the Devils" (Freddie Francis), with Timothy Dalton.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Oct. 10: "Joshua Then and Now" (Ted Kotcheff), with James Woods.
From Oct. 11: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 10: "The Emerald Forest" (†). From Oct. 11: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman. From Oct. 11: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.

aronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.

. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters" (Paul Schrader; in Japanese), with Ken Ogata.
Theatre 2: "Dreamchild" (Gavin Millar), with Coral Browne.

emini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 10: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris. From Oct. 11: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Sweet Dreams" (Karel Reisz), with Jessica Lange and Ed Harris.

eekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Plenty" (†).

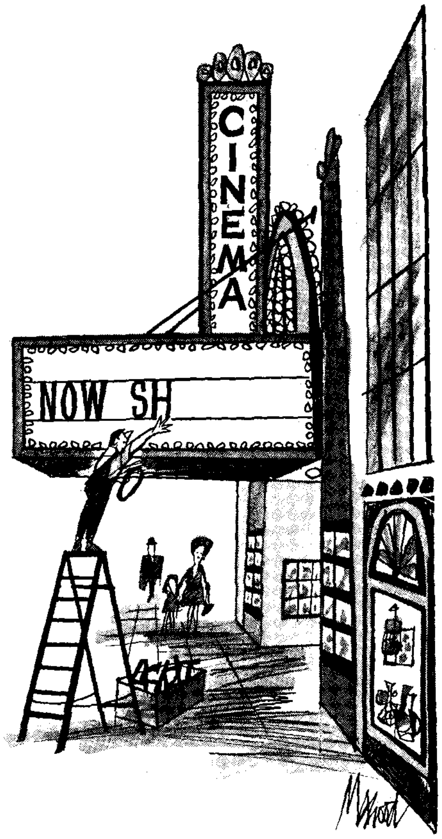
oews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.

th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

ews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Compromising Positions" (†).

A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 10: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.
From Oct. 11: To be announced.

ews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 10: "The Stuff" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty. From Oct. 11: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "Creature." From Oct. 11: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 10: "Silverado" (†).
From Oct. 11: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 10: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris. From Oct. 11: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.
Theatre 2: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 15: "The Tokyo Trial" (1983; directed by Masaki Kobayashi), a four-and-a-half-hour documentary. From Oct. 16: "7 Up" (1963; Paul Almond and Michael Apted) and "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), both documentaries.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "James Joyce's Women" (Michel Pearce), with Fionnula Flanagan. From Oct. 11: To be announced.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 10: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman. From Oct. 11: "Sweet Dreams" (Karel Reisz), with Jessica Lange and Ed Harris.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 17: "The Emerald Forest" (†). From Oct. 18: "Mixed Blood" (Paul Morrissey).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†). From Oct. 11: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Wetherby" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "Insignificance" (Nicolas Roeg), with Gary Busey and Tony Curtis. From Oct. 11: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.
Theatre 3: "Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 10: "My Other Husband" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Miou-Miou, Roger Hanin, and Eddy Mitchell. From Oct. 11: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge."
Theatre 3: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Oct. 10: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 11: "Fantasia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Colonel Redl" (István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dance with a Stranger" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Compromising Positions" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart" (Wayne Wang). From Oct. 12: "A Year of the Quiet Sun" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in English and Polish).
Theatre 3: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China" (1981).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Crossover Dreams" (Leon Ichaso), with Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: "Sheer Madness" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Angela Winkler.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
Theatre 2: "Came a Hot Friday" (Ian Mune).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Marie" (Roger Donaldson), with Sissy Spacek.
Theatre 2: "Compromising Positions" (†).
Theatre 3: "After Hours" (†).
Theatre 4: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 5: "Plenty" (†).
Theatre 6: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Oct. 10: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
From Oct. 11: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "The Stuff." From Oct. 11: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 10: "Silverado" (†). From Oct. 11: "Sweet Dreams" (Karel

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Reisz), with Jessica Lange and Ed Harris.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 10: "Savage Island." From Oct. 11: "Compromising Positions" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 10: "After Hours" (†). From Oct. 11: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (directed by Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.
Theatre 2: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 3: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct 10: "The Return of the Living Dead" (Dan O'Bannon), with Clu Gulager. From Oct 11: "Creator" (Ivan Passer), with Peter O'Toole and Mariel Hemingway.
Theatre 5: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.
Theatre 6: "Teen Wolf" (Rod Daniel), with Michael J. Fox.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Year of the Dragon" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.
Theatre 3: "The Emerald Forest" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sudden Death" (Sig Shore).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Oct. 10: "The Stuff" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty.
From Oct. 11: To be announced.

Loews State 1 and 2, *B'way at 45th. (575-5060)*
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "Creator" (Ivan Passer), with Peter O'Toole and Mariel Hemingway. From Oct. 11: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey.

Movieland, B'way at *47th. (757-8320)*
Through Oct. 10: "Streetwalkin'" (Joan Freeman).
From Oct. 11: "After Hours" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Silverado" (†). No performances on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 15-16.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 10: "Savage Island." From Oct. 11: "Sweet Dreams" (Karel Reisz), with Jessica Lange and Ed Harris.
Theatre 2: "Plenty" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "Invasion U.S.A." From Oct. 11: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 10: "Before Stonewall: The Making of a Gay and Lesbian Community" (1985; directed by Greta Schiller), a documentary.
From Oct. 11: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Himatsuri" (Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 9: "Le Million" (1931; René Clair; in French), with Annabella; and "À Nous la Liberté" (1931; René Clair; in French).
Oct. 10: "My Name Is Ivan" (1963; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and "An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano" (1977; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian).
Oct. 11-12: "L'Âge d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French); and "Peeping Tom" 1960; Michael Powell), with Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer.
Oct. 13: "Hamlet" (1966; Grigori Kozintsev; *in* Russian).
Oct. 14: "I'm All Right, Jack" (†); and "The Belles of St. Trinian's" (1954; Frank Launder), with Alastair Sim and Joyce Grenfell.
Oct. 15: "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" (†) and "Alexander Nevsky" (†).
Oct. 16: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (†).
Oct. 17: "Of Mice and Men" (†) and "Cry, the Beloved Country" (†).
Oct. 18-19: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

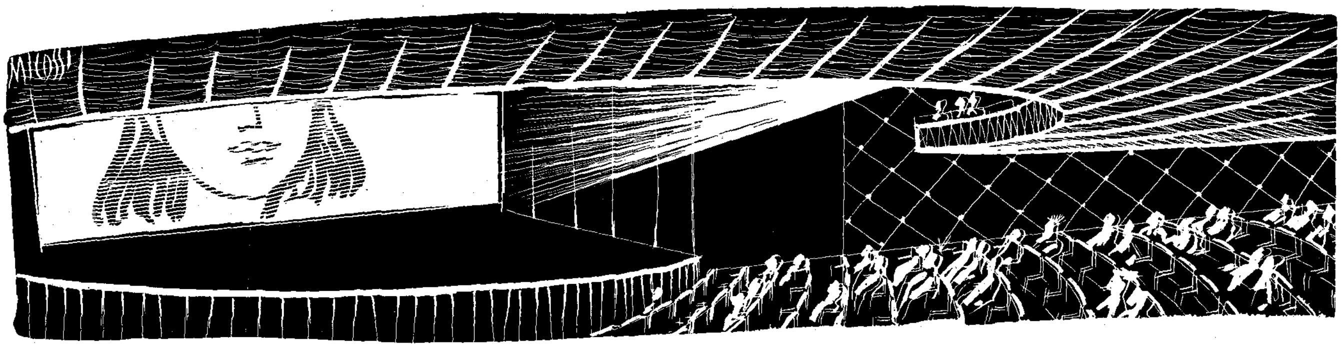
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 10: "Erotic Film Festival;" and "Immoral Tales" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in French).
Oct. 11-12: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.
Oct. 13: "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man" (1979; Joseph Strick).
Oct. 14-15: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Oct. 16-17: "Repulsion" (†); and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
Oct. 18-19: "Harold and Maude" (†) and "King of Hearts" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Morons from Outer Space" (1985; Mike Hodges).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 12: "Love Crazy" (1941; Jack Conway), with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Florence Bates; and "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
Oct. 13-15: "Roberta" (1935; William Seiter), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley; and "The Barkleys of Broadway" (†).
Oct. 16-17: "The Devil's Brother" (1933; Hal Roach and Charles Rogers) and "The Flying Deuces" (1939; Edward Sutherland), both with Laurel and Hardy.
Oct. 18-19: "Fire Over England" (†); and "That Hamilton Woman" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier.

Thalia, B'way at 95th (222-3370)
Oct. 9: "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance; and "High Noon" (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Gary Cooper, Thomas Mitchell, Grace Kelly, Lloyd Bridges, and Katy Jurado.
Oct. 10: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre; and "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French).
Oct. 11-12: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Long Good Friday" (1982; John Mackenzie) with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.
Oct. 13-14: "Children of Paradise" (1945 Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Loui Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, an Maria Casarès.
Oct. 15: "The Clinic" (1985; David Stevens an Australian film), with Chris Haywood and "The Christine Jorgensen Story" (1970 Irving Rapper), with John Hansen.
Oct. 16: "Early Summer" (1951) and "Goo Morning" (1959), both in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.
Oct. 17: "Head" (1968; Bob Rafelson), wit *the Monkees; and* "Batman" (1966; Lesli Martinson), with Adam West and Bur Ward.
Oct. 18-19: "Enormous Changes at the Las Minute" (1983; Ellen Hovde and Mirr Bank); and "Baby, It's You" (1983; Joh Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254 7400)
Oct. 9: "The Little Foxes" (1941; Williar Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herber *Marshall; and* "Dodsworth" (1936; Williar Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor.
Oct. 10: "Case of the Stuttering Bishop (1937; William Clemens), with Donal Woods; and "The Case of the Velve Claws" (1936; William Clemens), wit Warren William.
Oct. 11-12: "After the Thin Man" (193 and "The Thin Man" (1934), both film directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrn Loy and William Powell.
Oct. 13: "Journey Into Fear" (†) and "Th Stranger" (1946 †).
Oct. 14: "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory L Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharin Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Frankli Pangborn; and "Morning Glory" (†).
Oct. 15: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935; Ja Conway), with Ronald Colman, Edna Ma Oliver, and Blanche Yurka; and "The Pri oner of Zenda" (1937; John Cromwell with Madeleine Carroll and Ronald Co man.
Oct. 16: "Anna Christie" (†) and "Anna K renina" (†).



Oct. 17: "Chimes at Midnight" (†); and "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall.

Oct. 18-19: "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Oct. 10 at 2:30: "The Other Woman" (1961; directed by Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6: "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (1960; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine and Masayuki Mori. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2:30: "Herringbone Clouds" (1958; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6: "Repast" (1951; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 12:30: A program of Bugs Bunny cartoons. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 2: "Scattered Clouds" (1967; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 5: "Lightning" (1952; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 12:30: A program of Bugs Bunny cartoons. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2: "Three Sisters with Maiden Hearts" (1935; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 5: "Floating Clouds" (1955; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 2: "Wife! Be Like a Rose!" (1935; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 5: "Husband and Wife" (1953; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2:30: "Floating Clouds." . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 6: "Hit and Run" (1966; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 2:30: "Sounds from the Mountain" (1954; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6: "Scattered Clouds." . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2:30: "Street Without End" (1934; Mikio Naruse; a Japanese silent film, with English intertitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6: "Hideko the Bus Conductor" (1941; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 12:30: A program of Elmer Fudd cartoons. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 2: "Tsuruhachi and Tsurujiro" (1938; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 5: "Wife! Be Like a Rose!"

THEATRE 2: Oct. 10 at 3 and 6:30: Two parts of "How Yukong Moved the Mountains" (1972-75; Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan; with English voice-over), a documentary on the People's Republic of China—"Rehearsal at the Peking Opera" and "Impressions of a City." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 3: A program of films by G. H. Cricks, H. M. Sharp, J. H. Martin, and Joseph Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6:30 and Oct. 12 at 2:30: A program of films by Percy Stow and H. V. Lawley. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 5:30: A program of films by G. H. Cricks, H. M. Sharp, J. H. Martin, and Joseph Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2:30: A program of films by A. H. Bloomfield and J. B. McDowell. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 5:30: A program of films by Bamforth and Co. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 2:30: A program of early British studio films, 1905-14. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 5:30: A program of films by A. H. Bloomfield and J. B. McDowell. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 3 and 6:30: "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 3 and 6:30: "Raoul Wallenberg: Buried Alive" (1984; David Harel). . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 3: A program of films by Bamforth and Co. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6:30: A program of early British studio films, 1905-14. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 2:30 and 5:30: A program of German silent films with Karl Valentin.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"The Allure of the Concentric" (1985), a multichannel video installation by Rita Myers, who will be present on Thursday, Oct. 10, at 2. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8, Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL.** Oct. 9 at 6:15: "Chain Letters" (Mark Rappaport; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9:30: "A Year of the Quiet Sun" (Krzysztof Zanussi; Poland/United States/West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6:15: "Le Temps Détruit" (Pierre Beuchot; France) and "Harvest of Despair" (Slavko Nowytski; Canada). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 9:30: "The Satin Slipper" (Manoel de Oliveira; France/Portugal). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6:15: "A Year of the Quiet Sun." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 9:30 and Oct. 12 at 1: "Boy Meets Girl" (Léos Carax; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 3:30: "The Satin Slipper." . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 6: "Renoir, the Boss" (1966; Jacques Rivette; France) and "Jean Cocteau—Self-Portrait of a Man Unknown" (Edgardo Cozarinsky; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 9: "Private Conversations" (Christian Blackwood; United States). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Oct. 13 at 8: "Chaos" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; Italy). (For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

Beacon Theatre, B'way at 74th St. (787-1477)—"Broken Blossoms" (1919; D. W. Griffith), a silent film, with Lillian Gish, Donald Crisp, and Richard Barthelmess. (Oct. 14 at 2 and 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (New Gramercy, Sutton, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting Oct. 11.)

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Sergei Eisenstein's ponderously surging epic has a famous score by Prokofieff and a stunning battle on ice. When it's great, it's very great, but there are long deadly stretches. The plot has something to do with the thirteenth-century invasion of Russia by German knights; needless to say, the Russians expel the invaders. With Nikolai Cherkassov as Prince Nevsky. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 15.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 16.)

nna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 16.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

The Barkleys of Broadway (1949)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers together again, for the first time in ten years, with Ginger aspiring to be Bernhardt, and Oscar Levant playing Khatchaturian's "Sabre Dance," as well as some Tchaikovsky. Tunes include George Gershwin's "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the screenplay at their usual buoyant best. (Regency; Oct. 13-15.)

Chimes at Midnight (1967; also known as "Falstaff")—One of Orson Welles' best and least seen movies. It is damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds, and during the first twenty minutes one may want to walk out, but then the movie begins to be great. Welles brought together the pieces of Falstaff that Shakespeare had strewn over the two parts of "Henry IV" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with cuttings from "Henry V" and "Richard II," and fastened them into place with narration from Holinshed's "Chronicles" (read by Ralph Richardson). Though Welles' performance as Falstaff is short on comedy, it's very rich, very full. Oddly, we never really see the friendship of Falstaff and Prince Hal—played extraordinarily well by Keith Baxter—but John Gielgud's refined, monkish Henry IV gives the film the austerity it needs for the conflict within Hal to be dramatized. The film is a near-masterpiece. With Margaret Rutherford and Jeanne Moreau. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 17.)

Cocoon—A science-fantasy sitcom, in which the old people from a retirement community go off to the planet Antares, a Shangri-La in space. If audiences enjoy the movie, it's largely because of the elderly actors and the affection that the young director, Ron Howard, shows for them. But Howard keeps trying to extract tender emotions from scenes that could get by only as slapstick, and from scenes that can't get by as anything. The plot is less than ingenious, and things get pretty cloying. With Wilford Brimley, Don Ameche, Hume Cronyn, Jack Gilford, Maureen Stapleton, Gwen Verdon, Jessica Tandy, Herta Ware, Steve Guttenberg, Barret Oliver, and Brian Dennehy. (7/15/85) (Eastside Cinema; through Oct. 10.)

Compromising Positions—Directed by Frank Perry, the movie provides a batch of actresses with a chance to show some comic verve. Susan Sarandon is the heroine, whose unquenchable curiosity saves her from the doldrums of affluence in the suburbs with a lawyer husband; when her smiley-eyed, lecherous dentist (Joe Mantegna) is murdered in his snazzy office, she can't resist poking into the case, because it reveals so much about what has been going on around her which she has been unaware of. Judith Ivey is in top form as a frisky cynic who seems to have been wised up from birth. And Deborah Rush is startlingly poignant as a tarty, uneducated blonde, with scars on her tummy and frightened eyes. With Edward Herrmann, Raul Julia, and Anne De Salvo. (9/9/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Loews Paramount, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 11.)

Cry, the Beloved Country (1952)—Alan Paton has made a moving adaptation of his novel about interracial problems in South Africa. Canada Lee is just right as a black preacher sorely beset by the sins both of his own family and society at large. Directed by Zoltán

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Korda. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

Dance with a Stranger—Set in London in 1954 and 1955, and featuring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, the demi-prostitute who put a few slugs in her weakling young lover (played by Rupert Everett), and was the last woman in England to be sent to the gallows, this English film might be described as kitchen-sink *film noir*. The director, Mike Newell, doesn't give you a minute's relief. The picture is all style—style used to show us the shabbiness of the characters' lives and how they're all trapped, doing what's inevitable. With Ian Holm. (8/26/85) (Paris.)

The Emerald Forest—John Boorman sets his story in Brazil, where the son of an American engineer (played by Powers Boothe) is abducted by an Amazon-rain-forest tribe. For ten years, the father searches for the boy in whatever time he can take off from his job of building a giant dam. When, at last, he locates his seventeen-year-old son (played by the director's son, Charley Boorman), he realizes that the boy's consciousness surpasses his own and that the boy's life is superior to anything civilization has to offer. And soon the father realizes that the dam is destroying the boy's tribe. The faults that have plagued Boorman's films—his lack of interest in character, his rather lordly failure to dramatize the issues that excite him the most, his wacko ear for dialogue—really pile up this time, and he doesn't seem able to get any kind of seductive flow going. With Rui Polonah, Meg Foster, Dira Paes, and Eduardo Conde. (8/12/85) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Oct. 17.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" and of hyped-up excerpts: volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." "A Night on Bald Mountain" somehow leads into the "Ave Maria." "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld; starting Oct. 11.)

Fire Over England (1937)—The Armada is a toy fleet, but the actors are full-scale and stirring—a young, daredevil Laurence Olivier leaps about the battle scenes and makes love to an incredibly pretty Vivien Leigh, while Flora Robson plays a greathearted Queen Elizabeth, and Raymond Massey is Philip II of Spain. It's swashbuckling nonsense (and slow to get under way), but with a fine spirit. William K. Howard directed. (Regency; Oct. 18-19.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby, Harold falls in love with Maude, and their love is consummated on the eve of her eightieth birthday. The message is not very different from that of "Hello, Dolly!" and "Mame," but Harold's flaccid asexuality and Maude's advanced stage of pixiness give that message a special freaky quality. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. With Vivian Pickles, Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. (Cinema Village; Oct. 18-19.)

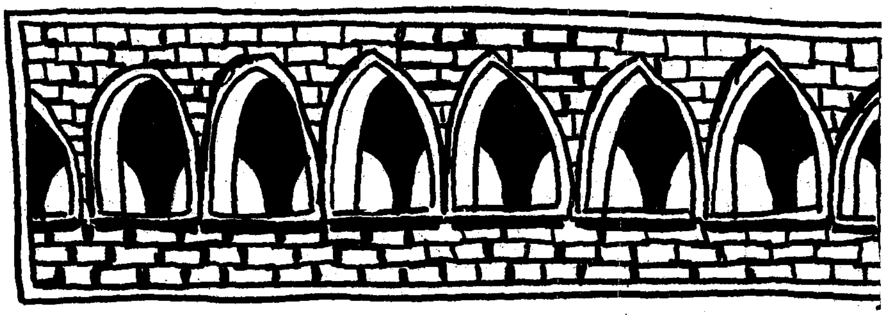
I'm All Right, Jack (1960)—This isn't one of those gentle English comedies with glancing bits of social spoofery; it's a cynical and raucous slapstick farce—the one really funny film satire of labor-management conflicts. The big businessmen are the villains in the plot, but the film also shows the trade unionists as smug and self-centered. As the shop steward, Peter Sellers is avid to protect the workers' rights—he's earnest, he's monstrously self-serious, and he speaks in a jargon that derives from political pamphlets. The cast includes Terry-Thomas, Ian Carmichael, Dennis Price, Richard Attenborough, and Margaret Rutherford. Produced and directed by Roy and John Boulting; from the novel by Alan Hackney, adapted by John Boulting, Frank Harvey, and Hackney. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14.)

Ivan the Terrible, Part I (1944)—Eisenstein's two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny is obviously a magnificent work and it imposes its style on the viewer, but as a movie it's static, grandiose, and frequently ludicrous. In "Part I," released in 1945, Ivan is crowned. and then, because of the opposition of the boyars (or nobles) who, among their evil deeds, poison his wife, he is forced to abdicate. The conflict in Ivan is between the good man dedicated to the welfare of his people and the power-mad despot (and, given when it was made, it's easy to see a paralle to Stalin). With Nikolai Cherkassov. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 15.)

Journey Into Fear (1943)—This labyrinthine spy story about smuggling munitions int Turkey is loaded down with terror hocus-pocus and high-toned conversations. It's a halfhearted—almost fey—film, with a lot o dark atmosphere and unusual camera angles that don't amount to much. Orson Welles who appears as the Turkish police chie Colonel Haki, is credited, along with Joseph Cotten, for the rather eccentric adaptation o the Eric Ambler novel. Welles also supervised the making of this Mercury Production though it was at least partly directed by Norman Foster. The cast includes Cotten Dolores Del Rio, and Agnes Moorehead (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 13.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca mad this overly poetic, overly winsome romanti fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals an lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells u that lunatics are the sane people and soldier the true madmen. With Alan Bates an Geneviève Bujold. In French and English (Cinema Village; Oct. 18-19.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameles South American country, Hector Babenco' film is about a homosexual window dresser Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cel Molina tries to comfort Valentín and hel him forget his pain and misery by telling hir the stories of old movies. Hurt is just abou the only thing to look at; he's very likable i the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slac piece of moviemaking, and as sentimenta as the forties screen romances that Molin is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, was shot in Sã



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Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Oct. 10.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as Eva Lovelace—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 14.)

Of Mice and Men (1940)—The story, about the friendship between two lonely, vagrant ranch hands—the small, bedraggled, intelligent George (Burgess Meredith) and the simpleminded giant Lennie (Lon Chaney, Jr.) is gimmicky and highly susceptible to parody, but it is emotionally effective just the same. Betty Field's silly, vain, hapless Mae is a small acting classic, and the cowboy star Bob Steele is amazingly good as her sadistic husband. With Leigh Whipper and Charles Bickford. Directed by Lewis Milestone. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 17.)

Le Plaisir (1952)—This Max Ophuls omnibus film, based on three de Maupassant stories, sounds better than it is; the stories allow him to display his virtuoso technique, but two of the three turn out too thin and hokey. The first, "The Mask," famous for the Palais de Danse sequence, is about a man trying to retain the illusion of youth; Gaby Morlay and Claude Dauphin are in it. "The Model" is about an artist (Daniel Gélin) who quarrels with his mistress-model (Simone Simon). The most satisfying, "The House of Madame Tellier," is about the temporary closing of a brothel when the madam (Madeleine Renaud) and her girls go to the country to attend the First Communion of the madam's niece. The cast includes Jean Gabin, Danielle Darrieux, Pierre Brasseur, Ginette Leclerc, Mila Parély, and Louis Seigner. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 16.)

LENTY—David Hare's sick-soul-of-England play, which he adapted for the screen and Fred Schepisi directed, turns his own preachiness into the intellectual clarity of an abrasive woman. After serving courageously as a British courier for the French Resistance, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) has her youthful idealism destroyed by the hypocrisy and materialism of postwar life. She keeps exercising her gift for cultured, sardonic invective, and her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. Schepisi works with his usual team—the cinematographer Ian Baker and the composer Bruce Smeaton—and also with the celebrated production designer Richard MacDonald; together they give the movie a lustrous, sensuous texture. Their craftsmanship is superb. But Hare's means in this movie are every bit as constricted as what he's attacking. Angry Young Manhood has become mannerism. And as Streep plays Susan there's no imploded energy in her rudeness and no force in the film. She just isn't there. With John Gielgud, Tracey Ullman, Charles Dance, Ian McKellen, Sam Neill, and Sting. (10/7/85) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

RIZZI'S HONOR—This John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (Cinema 3.)

AMBO: FIRST BLOOD PART II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

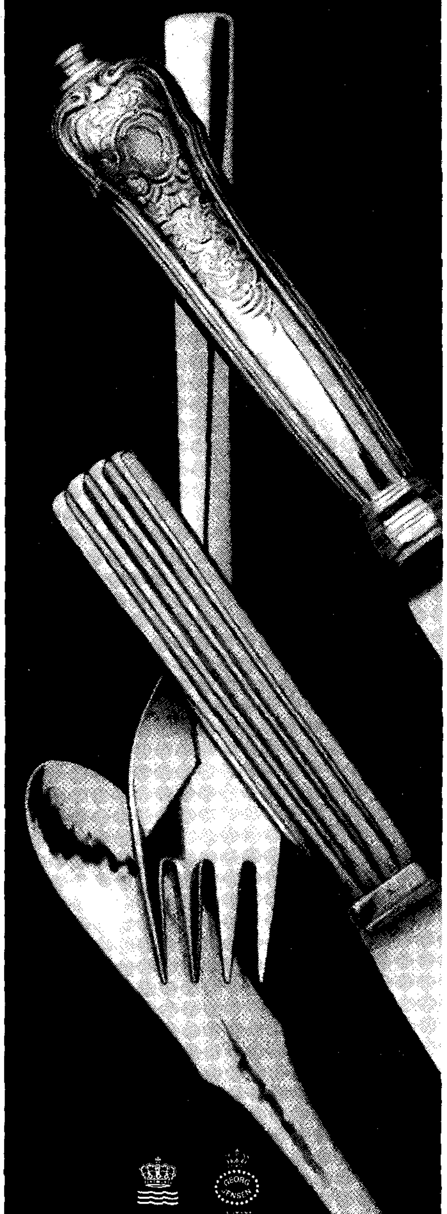
Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's British-made, London-set horror film records the deterioration of a murderous, terrified Belgian girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. The approach is so objective, so external, that the film doesn't raise questions about this foreign girl's estrangement and loneliness, doesn't offer explanations of her madness. It just stays on her—on her hallucinations and her fantasies of being in danger, and on the actual reprisals she takes against anyone who comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol, and the camera fondles the horrors. Undeniably skillful and effective, all right—excruciatingly tense and frightening. But is it entertaining? You have to be a hard-core horror-movie lover to enjoy this one. With Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, Ian Hendry, Patrick Wymark, Renee Houston, James Villiers, and Polanski in a bit. (Cinema Village; Oct. 16-17.)

Silverado—The director, Lawrence Kasdan, uses accomplished actors: the four heroes journeying west to Silverado in the eighteen-eighties are played by Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Kevin Costner, and Danny Glover, and they're variously involved with Linda Hunt, Rosanna Arquette, Brian Dennehy, John Cleese, and Jeff Goldblum. But the atmosphere is arch and uninvolving, and these actors don't seem sure what their characters are meant to be. The film is like a homage to the expensive Western; it's so opulent it has a nouveau-riche aura about it. (7/29/85) (New Embassy 49th Street. No performances on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 15-16. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Olympia Quad; through Oct. 10.)

The Stranger (1946)—The only conventionally made narrative film that Orson Welles ever directed. It's a smooth, proficient, somewhat languorous thriller—quite watchable, but the script (by Anthony Veiller and, though uncredited, John Huston) is clever in a shallow way: the people need more dimensions. Edward G. Robinson plays an F.B.I. war-crimes investigator on the trail of a Nazi big shot (Welles) who has taken a false identity and is living in a small town in Connecticut, teaching in a prep school; his wife (Loretta Young) knows nothing of his past. Welles' performance is so flagrantly, boyishly unconvincing—the Nazi seems preoccupied by his evil superman thoughts—that it's rather amusing. With Konstantin Shayne, Philip Merivale, Richard Long, and Brian Keith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 13.)

Wetherby—It's about a younger generation whose souls are bombed out, and a middle-aged middle class that's spiritually desiccated, but David Hare, who wrote and directed this English film, devised a who-is-to-blame mystery structure for his morality tale, and the interlocking flashbacks that he toys with are ingeniously worked out. A sallow, dead-eyed university graduate student (Tim McInnerny) comes to the Yorkshire village of Wetherby, crashes a dinner party given by an emotionally repressed secondary-school English teacher (Vanessa Redgrave), and the next day returns to her cottage to blow out his brains right in front of her, in her kitchen. The only real mystery is the radiant starshine that Redgrave gives off; she saves the movie from being a totally arid puzzle. With Suzanna Hamilton, Ian Holm, Judi Dench, Stuart Wilson, and Redgrave's daughter Joely Richardson, who plays the teacher as a young woman in love. (10/7/85) (Quad Cinema.)

Year of the Dragon—Stan White (Mickey Rourke), a New York police captain, is assigned to put a damper on the murderous youth gangs who are disrupting life in Chinatown. But Stan—a synthesis of Rambo and Dirty Harry—can't live with compromise; he starts to create chaos in the community so that (in some unexplained way) he can tear out the roots of crime. The movie is a form of hysterical, rabble-rousing pulp, yet it isn't involving; it doesn't have the propulsion of good pulp storytelling. The only performance that has any intensity is the quiet one given by John Lone as the sneaky, new young Chinese Godfather—he's so fine-drawn and elegant he just about turns the movie upside down. With Ariane, Ray Barry, Caroline Kava, Dennis Dun, and Leonard Termo. Directed by Michael Cimino. (9/9/85) (Embassy 1.)



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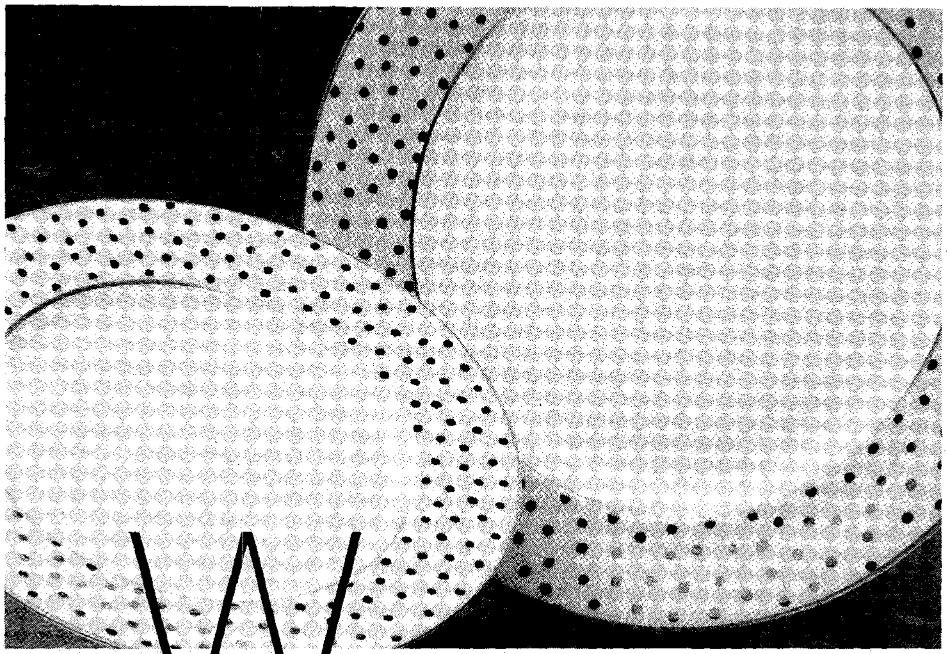

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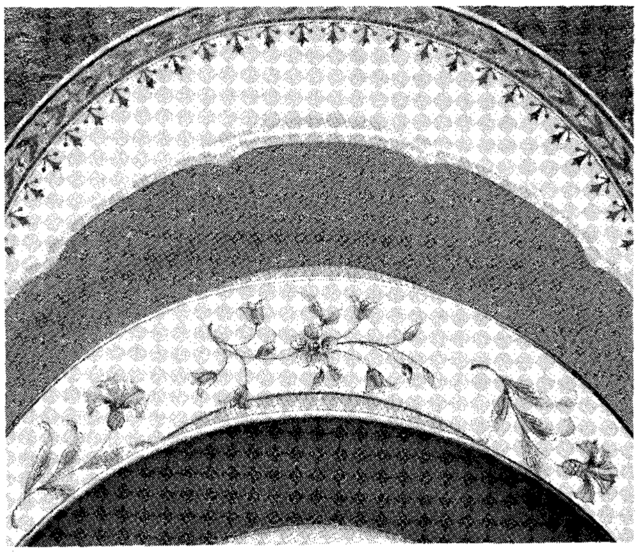

Andrée Raynaud of Raynaud Porcelain, manufacturers of Ceralene, is the scion of a family long renowned for the most refined, most precise patterns in Limoges fine china. Raynaud/Ceralene is unique in its return to the original source of china manufacture for inspiration, adapting patterns from 18th century museum pieces. For our exclusive Ceralene patterns, we worked through the vast Raynaud archives, experimenting with several designs, bodies, and patterns. We now have two remarkable designs: a brilliantly-colored scallop-edge, and an exquisitely regal gilt-edge.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

E. B. WHITE

Notes and Comment

THIS page, our Notes and Comment page, belongs to E. B. White. He began writing our editorials under that heading some months after Harold Ross, our first editor, founded the magazine in 1925, and he continued to write them week after week, with an endless flow of ideas and an unflagging spontaneity, for thirty years. He died on his farm in Maine last week, at the age of eighty-six. As an essayist, as a humorist, as a stylist, he was one of America's masters. In his paragraphs here he developed a new literary form: brief personal essays, conversational, lyrical, idiosyncratic, yet somehow capable of striking some chord common to all of us. He took events as they came along—ordinary household events, farm events, national and world events—and, sifting them through his odd, playful mind, came out with conclusions and observations that were sensible to the point of genius. He was not a man for profundities or large abstractions; he stayed with the details of everyday living, which necessarily included tragedies and calamities of every kind—wars and political and social upheavals and natural disasters, and the rest—but he remained calm through it all, and even unreasonably optimistic, without ever lapsing into frivolity or foolishness. He never raised his voice, n or out of print, but he had a lively conscience and he was an early and brave defender of civil liberties, social ustice, and the environment. His soft-spoken eloquence was heard. Humor pervaded whatever he wrote; the touch remained light; he ran counter to our century's fashion for literary despair, and did not try to tamper with his inexplicably sunny inclinations. For that matter, he sometimes seemed unaware of the very intellectual and literary fashions he was resisting. This most companionable of writers kept to himself in his personal life: a private man who, when he was not at his typewriter, did farm chores and spent fond hours with his wife (on whom he doted) and children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren and neighbors. He kept busy, too, with his own thoughts, which must have been as unexpected and pleasurable to him as to his readers, for, renowned as his writing was for its simplicity and its clarity, his mind constantly took surprising turns, and his peculiar mixture of seriousness and humor could not have failed to astonish even him.

Whether he was writing Notes and Comment regularly, as he did until 1955, or sporadically, as he did after that, Andy White also managed to provide the magazine with countless humor pieces, short stories, poems, and tag lines for our newsbreak fillers, taking time out to compose a series of marvellous essays for *Harper's* and to write three children's books—"Stuart Little," "Charlotte's Web," and "The Trumpet of the Swan"—which became classics. In his Comment pieces and his other writings, he did as much as any other single writer to set the tone and create the spirit of *The New Yorker*. Like his unforgettable mentor, Harold Ross, he left his mark on every page of the magazine, and his presence continues, and will always continue, to be felt in our pages. Ross was so enchanted with White's work that he had moments when he wished that all writers were E. B. White. In his more restrained moments, he was content to welcome the diverse styles and diverse interests of his other writers and to accept White as just the model. For White did serve as a model, not only at *The New Yorker* but for many, if not most, of our country's writers. Other writers took their bearings from him, and learned from him a respect for craft and discipline and the language. Because so many writers have acknowledged his influence, it seemed to us appropriate to ask two writers who themselves have contributed greatly to the magazine to speak about Andy White here, each in his own way. What follows is what they have said.

WHITE had abundantly that most precious and least learnable of writerly gifts—the gift of inspiring affection in the reader. Affection and trust, for the writer we like is the one who never gives us anything less than the trustworthy truth, in his version of it, delivered up without fuss or shame. For some reason, I keep thinking back to White's version of his own career, transparently fictionalized as that of a Mr. Volente in a story called "The Hotel of the Total Stranger." It all began when a waitress in a Childs

restaurant spilled a glass of buttermilk down his blue serge suit: "Mr. Volente had written an account of the catastrophe at the time and had sold it to a young and inexperienced magazine, thus making for himself the enormously important discovery that the world would pay a man for setting down a simple, legible account of his own misfortunes." The magazine, of course, was this one, and for more than half a century after that spilled buttermilk White's confessions, observations, poems, and stories awakened the laughter and enhanced the alertness of its readers. Elsewhere, too—in other magazines and in surprising forms, in his three classic short novels for children and in the revisions of a Cornell professor's guide to English usage—his intensely lucid brand of simple legibility sparkled. He would try anything, from a rondeau to a cartoon caption, from collaborating with James Thurber on a book ostensibly about sex to collaborating with his goddaughter on a non-posthumous volume of his own letters; and everything in his widely assorted works is lit from within by a certain bold and jaunty restlessness. Though timid about air travel, he moved nimbly on land and, in one series of essays for *The New Yorker*, dispatched letters from all points of the compass. He ranged far in his quest for artistic freedom. His young life was animated by a number of sudden excursions and departures. Mr. Volente recalls with pleasure "the renewal of liberty" that comes with quitting a job: "The sense of the return of footlooseness, the sense of again being a reporter receiving only the vaguest and most mysterious assignments, was oxygen in his lungs." Young and aspiring in an era when urban gaiety was plentiful, and witty humorists were common, he became a humorist, and, with his fastidious verbal timing and frequent sensations of bemusement, one of the best; but he was a humorist with broad perspective, a light-verse writer who could also ask, in the poem "Traveler's Song," "Shall I love the world That carries me under, That fills me full Of its own wonder And strikes me down With its own thunder?" White was a man in love with beauty, with nature, and with human freedom, and these concerns lifted his essays to an eloquence that could be sombre and that sets them on the shelf with those of Thoreau. The least pugnacious of editorialists, he was remarkably keen and quick in the defense of personal liberty and purity of expression, whether the threat was as overt as McCarthyism or totalitarianism or as seemingly innocuous as the Xerox Corporation's sponsorship of an *Esquire* article or Alexander Woollcott's endorsement of a brand of whiskey. American freedom was not just a notion to him; it was an instinct, a current in the blood, expressed by his very style and his untrammelled thought, his cunning informality, his courteous skepticism, his boundless and gallant capacity for wonder.

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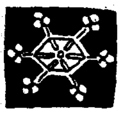
LAST August, a couple of sailors paid an unexpected visit to my summer house in Maine: *young* sailors—a twelve-year-old-girl and an eleven-year-old boy. They were a crew taking part in a statewide small-boat-racing competition at a local yacht club, and because my wife and I had some vacant beds just then we were willingly dragooned as hosts. They were fine company—tanned and shy and burning with tactics but amenable to blueberry muffins and our exuberant fox terrier. They were also readers, it turned out. On their second night, it came out at the dinner table that E. B. White was a near neighbor of ours, and our visitors reacted to the news with incredulity. "No!" the boy said softly, his eyes travelling back and forth over the older faces at the table. "*No-o-o-o!*" The girl, being older, tried to keep things in place. "He's my favorite author," she said. "Or at least he was when I was younger." They were both a bit old for "Stuart Little," "Charlotte's Web," and "The Trumpet of the Swan," in fact, but because they knew the books so well, and because they needed cheering up (they had done badly in the racing), arrangements were made for a visit to E. B. White's farm the next morning.

White, who had been ill, was not able to greet our small party that day, but there were other sights and creatures there to make us welcome: two scattered families of bantam hens and chicks on the lawn; the plump, waggly incumbent dog, name of Red; and the geese who came scuttling and hissing up the pasture lane, their wings outspread in wild alarm. It was a glazy, windless morning, with some thin scraps of fog still clinging to the water in Allen Cove, beyond the pasture; later on, I knew, the summer southwest breeze would stir, and then Harriman Point and Blue Hill Bay and the islands would come clear again. What wasn't there this time was Andy White himself: emerging from the woodshed, say, with an egg basket or a length of line in his hand; or walking away (at a mid-slow pace, not a stroll—never a stroll—with the dog just astern) down the grassy lane that turns and then dips to the woods and shore; or perhaps getting into his car for a trip to town, getting aboard, as he got aboard any car, with an air of mild wariness, the way most of us start up on a bicycle. We made do without him, as we had to. We went into the barn and examined the vacant pens and partitions and the old cattle tieups; we visited the vegetable garden and the neat stacks of freshly cut stovewood; we saw the cutting beds, and the blackberry patch behind the garage, and the place where the pigpen used to be—the place where Wilbur was born, surely. The children took turns on the old single-rope swing that hung in the barn doorway, hoisting themselves up onto the smoothed seat, made out of a single chunk o birch firewood, and then sailing out into the sunshine and back into barnshadow again and again, as the crossbeam creaked above them and swallows dipped in and out of an open barn window far overhead. It wasn't much entertainment for them, but perhaps i was all right, because of where they were. The girl asked which doorway might have been the one where Charlotte had spun her web, and she mentioned Templeton, the rat, and Fern the little girl who befriends Wilbur She was visiting a museum, I sensed and she would remember things her to tell her friends about later. Th boy, though, was quieter, and for while I thought that our visit was disappointment to him. Then I stol another look at him, and I understood I *think* I understood. He was takin note of the place, almost checking o corners and shadows and smells t himself as we walked about the ol farm, but he wasn't trying to remem ber them. He looked like someone wh had been there before, and indeed h

had, for he was a reader. Andy White had given him the place long before he ever set foot on it—not this farm, exactly, but the one in the book, the one now in the boy's mind. Only true writers—the rare few of them—can do this, but their deed to us is in perpetuity. The boy didn't get to meet E. B. White that day, but he already had him by heart. He had him for good.

LIKE some other people in my line, I suppose, I still remember the struggles I endured in my twenties, and even into my thirties, when I was trying to find my feet as a writer. What I was looking for, without quite knowing it, was a tone of voice—a way of getting words down that seemed to suit not just the story at hand but me, the person who was trying to tell it. I kept getting it wrong, because I thought it was incumbent on me to sound like a writer; I think I half believed that if some editor or reader caught a glimpse of me in the underbrush of my own prose he would order me out of there forthwith, because the world of letters was posted. It belonged to authors—the landed literary, whose tweeds and gestures and tones of voice were known to us all, and copied, of course, by those of us who secretly wanted to belong. For a long time, then, I dressed up in the styles of my time: terse and brave, like Hemingway; rough and low-down, like O'Hara; sad and windy, like Wolfe. I wasn't happy in these disguises, of course, but I didn't know any better; young writers have more sense about this today, I suspect. It was White who set me straight. I'd been reading him right along, to be sure, but the qualities of "One Man's Meat" and "Quo Vadimus?" and the Comment pieces and "The Fox of Peapack" and "Here Is New York" and the rest were so plain and so clearly pleasurable—a glass of cool water, a breeze on one's face—that they did not feel like literature. A man who set down words that way, who obviously wrote only as he spoke, which is to say clearly and quietly by habit, and who seemed to finish many of his sentences with a shrug or a smile, a shy fellow, always on the point of sidling out of the room—well, he was there to be liked and befriended but surely not o be emulated. It took me a while to see how foolish this notion was, but when I did see, I stopped imitating other writers (even E. B. White), and ried instead to be clear, the way he was. If I could do only that—how hard it turned out to be!—I might have a voice of my own after all, and perhaps even a style in the end, too, for I would be simply myself: my one and only. I think that this is White's special gift to us all. Almost without our noticing it, he seemed to take down the fences of manner and propriety and pomposity in writing, and to invite the rest of us, readers and writers alike, to walk the fields and spinneys and weedy pathways of our own thoughts and experiences, shadowed or shining, and to enjoy the outing and the day.



E. B. White was admired and loved by readers of all ages, but, like other splendid donors, he found some critics as well. It was said of him once that you could read his entire works and never know that Freud or Marx had ever lived. The barb glitters as it flies through the air, but somehow it leaves the man untouched. He would agree, one senses—another smile, another small shrug—but he would not then set about becoming more political or more at one with his psyche. He never wished his readers to think him deeper or wiser than he found himself to be. Relieved of that frightful burden, he got more of himself onto paper in a lifetime than most writers come close to doing. Our knowledge of him seems wonderfully clear, like the view back down a series of steep meadows climbed on a cool day in autumn; and, looking back over that long path, one cannot imagine a leaf or a word that might have made it better.

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Photographers

"HE'S hung from rafters all his life," a woman said in reference to a photograph taken by Richard Wurts, now eighty years old. The photograph is of Norman Wurts, Mr. Wurts's uncle. In the photograph, Mr. Norman Wurts (businesslike, in a boater) is standing outside on a ledge of a building on lower Broadway—outside, and up a few stories. Mr. Norman Wurts is standing next to a big camera on a tripod, and his nephew Richard presumably has one, too, out on the same ledge, aimed at his Uncle Norman. The photographs of Mr. Richard Wurts, and of his Uncle Norman, and the retouching work of Mr. Richard Wurts's father, Lionel Wurts, make up the oeuvre of Wurts Brothers, architectural photographers. This oeuvre is in the form of fifteen thousand glass negatives in the possession of the Museum of the City of New York. There is a show on now at the museum—a hundred or so examples selected from the Wurts Collection—and we went to the opening.

Mr. Richard Wurts was there—it was his eightieth birthday. Mr. Wurts is a spare, dapper man who lives in Litchfield, Connecticut, with his wife, Geraldine. Of climbing around on bridges, girders, and ledges, he says he never thought about it. "I think you're lost if you start to think about it," he said.

The photographs of the Wurts Brothers have a factual quality. They have the quality of court reporting. After you had heard both sides of an argument about a building, you might send to the Wurts Brothers for a photograph to decide it. For a certain sort of building—an apartment house of the nineteen-twenties, for instance—a Wurts Brothers photograph might be definitive. There is an etiquette at work in Wurts Brothers photographs, too. It is complex enough to be interesting, but it is predictable: you get a certain amount of the street in, but no more; you get cars, but never *traffic*.

"The photograph of the Lever building was difficult," Mr. Wurts told us, referring to a photograph in the show. "That was difficult to get. You couldn't have a lot of traffic; it would cut into the base of the building. And so you would want to shoot it on a Sunday. But the blinds were closed on most Sundays, and when the blinds were drawn it looked kind of dead. I checked for four Sundays, I think. I finally got a clear Sunday when the blinds were open and I had a decent-looking car in front of it."

Some straightforward attempts to record facts end up recording something insubstantial. The Wurts Brothers photograph entitled "Madison Square Garden, N.Y.C., Excavating for pool. No. 4, May 7th, 1921" is an example of this. There are two men with saws standing on either end of a board balanced on a sawhorse; there are also two actual horses; there are men with shovels, men supervising, men standing around—all within an atmosphere that is dreamlike. The client listed is "Aquabar Waterproofing Products."

We asked Mr. Wurts if he remembered anything about the Aquabar company.

"No, I don't," he said. "With some

of these, you've got to take it on faith."

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NANCY KESSLER-POST, associate curator of the Department of Paintings, Prints, and Photographs of the Museum of the City of New York, put together "Wurts Brothers Photograph New York." A few days after the opening, we went to see her at the museum. Her manner was correct and collected, but her face had a slight flush (it was a warm day) and she smiled broadly. She is a young woman—twenty-nine years old. She met us in the front hall of the museum. There seemed to be only a few visitors in the museum at the time we arrived; the big front hall was empty. Standing in this hall, Ms. Kessler-Post (she took the hyphen at the time of her marriage to David Post, a dentist) looked like the mistress of a large, somewhat ungainly house.

Ms. Kessler-Post led us to the basement, where the fifteen thousand glass negatives of the Wurts Collection are housed in a specially sealed humidity-controlled room off the carpenter shop. Ms. Kessler-Post said she was worried that people might get the wrong idea about the collection's being stored so close to the carpenter's shop. "Actually, it is one of the best storage areas in the museum, " she explained.

We said earlier that the fifteen thousand glass negatives *are* the Wurts Collection, but in reality there are two other important elements—a collection of about fifty thousand prints and a collection of what might be called supporting evidence. Most important in the latter category are nine handwritten logbooks that the Wurts Brothers kept, starting in 1917, but there is other written and printed material as well, and such miscellaneous items as the fronts of the wooden boxes in which the Wurts Brothers stored the glass negatives. (The negatives have been taken out of these boxes and are now kept in acid-free paper jackets.) Certainly the negatives are what matter most, but the logbooks make it possible to determine what building it is you are looking at. (It is humbling to realize how few buildings one knows at first glance, and how pleased one is to identify anything more obscure than the Waldorf-Astoria, which, by the way, is very well documented in the Wurts Collection.) And among the prints are some made from negatives that were discarded by the Wurtses; naturally, these prints have a particular value.

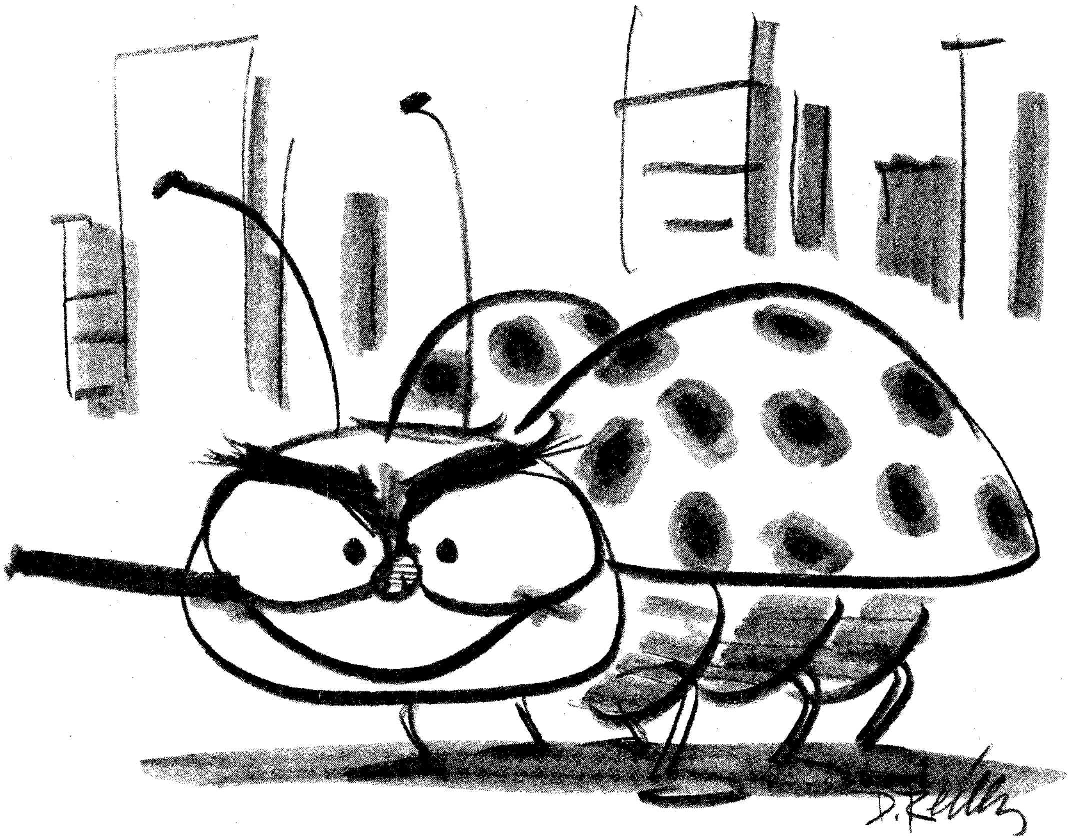
But we are getting ahead of ourself. To reach the Wurts Collection, we walked with Ms. Kessler-Post down a fairly narrow stairway. At its foot, we paused and looked into a small office on the right. This is the museum's Toy Collection. A young woman in a blue skirt stood with her hands on her hips. It seemed that everything in the room except her skirt was red or pink. We turned away from this red-and-pink room into a wide hallway; at its end was the Exhibit Design Department, and, going off to the right, we came to the carpenter's shop. We could *smell* the carpenter's shop ten yards away—the smell of wood and sawdust. Just at the door of the carpenter's shop, we asked Ms. Kessler-Post to tell us something about herself: "Where are you from?"

"I'm from Cooperstown Graduate School—"

"No. Where are you from *to begin with?*"

"I grew up in New Jersey, in South Orange. I went to school in the next town, Maplewood—the South Orange–Maplewood School District. Columbia High School. I went to Skidmore College. I majored in American Studies and minored in English. Why else do you go to liberal-arts schools? Then I went to Cooperstown, which is part of SUNY-Oneonta, and took the History Museum course."

We went into a small gray room—the room that houses the Wurts Collection. The fifteen thousand negatives stand on shelves in the middle of the room; the prints are stored in gray boxes on shelves along the north wall. The negatives arrived at the museum in 1956, when the Wurtses' business left New York City, but they weren't put in this good shape until 1977, when the museum finally got a preservation grant from the National Endowment for the Arts for the work. Ms. Kessler-Post took one of the glass negatives out of its acid-free jacket. "We print directly from the glass negatives," she said. "You get a contact print, which is what the Wurtses gave their clients. The negatives are very tricky to handle. One side of the negative is the emulsion side; the other is plain glass. The glass side goe against the back of the jacket; when you pull the

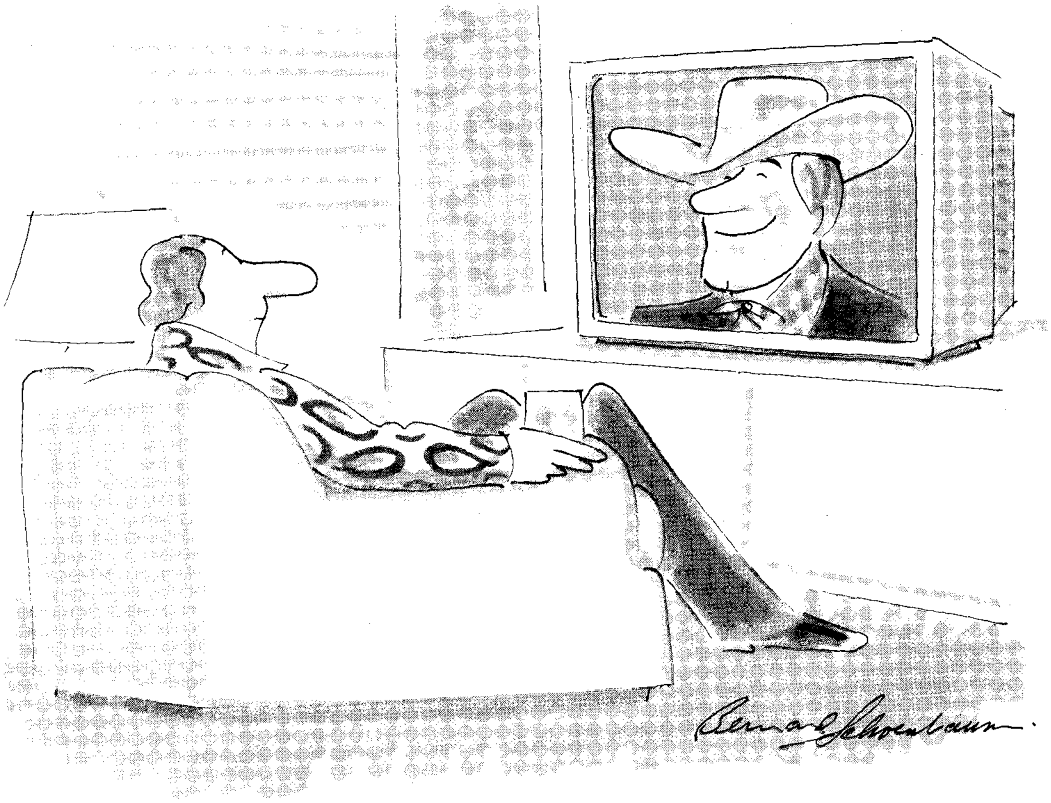


THE ENTREPRENEURIAL BUG

slide out of the jacket, you keep your hands against the glass side. If you touch the emulsion side, the oils from your hands can leave fingerprints, although they might take years to show up. The best way to handle the slides is to be nervous."

She pulled out one of the gray boxes of prints. It was marked "Jackson Heights." "We've kept the headings the Wurts Brothers used. Sometimes they are right, sometimes not," she said. The top print in the box was a clear and factual photograph of two identical brick buildings facing each other across a piece of grass. In the middle of the piece of grass was a fanciful structure, in sharp contrast to the severe and useful-looking brick buildings. It was difficult to decide whether this structure had any purpose; it was difficult, in fact, to put any name to it. It consisted of four Doric columns and a superstructure of iron scrollwork which was in turn surmounted by a tiny device that was not, we thought, a weathervane. "The structure doesn't seem to have a purpose," Ms. Kessler-Post said.

Nearly every Wurts photograph has a number etched into the negative. This number can usually be looked up in one of the logbooks. Ms. Kessler-Post determined that the number on this photograph was in one of the logbooks in the exhibition. So we went up into the exhibition room. It was close to five o'clock, and there was no one around except a guard. The room was quiet. Using a small key, Ms. Kessler-Post opened the glass-topped case where the logbooks were on display. She warned us that there was a screw loose on the left-hand bracket supporting the raised top of the case. She found the logbook she was looking for, and found the number corresponding to the one etched on the Jackson Heights photograph. "Centerpiece to garden and gate; The Towers, Jackson Heights," she read. "That's what it is. A *centerpiece*."



"Now, Tex Sanders, with tonight's world-news roundup."

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A TYPED card at the exhibition lists the several addresses from which the Wurts Brothers operated their photography business in this city (there were seven); the first (1895-1901) was 155 West 129th Street, and the listing includes the parenthetical remark "Family Residence."

It turns out that 155 West 129th Street is between Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Boulevard and Lenox Avenue. Here is what it looks like now. We went up on a wonderful sunny day. The streets were alive with people. The area's grimness seemed temporary; you could see that the buildings had been well built. First, we looked at the Salem United Methodist Church. This is a big, handsome, very well-maintained brick building in a simple Romanesque Revival style; that is, there is very little decoration. It is on the northwest corner of Adam Powell Boulevard and 129th Street. We crossed both streets and looked in the window of Farrell's Café, which is on the southeast corner of the intersection. Farrell's has a façade of blue mirrored glass. There is an old Miller sign, and a newer one for King Cobra, the brand of malt liquor for which the slogan is "The Bite That's Right." Looking into Farrell's more or less through the King Cobra sign, you see a booth. If you lift your eyes a bit, you see your own reflection in a mirror set at the end of a line of booths. Walking east on 129th Street, we saw a small white wooden building. We don't know what it is used for, but we don't want to call it a shack, because it is more dignified than that; it does look *handmade*, however—it would be fair to say that. It is about twelve feet long and about three feet wide. There are three white wooden crosses on it: a big one on top of the middle of the building, and two smaller ones at either end. It sits against the fence of a garden—a big garden, its plot about the size of four or five brownstone houses. (That is a way of saying we guess that four or five brownstones stood on the plot at one time but have been demolished.) Looking at this substantial garden, we heard a young man about twelve years old talking to four or five companions. "She had a baby. She had a girl," the young man said. One of his companions said something, and then he said, "*Way* overdue."

To the east of the garden are three brownstones; when we saw them, the sun was strongly on them. The one nearest to Adam Powell Boulevard has been painted a mustard color; the two others haven't been painted. The one nearest to Lenox Avenue is No. 155.

BECKER IS NOT GOING OUT

BECKER sat behind the wheel of a dark-blue Chevrolet that was parked on Forty-eighth Street between Fifth and Sixth. He was reading the evening paper. Behind him, a car was coming slowly down Forty-eighth Street. Without looking up from the paper, Becker could tell that the car was stopping alongside his Chevrolet. He snuck a quick glance toward his side mirror. He could see a Mercury with New Jersey license plates—undoubtedly theatregoers from the suburbs hoping to find a spot just as parking became legal at seven, grab a bite in a sushi bar or a deli, and then walk to the theatre. Becker concentrated on his newspaper. The Mercury's driver honked his horn a couple of times. Becker pretended not to hear. The Mercury's driver honked again. The woman who was sitting on the passenger side stuck her head out of the window and said, "Going out?"

Becker said nothing.

"Are you going out?" the woman asked again.

Becker did not look up, but with his right hand he reached over toward the window and wagged his index finger back and forth, in the gesture some Southern Europeans have perfected to discourage shoeshine boys or beggars.

"He's not going out," the woman shouted to the driver, loudly enough for Becker to hear. "He probably parks just before seven and sits there so he can tell people he's not going out."

As the Mercury pulled away, Becker looked up from his newspaper and smiled. He had parked his car just before seven so that he could spend the hour before Broadway curtain time telling people he was not going out.

Becker went back to his newspaper. He could hear the drone of another car moving slowly down the street behind him. Becker decided to use the backhand flick if the car stopped next to him. He had perfected the backhand flick *only that week*—a speeded-up version of someone clearing away cobwebs as he walked through a dimly lit attic. He used only his left hand. Without looking up from his newspaper, he would flick his fingers in the direction of the inquiring parker. It had taken some time to find precisely the right velocity of flicking—a movement that contained authority but lacked hostility. The first time he had used the backhand flick—it was on a Sunday evening in Chinatown, around the dinner hour—he had obviously flicked too strongly. The flick had brought a fat, red-faced man storming out of a Buick. The fat man had stood a few inches from Becker's window, which was closed, and shouted, "Ya creepy bastard, ya!" again and again. Becker was interested to hear the term "ya creepy bastard, ya"—he hadn't heard it used since the old days at Ebbets Field—but he did recognize the need to flick his hand less aggressively. Becker hadn't replied to the fat man, and not simply because there really didn't seem to be any appropriate reply to "ya creepy bastard, ya." Becker never spoke to the people who wanted to park in his spot.

Now, as he heard the sound of a car approaching slowly from Sixth Avenue, he prepared himself for a firm but unthreatening backhand flick. The car pulled to a stop next to his Chevy; he could sense its bulk even though he kept his eyes on his paper. There were two quick honks. Most people honked twice—short, almost friendly honks. Some people leaned on the horn right away, angry even before Becker wagged his finger or flicked his hand in the negative. Becker waited for the second series of honks, then gave the honker a backhand flick.

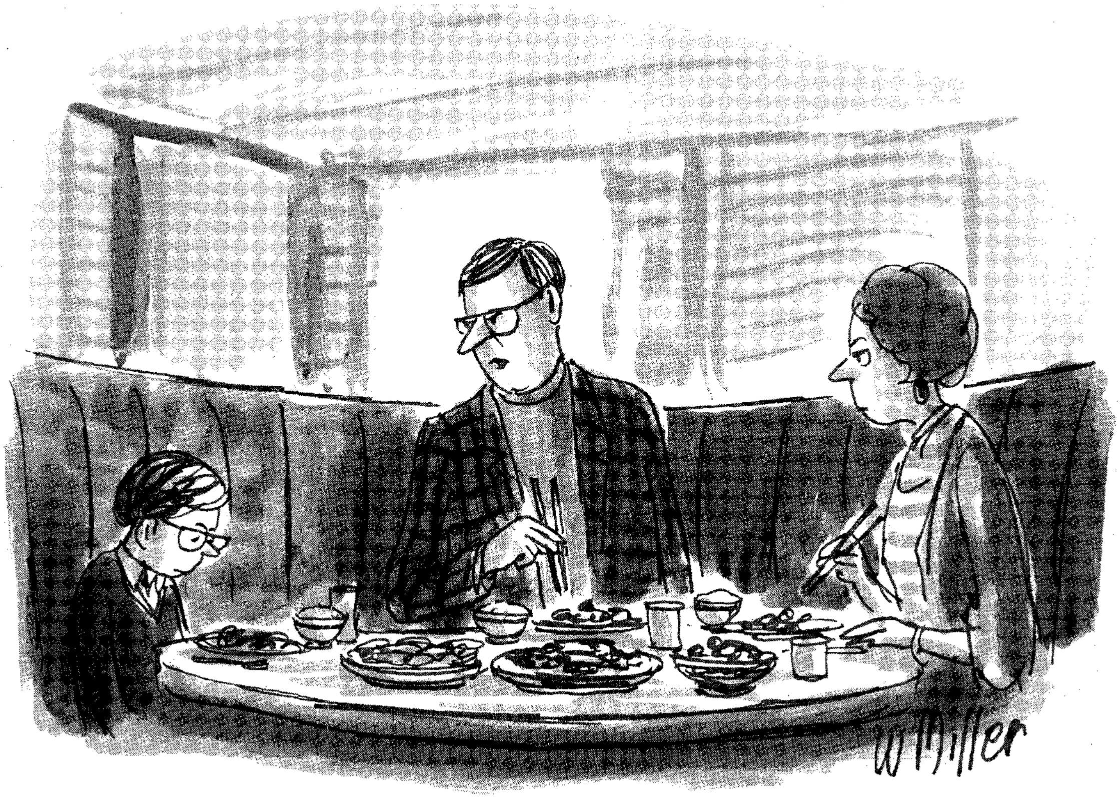
There were two more short honks. Then a series of three. Then six. Becker, scratching his head in a way that permitted him to obscure his eyes, took a quick peek at the car next to him. It was a red Volvo with a ski rack on top of it. Becker took another quick glance at the front seat. Behind the wheel was his daughter, Linda. She was leaning across the seat toward him; she had rolled down the passenger-side window.

"I'm not going out," Becker said.

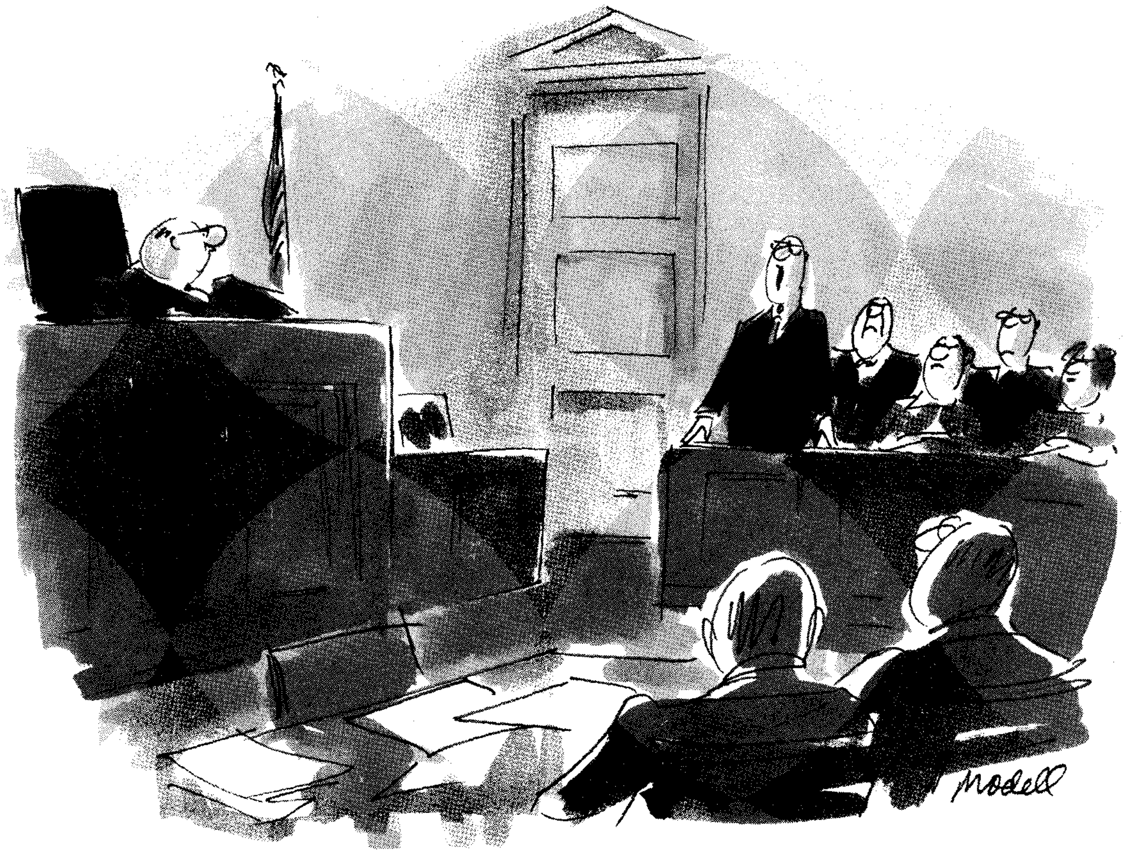
"Daddy, it's me—Linda," his daughter said.

"You looking for a spot?"

"Of course I'm not looking for a spot."



"That's bass with broccoli and mushrooms. Stop calling it animal, vegetable, and fungus."



"We find the defendant guilty as all getout."

• •

"If you are, it's good here after seven," Becker said. "But I'm not going out."

"Daddy, I wasn't looking for a spot. I was looking for you."

Becker considered that for a while. "I suppose your mother sent you," he finally said.

"Well, she did call," Linda said. "Daddy, she just doesn't understand it when you say, 'I think I'll go park on Forty-eighth Street for a while.' "

"I always like her to know where I am," Becker said. "Otherwise, she worries."

Behind the narrow lane left by their two cars, an Oldsmobile slowed to a stop. The driver honked his horn. Linda didn't seem to hear. Becker gave the Oldsmobile a backhand flick. The driver shrugged, and moved carefully past Linda's Volvo with five or six inches to spare on either side.

"Daddy, what are you doing here?" Linda said.

"I was reading the paper," Becker said.

Neither of them said anything for a few moments. The only sound was the idling of the Volvo's engine. "Do you know what Aunt Harriett told Mom?" Linda asked after a while.

"I can imagine," Becker said.

"She said that you're subconsciously punishing Mom for all those nights she used to go off and play bridge."

"Listen, her partner was Aunt Harriett," Becker said. "I figure that was punishment enough."

Linda laughed. Then she grew serious again. "Daddy," she said, "you're not having some sort of mid-life crisis, are you?"

"Well, I'm sixty-four years old," Becker said. "If I'm having a mid-life crisis, it means I'll live until I'm a hundred and twenty-eight, so I would say probably not."

THAT Sunday, in front of Russ & Daughters Appetizer Store on Houston Street, one of the most desirable Sunday-morning parking spots on the lower East Side, Becker gave a silent shake of the head to a Dodge Dart, and then recognized it as the car he had given a wagging index finger to in the same spot the previous Sunday. Was he getting repeaters? Would they demand an explanation? He could, of course, say that he happened to wait for the same person every Sunday morning—an elderly aunt, perhaps, whose only outing of the week was a trip back to the lower East Side for a few bagels and some herring salad. But he didn't really have to explain at all. There was no law that required explanations to owners of Dodge Darts. He was in a legal parking spot.

ON Tuesday, just before six in the evening, Becker was parked in the East Seventies next to a sign that said "No Parking 8 AM-6 PM Tues. & Fri."—a spot, in other words, that was about to become legal for more than sixty hours. He was reading the newspaper. Hearing a car slow down and stop next to him, he pretended to be looking for something in the glove compartment. He heard some honking, but not of a kind that he had heard before. There was a series of short, staccato honks followed by a long wail. Becker was too surprised to disguise his interest. He sat up and looked over at the car.

"Twenty-two shorts and a long," the driver said. "The secret fraternity honk."

"Hello, Jack," Becker said. "I've been expecting you. What secret fraternity honk? We were never in any fraternity."

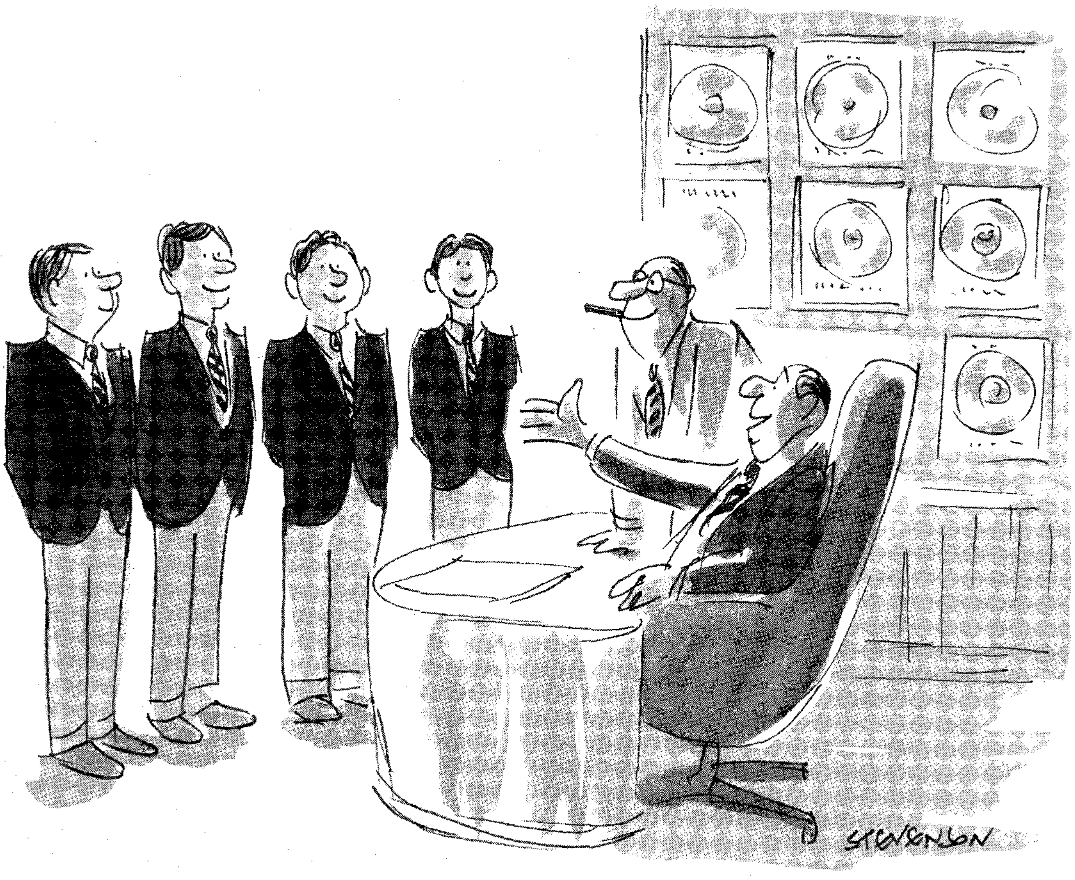
"Sh-h-h," Jack said, putting his finger in front of his mouth and looking around in mock concern that someone might overhear them. "*That's* the secret. I don't suppose you're going out soon, are you, Harry? That's a hell of a parking spot you've got there."

"No—sorry," Becker said.

Jack put on his flashing lights and slid over to the passenger side of the front seat. "I guess it's a nice quiet place to read the paper," he said. "Except for people asking you all the time if you're going out."

"It's O.K.," Becker said. "It's good until Friday."

"Anything special bothering you,



"Meet the Clean Tones—the leading edge of our new Moral Rock division."

• •

Harry?" Jack said. "You and Ruth O.K.? She sounded a little worried when she called."

"Ruth?" Becker said. "Ruth's Ruth. We're O.K."

"She says your son-in-law told her that what you might be doing is 'trying to exert some meaningful control over your environment,' " Jack said.

"My son-in-law's a jerk," Becker said.

"Yeah, that's what I've always thought," Jack said.

"All those years I worried that Linda might marry a drunk or a thug or something," Becker said. "I kept my eye out for some hood driving up on a Harley-Davidson. So what happens? A guy drives up in a Volvo and she marries him and he talks about 'meaningful control over your environment.' I feel like I was blindsided."

"That's not why you're here, though," Jack said, making it into more or less a question.

"No. Not really."

"Everything O.K. at the office? Money still coming in despite your best efforts?"

"Yeah, it's all O.K."

"Is it the Dodgers? Are you still mad because they moved the Dodgers to L.A.?"

Becker smiled. "Jack," he said. "You were the one who got so mad when they moved the Dodgers to L.A."

Jack considered that for a moment, and then nodded. "You're right," he said. "The bastards."

Jack didn't say anything for a while. A Honda honked behind them, and Jack waved it on without looking back. "Harry," he said, "there are a lot of little things that irritate all of us. Look, today I paid my credit-card bills, and every single one of the envelopes had an ad attached that you had to tear off before you could seal the envelope. Here I am trying to send in a check for what I already bought, and before I can do it I have to tear off an ad for an attaché case that turns into an overnight bag or some goddam thing."

Becker nodded sympathetically. "There's always something," he said.

"But Harry," Jack went on, "if you're irritated about something, there are really more direct ways to make your feelings known."

"You mean I should write letters, the way you wrote the owner of the Dodgers when they were talking about going to L.A.?"

"But this doesn't really have any connection to the people who are responsible for anything," Jack said.

"That's right," Becker said. "Unless they're looking for a spot."

"That bastard from the Dodgers never even answered me," Jack said. "So does that mean I should go sit in my car on Times Square?"

"Times Square is all 'No Parking Any Time,' " Becker said.

Jack considered that. "On the othe hand, you're no harming anybody," h said. "I mean, they al find a spot eventually."

"Or not," Becke said.

"It's not like you'r walking around with a sandwich sig like some wacko," Jack said. "Or calling in bomb threats."

Becker didn't say anything.

"If someone wanted to see what i was like—kind of test it—wher would you suggest parking tomorro night?" Jack asked.

"Forty-eighth Street," Becker said "I'll be on Forty-eighth."

"I'll see," Jack said. "Maybe I'l meet you. You want to come down t the Village now and have a beer? It' early yet."

"Thanks anyway," Becker said "I'm not going out."

—CALVIN TRILLI

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The traditional point of view in Amer ica proclaims that gold does not generat income and that it is best left in the hand of unsophisticated investors. Unless yo are a sophisticated investor, you should nc invest in it. But if you understand ecc nomics and government behavior, your sc phistication level is high enough.—*Tow Hall Reporter, a newsletter published i Los Angeles.*

And your cynicism level is right o the chart.

BURIAL AT SEA

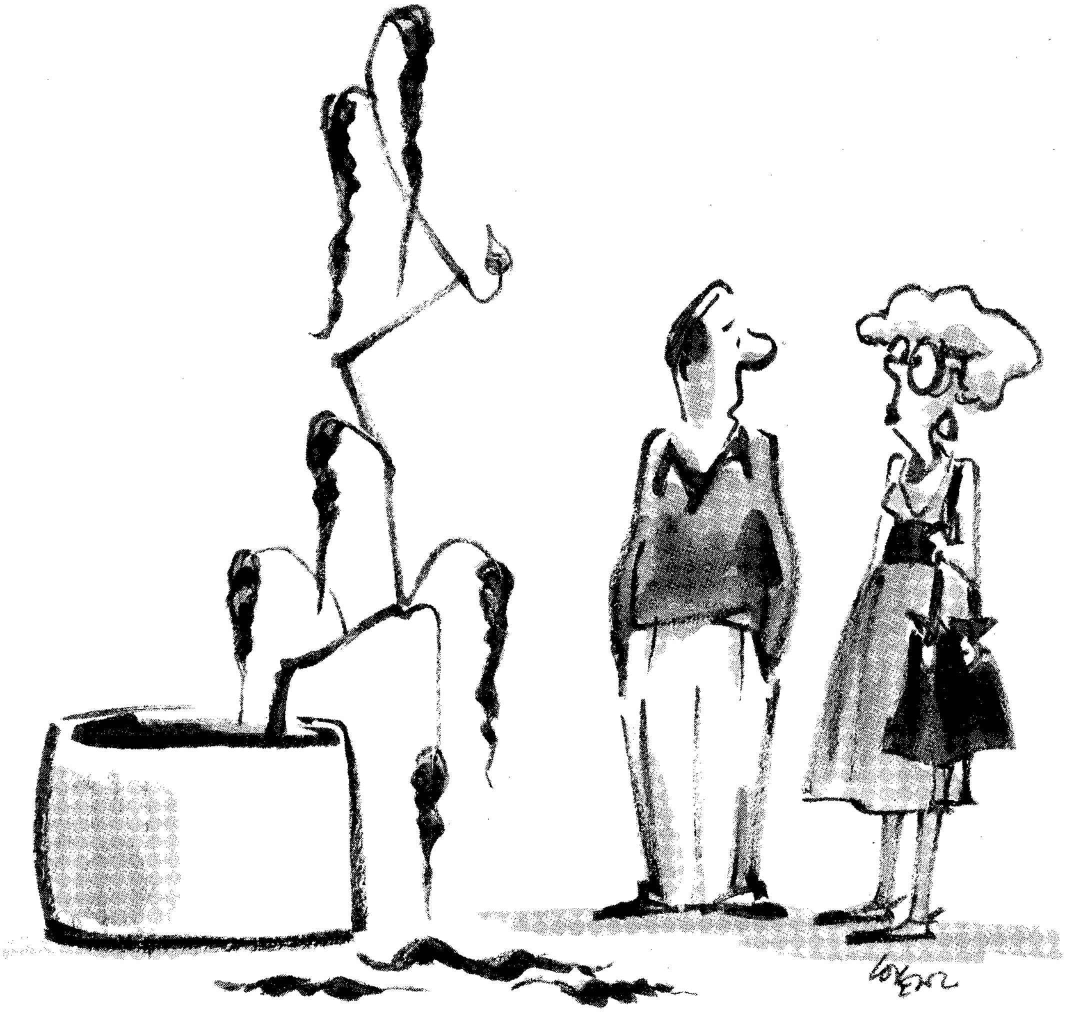
THE three of them were sitting in a cell: Zeinvel the Slugger, Koppel the Thief, Reuven Blackjack. All afternoon they played with a deck of greasy marked cards. Nobody had money to put into the pot, so instead each one offered up his nose or an ear. The winner was entitled to pull the loser's earlobe or pinch his nose. If somebody won more than ten rubles, he could give a punch instead of a pinch. The highest bet was twenty-five rubles and a knock on the head, but it never came to that, because losing could be dangerous. Toward evening it turned dark in the cage, as the inmates referred to the prison, since the iron bars on the windows were covered with a dense wire screen, and they just talked and exchanged stories.

The subject turned to marriage, and Koppel the Thief, a man over sixty, with a narrow pockmarked face and a scar on his forehead—the relic of a knife wound—said, "Not all men are alike. Usually, a fellow of our kind will do his business with a female and then go his way. Who wants to get married? That's only for the straight ones. When you sit in this joint and your wife is free out there, she does just as she pleases. She can swear her loyalty on a Bible, bring you a package every day, kiss your feet, but you have no guarantee. For us, getting married is like a healthy man going into a sickbed. In Piask the thieves did get married, but the gang there had strict codes. If someone got nabbed by the cops, the others did everything they could for him. If his wife messed around and got pregnant by a stranger, she was done for. The father of the bastard, too, was made to regret it. I know. I lived in Piask for seven years, and it happened only once that one of their wives slipped. There was a trial and she was sentenced. She tried to talk her way out of it, but they wrapped a noose around her neck.

"Why do I tell you this? A thief, if he has any brains, doesn't rush to the wedding canopy. But strange things do happen, and sometimes they end up horribly. This didn't happen in Piask but in Warsaw—in Pociejow. Wolf the Whipper had his hangout there. Chazkele Spiegelglass was still alive. Pociejow was where all the brothels were. The streets were swarming with yokels from the provinces. Aside from Wolf's, the hangout for our crowd was a soup kitchen run by a widow, Sprintze Chodak. Sprintze kept kosher and wore a wig. She was a shrewd businesswoman. An only daughter was left to her after her husband's death. Her name was Shifra. This Shifra was the most beautiful female I have ever laid eyes on. She was clever as the day—not from schooling but from life. She spoke Polish better than the Poles and Russian like a native. And her Yiddish! A glossy tongue. You could kiss every word of hers. Her hair was red as fire, and she had the eyes of a tomcat. Her figure looked as if it had been chiselled. Whoever saw Shifra walking on a Sabbath afternoon in a tight dress, a hat with ostrich feathers, high-heeled shoes, a purse in one hand and a parasol in the other, could never forget her. Men ate her up with their eyes, but Sprintze protected her like a treasure. Before his death, husband and wife had agreed to marry her off early, and Sprintze had put away ten thousand rubles for a dowry at the Imperial Bank in Petersburg. The boys tried to trap her but to no avail. Shifra did the accounting in her mother's soup kitchen. She helped her buy food from the wholesalers. It was a pleasure to hear Shifra talk on the telephone. She bargained and she joked. I was then a young boy of twelve, but I lay awake late into the night and fantasized about her. When I finally fell asleep, she appeared in my dreams."

"Stop teasing. Get to the point," Reuven Blackjack said.

"Yeah, yeah. The point is that two rich men fell madly in love with



"Every time I decide to get rid of it, it puts out a new leaf."

her. One was the son of the landlord in the building where we lived—Mendele. He studied at the *Gymnasium* and at the Philharmonic. He always carried a fiddle in a case. When he walked through the streets, all the girls stared at him. His father, Leizer, had hired a tutor to teach Mendele the Gemara. There could have been no better match than Shifra and Mendele, but when Leizer heard that Mendele wanted Shifra for his bride he began ranting and raving and saying that he would disown him. Shifra's father had been the driver of a freight wagon. Leizer's wife said to Mendele, 'My son, your wedding will be my funeral.' But Mendele stood his ground. He answered, 'I want to marry Shifra, not her dead father.'

"The other one who fell in love with Shifra was Boris Bundik, a practicing lawyer. He was fifteen years older than Mendele. He didn't live in Pociejow but on Graniczna Street, yet all his clients were from Pociejow. He was a big, handsome man, much taller than Mendele, and he was a friend of all the cops. It came out later that he had a wife somewhere, but in Pociejow he was considered an old bachelor. Sprintze was a client of his, and he used to go to the soup kitchen to grab a bite. They only called it a soup kitchen. It was like a regular restaurant. If she were paid for it, Sprintze could have cooked for an emperor. It became clear that Boris Bundik was coming not to eat but to steal a glance at Shifra. To sum it up, he fell in love. He wanted to marry Shifra, but she had already got tangled up with Mendele. The competition between them was fierce, and Shifra supposedly said, 'I don't know who to choose—I love both of you.'

"What I tell you now was discovered later. They discussed it for a long while, confiding secrets back and forth, until the three of them settled on a plan: since she loved both, she should marry both. It so happened that at this time Sprintze became ill with kidney stones and had to go to the hospital for an operation. Afterward she went for a month to Otwock for the fresh air. Shifra took over the entire household and business. Boris and Mendele came to Shifra and sat with her until late at night. People in Pociejow became suspicious, but Shifra was not one to let others spit into her kasha. If a drunk made a scene, she took him by the collar and threw him right into the gutter. Well, and who wanted to start up with Boris Bundik? They shuddered before his very breath.

"I will make it short. One day all three—Shifra, Mendele, and Boris Bundik—disappeared. Sprintze, who was back home now, woke up in the morning and there was no Shifra. She began screaming, frantically looking for her, but Shifra had skipped town So had Mendele. There was an outcr in Pociejow. The police wrote out protocol, but this was all they coul do. Initially, people thought tha Shifra had run off with Mendel alone. Later we heard that Bori Bundik had also vanished. The commissar from the police station was sai to have sent out a missing-person alert, but by then all three had crosse the border."

Koppel paused. He wiped his mout with his sleeve and scratched th scar on his forehead.

"This is some story!" Zeinvel th Slugger said. Zeinvel was small, an round like a barrel. They called hi

INCIDENT

Mid-October, Massachusetts. We drive
Through the livid innards of a beast, dragon
Or salamander, whose home is fire. The hills
Are a witch's quilt of gold-rust, flushed
Cinnamon, wine fever, hectic lemon. After dark,
While water ruffles, salted, in the big pot, we
Four gather toward the wood fire, exchanging
Lazy sentences, waiting dinner. Sunk
In the supermarket cardboard box the four
Lobsters tip and stroke each other, cool
And tentative, with rock-blue baton legs and
Delicate antennae, their breath a wet
Clicking, the undulant, slow shift of their
Plated bodies like the doped drift of patients
In the padded ward. Eyes like squished berries
Out on stalks. It's all up with them, yet,
Faintly in their close-companioned air, they
Must smell the sea, a place to hide until
All this blows over. When it's time, we turn
The music up to nerve us to it, then take them
One by one and drop them in the salty roil and
Scald, then clamp the big lid back so not
To see the spasms. Gripping the elegant fantail,
I plunge mine in head first and feel,
Before I can detach myself, the flat slap
Of his jackknifed back, glimpse for an instant
Before I put the lid on it
The rigid backward bow-bend of the whole body
As the brain explodes and lidless eyes sear
Calcium white. We two are bound in silence
Till the lid planks back and music floods in
Again, like a tide. Minutes later the four of us
Are bending to the brittle pink intricate shells
And drawing white sweet flesh with our fingers,
Sewing our shroud-talk tight about us. Later,
When I scrape the leaf-bright, broken remains
Into the garbage can outside the house, that last
Knowing spasm eels up my arm again and
Off, like a flash, among the rueful stars.

—Eamon Grennan

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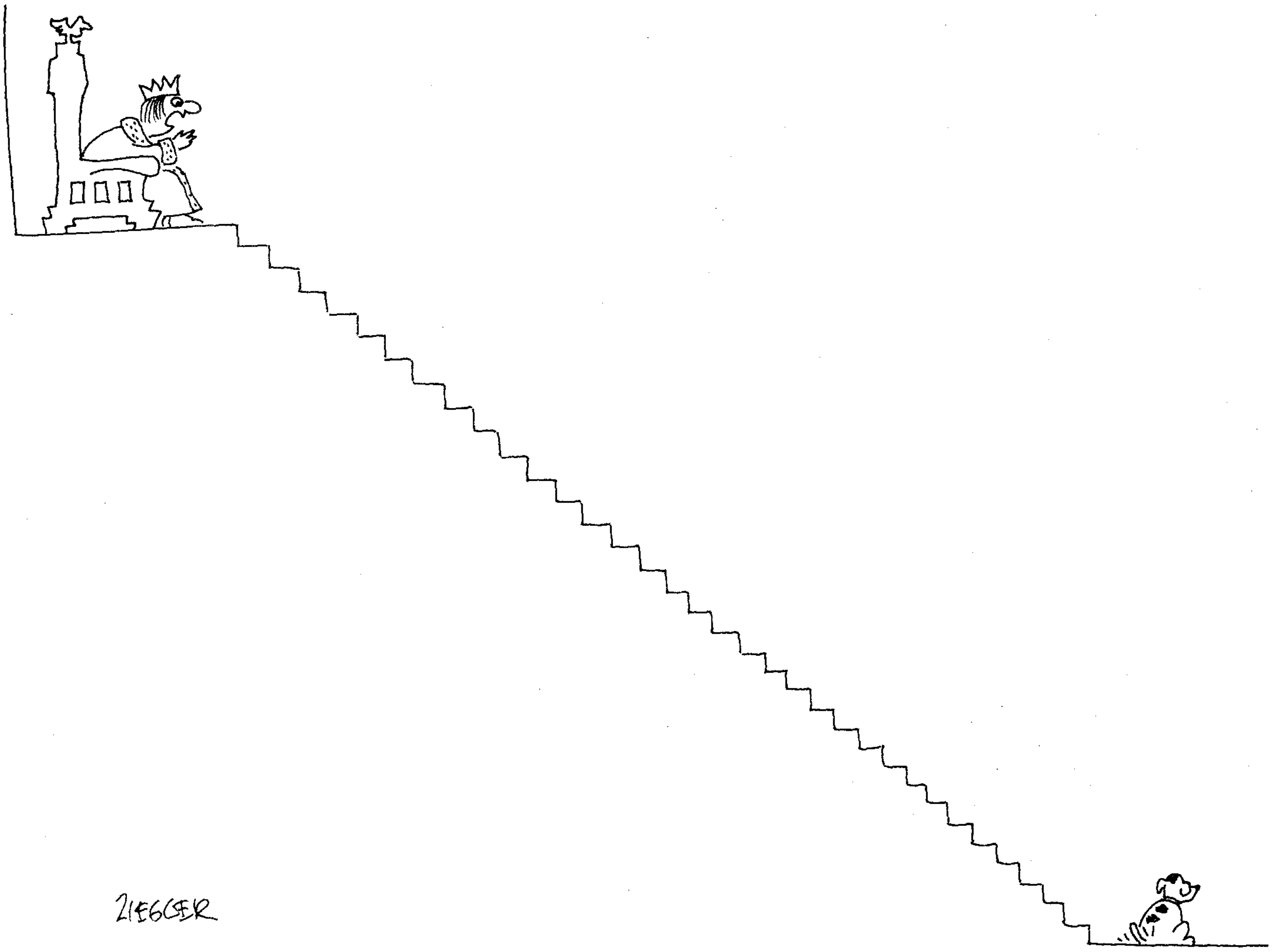


"Yo, Fido. Come here, boy. Here, boy. Here, boy! HERE, BOY!"

• •

Slugger because he had once smashed an oak table with his fist and broken all four of its legs.

"Where did they get married? In Warsaw?" Reuven Blackjack asked. Reuven Blackjack was the brains of the group. He wrote letters from jail for Koppel and Zeinvel. He had begun his career as a gambler, and he used to cheat the yokels at blackjack. Now he was serving time for forging a promissory note.

For a while all three were silent. Then Koppel continued. "Be patient. The whole truth came out months later. Yes, they were married in Warsaw. Before one rabbi, Boris Bundik played the role of Shifra's older brother and Mendele was the bridegroom. With another rabbi, Boris was the bridegroom and Mendele Shifra's younger brother. What does a rabbi know? You give him three rubles and he writes out a marriage contract. You could get married in Warsaw ten times and a rooster would not crow.

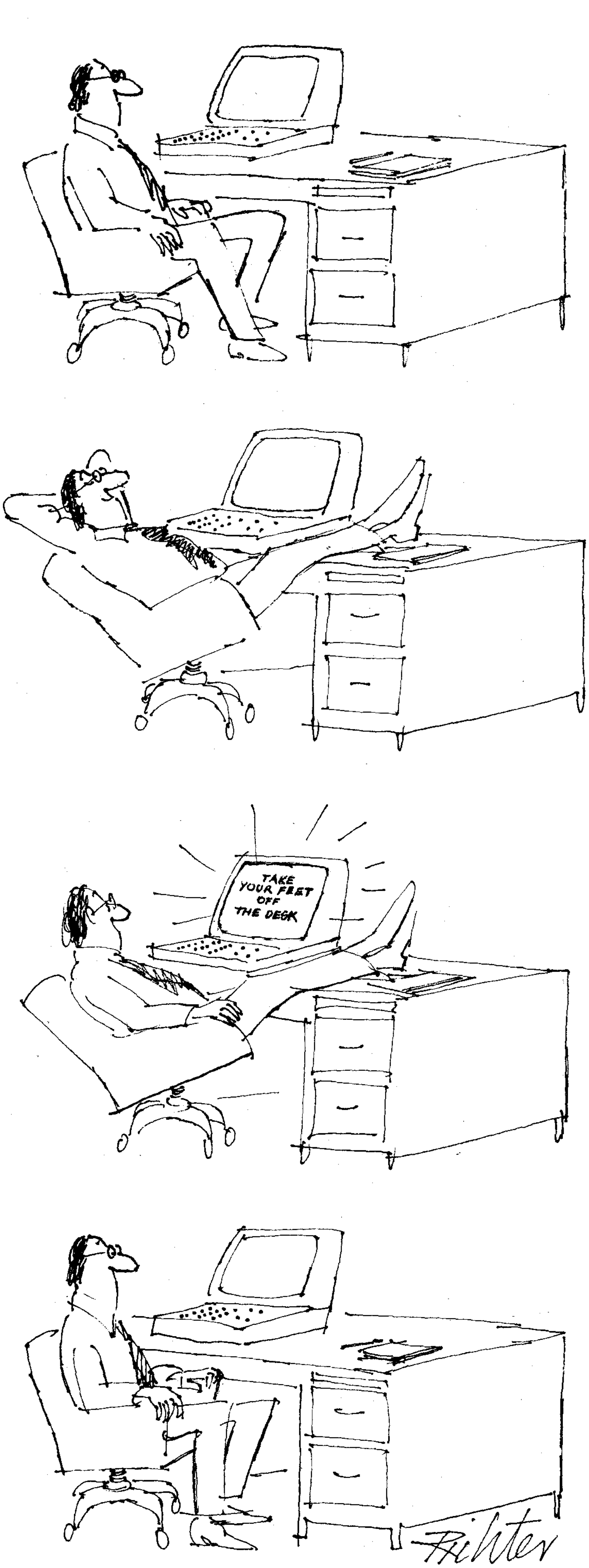
"How long can you tear your hair and curse the day you were born? Mendele's parents had six other children, and grandchildren, too. Mendele was the youngest. Sprintze cried and grew desperate, but in a soup kitchen you must be up at five in the morning and prepare huge kettles of food. Sprintze took on a maid, a cook, but you know what they say—'A stranger's hands are only good for poking fire.' Weeks passed. Months. Sprintze went to consult Max Blotnik, a wizard who claimed to be able to show missing people in a black mirror, but it was all hocus-pocus.

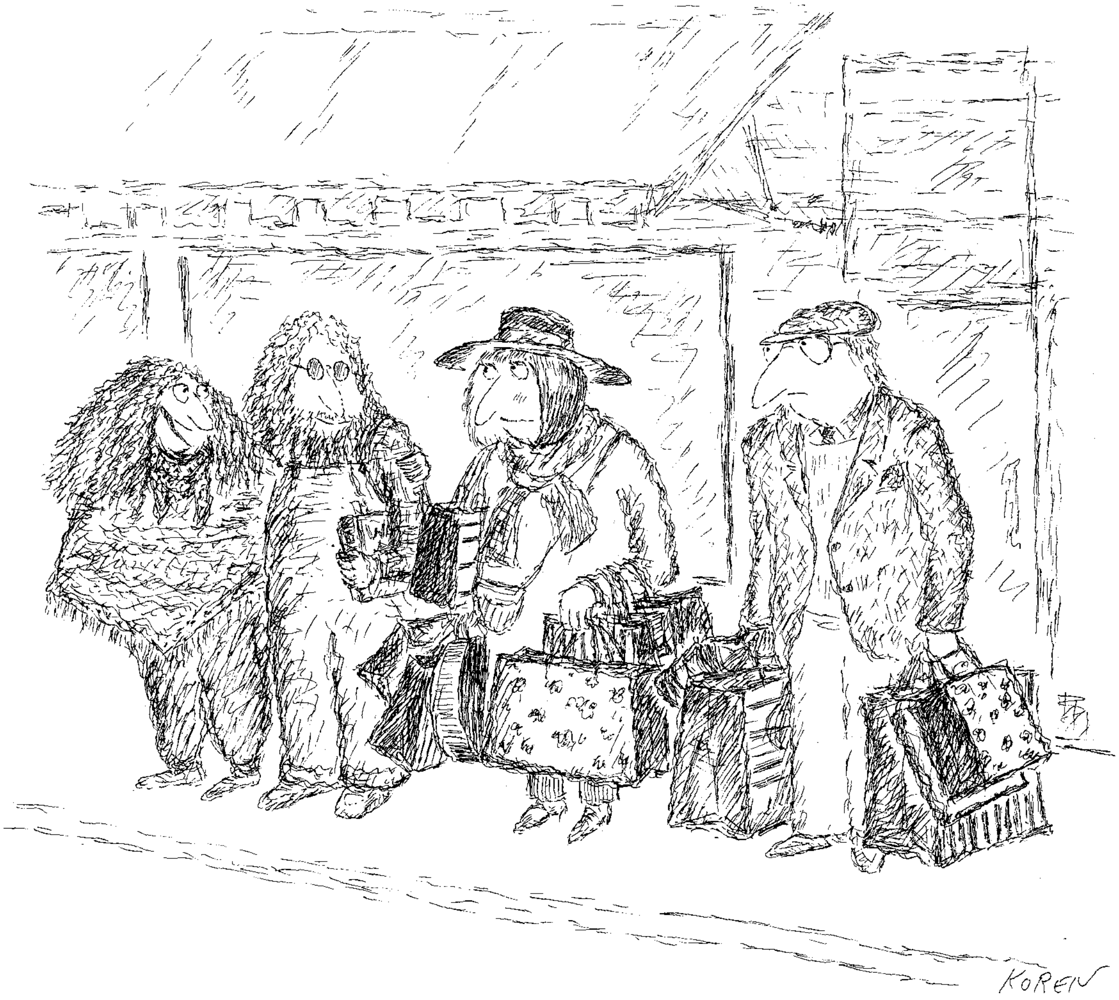
"One day, when Mendele's mother went with her maid to Ulrich's Bazaar, she heard someone yelling 'Mama! Mama!' She turned, and there stood Mendele, white as a corpse, in torn clothes. A tumult arose and she hollered, 'My God! Where have you been?' 'In America,' he answered. 'In America, and you are back?' she screamed, and he said, 'They deported me!'

"It turned out that the three had smuggled themselves over the border to Prussia and had gone to Hamburg. None of them had a passport, but in a foreign country you need nothing aside from money. Boris was loaded, but Mendele got only a small allowance from his father. He could hardly scrape together a hundred rubles. Shifra had her dresses and a bracelet that was supposed to be gold inset with diamonds, but when she took it to a jeweller he said it was only tin and glass beads. When Boris Bundik saw that he was the rich man and Mendele a pauper, he began to show what a pig he was. For himself and for Shifra he bought first-class tickets to New York, and for Mendele a third-class ticket. Everything would have gone smoothly except that Shifra refused to be separated from Mendele on the ship. She raised hell, but Boris got his way. He had apparently had a change of heart about the whole dirty business. Why did he need a young boy for a partner? This kind of nonsense doesn't last long. You sober up and the game is over.

"Later, Mendele told the whole story to everyone. He was lying in a hole between decks and Shifra came to visit him from the first-class cabin. They ate potatoes in their skins with brine from herring, and she slept with him on a hard bench. Boris Bundik called her back to the fancy cabin, but Shifra said, 'Since you are so mean and stingy, I don't want you for a husband. As soon as we arrive in New York, I will divorce you. I want one God and one husband.' A fight broke out between the two men, but what chance did Mendele have? Boris Bundik had the paws of a murderer. He gave Mendele one slap and he spun around three times. Boris also attacked Shifra. It all happened quickly. Mad with rage, Boris grabbed a knife and stabbed Shifra in the left breast, straight into the heart. They tried to revive her, but she died on the spot. Some of the stronger passengers ganged up on Boris. They threw him down and beat him. The captain soon found out and arrived with his crew. Some said they should stuff the murderer into a sack and throw him overboard. Others argued that this couldn't be done without a trial. A sailor brought a rope and they tied the brute up and dragged him down into the baggage hold, which teemed with rats. He was to be kept on bread and water. A ship is not allowed to carry corpses, so they wrapped Shifra in a bedsheet for a shroud and lowered her into the sea. One passenger, a religious Jew, recited the holy words and the Kaddish. Passengers of all classes came to the burial, if you can call it a burial. Mendele fell into a delirium, banging his head against the wall. He was completely covered with blood. He could not even attend the ceremony. They carried him to the infirmary, where there was a doctor and a supply of medicines, and they bandaged him up and laid him on a bunk. I know all this because I heard Mendele tell the whole story—not once but many times. When Mendele got better, one of the captain's men came to him and took him in for questioning. Mendele told everything exactly as it was and left out nothing. Both of them had loved her, and so both of them had married her. They also took Boris to a hearing, but he denied everything. According to him, he was Shifra's husband and Mendele had tried to steal away his wife.

"When the ship docked in America, the captain went to the authorities with the whole story. There is an island there called Ellis Island—the island


TAKE YOUR FEET OFF THE DESK
Richter



"We hate to shop."

• •

of tears, as the passengers called it—where all the third-class passengers were held. A doctor examined each and every passenger, and if someone had weak eyes or a scab, or whatever, he was sent back. The officials on the island spoke every language—English, Yiddish, Russian, Polish, even Chinese—and they took Mendele and Boris Bundik in for another hearing. There were also witnesses. Mendele again related the entire truth, but Boris Bundik lied through his teeth to cover himself. The officials on the island were no fools. They got hold of Shifra's two wedding contracts. One was signed with Boris's name and the other with Mendele's. After some time, it was decided to deport Mendele to Hamburg and to keep Boris for sentencing in America. There a murderer is made to sit in an electric chair and they roast him to coal. Mendele was never told what happened to Boris."

"WHY couldn't Mendele stay in America?" Zeinvel asked.

"Because bigamy is forbidden in America, too," Koppel answered.

"He could have argued that he was the husband and Boris the lover," Reuven Blackjack said.

Koppel laughed, and winked. "First, he didn't have your conniving little brain. Second, what good would America do him without Shifra? There he would have to press trousers. In Warsaw he had a rich father."

"Yes, true."

"What happened to him? Did he remarry?" Zeinvel asked.

"Yes, four years later," Koppel answered. "The first few months he roamed around like a man without a head. He didn't want to eat, and his mother dragged him to doctors. He wandered through the streets and talked to himself like a madman. They wrote the story up in the newspapers. Not only the Yiddish but also the Polish papers."

"Did you know his new wife?" Reuven Blackjack asked.

"Yes, I knew her. A girl from a wealthy home, but she was not Shifra."

"Did anyone hear anything about Boris Bundik?"

"Disappeared like a stone in water."

It became quiet among the prisoners, and they could hear from outside the rumbling of a tram on its rails. A spark flashed on the overhead wire, and for a moment the cell lit up with lightning.

"Love is like electricity," Zeinvel said. "It flares up for a second and is soon extinguished."

"What is the sense of marrying two men?" Reuven Blackjack asked.

"And in ancient times what was the sense of a man marrying two or four or six women?" Koppel said. "Men held the pen and they made the law as they pleased. If women ever write the laws, they will make it legal for one female to marry a dozen husbands."

"Suppose something meshuga like this ever happens. How will a man know that he is the father of his child?" Zeinvel asked.

"He won't," Reuven Blackjack said.

And the inmates burst into the hilarious laughter of those who are left with nothing to lose.

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Deborah Menashe.*)

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LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

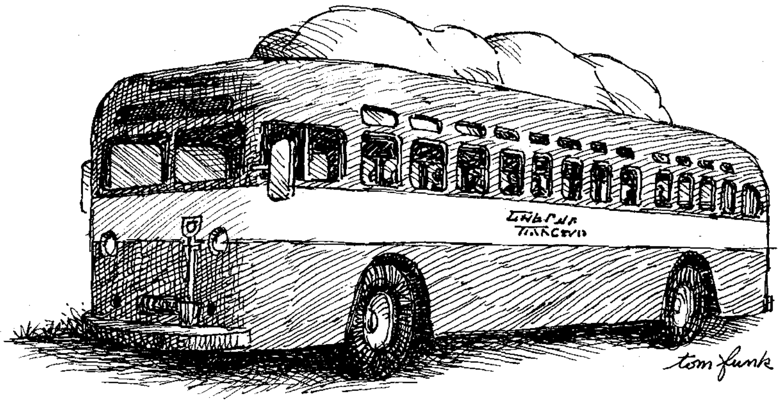
BARNARD COLLEGE
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
606 West 120th Street
New York, New York 10027
EDUCATION PROGRAM

DEAR EDUCATION PROGRAM MEMBERS:

The pace thickens!

A REPORTER AT LARGE

KINDS OF PLACES



I GREW up in the East, but my father comes from San Francisco, and when I was twelve my parents decided to spend a summer out there. For a while, a plan was afoot to buy an old Cadillac and drive out—all seven of us, as we were then. The ingredients for a good coast-to-coast pilgrimage were assembled in this plan. The family was in a kind of prime—soon I, the eldest, would go away to school. Though family happiness is notoriously deceptive, I think we were happy together in a hurly-burly way. The old Cadillac was an excellent feature. Family taste in cars ran to the slight, limping, and foreign. In family mythology, the idea of a Cadillac was numinous with vulgarity and power. The awe and spirited openness implicit in the choice of a Cadillac gave this trip great promise. Then, too, there would be the satisfactory conclusion of arriving at my father's childhood home. What a good plan this was! As it turned out, we went by air, and though I came to think of an overland trip across America as an elementary rite, I found that good plans were elusive. The coast-to-coast pilgrimage requires inspiration. A happenstantial rightness is needed. This was a trip that had to fall into place, and twenty-six years passed before it did.

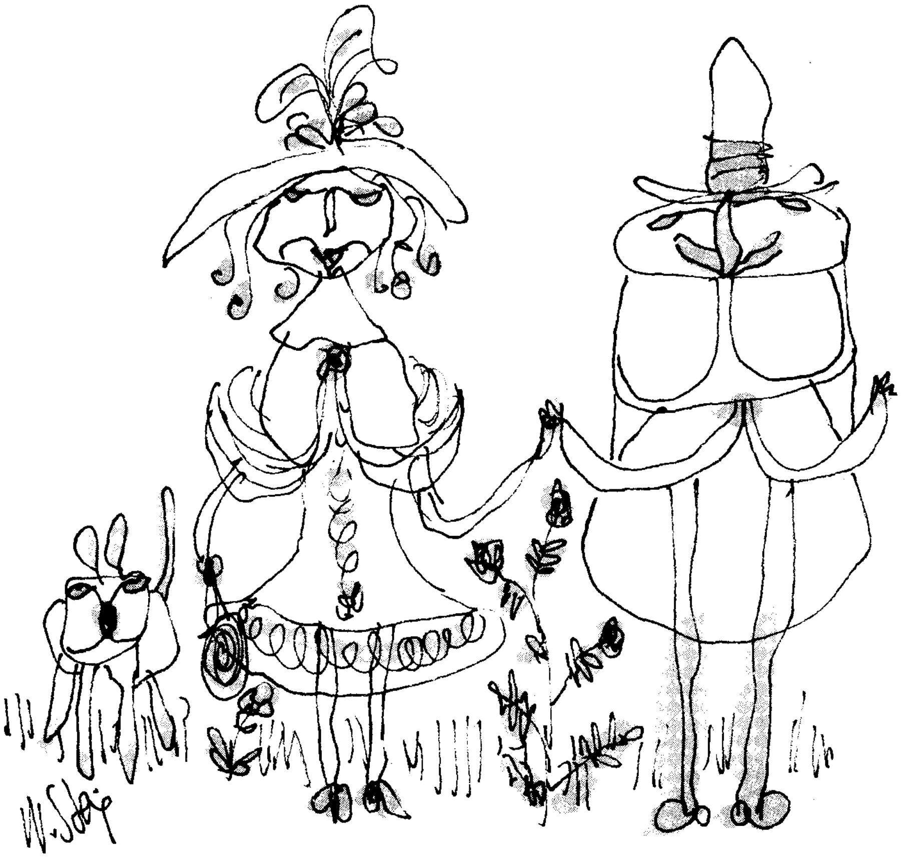
THE bus, parked in the late-August afternoon on a dusky side street far uptown in Manhattan, was wider and lower than modern buses, with a rounded roof and small windows that opened. It was painted white and a rich, dark green, and had "Green Tortoise" printed neatly in black on one side, with the top of the "G" turned into an arrow pointing backward. Beside it, on the sidewalk, was a pile of luggage that a beguiling man of many smiles, in a bright-red cap, was throwing up to another fellow on the roof. We—my husband, David; our three-year-old son, Julian; and I—dropped our luggage in the pile and climbed aboard. In the rear half, there was a platform set a foot below the windows; in front of this was a table with benches, built-in, and set sideways to the windows; and forward of these were two broad benches running under the windows. The exposed wood was stained dark brown and varnished, and the platform and the benches were fitted out with cushions covered in a flower-bespeckled blue material that contrasted pleasingly with the wood. Overhead, there were two rows of bunks that could be taken for sturdy luggage racks, also of wood, with a broad varnished rail, and also fitted with blue, flower-bespeckled cushions. A small group sat cross-legged, chatting, at the far end of the platform, and a woman counted money at the table. The woman had a punk haircut and an old-young, Mick Jagger-like face. I said to David that it looked as if a certain spot on the platform had been claimed, because there were some sleeping bags there, and, without looking up, the woman said sharply that this was not the sort of bus where people claimed space. I started to climb up onto the platform, and she said, "Take your shoes off. People sleep there." We obeyed. We settled in a spot near the front of the platform, from which we delivered money into the woman's outstretched hand. She counted the money. One hundred and ninety-nine dollars each for David and me, ninety-nine dollars for our boy. The man in the red hat was on and off the bus, fussing, putting things in order, always wreathed in mobile smiles. He volunteered that most of the group were off getting something to eat. (The bus trip had originated in Boston.) "They will be here. Don't worry," he said. After a while, people began gathering outside the door. Then they began to get on in a leisurely way. When the bus was quite full, about the same number of people followed. This prairie schooner pulled away with thirty-seven adult passengers, four children, and two drivers aboard. As we turned the corner, the man of many smiles in the red hat and the woman with the punk haircut—a goodly sum on their persons, I reckoned—waved goodbye from the street: a bit too cheerfully, or so it seemed to me.

Some of the people on the platform around me were in a lounging position and others sat cross-legged, spines curved, shoulders forward. Limbs were interchangeable, as if in a trick drawing. The bus emerged from the dun-colored atmosphere of upper Manhattan onto the George Washington Bridge, where the last flush of day burst upon us, and a wind blew in the windows with the same suddenness. The people around me simultaneously tilted their faces to the windows. The light filled their faces, and the wind smoothed their hair back from their foreheads as they looked at the grand view of the Hudson. Their expressions were passive, trusting. They were very young. Beyond them were the Palisades, nearly lost in a nighttime blue, and the river below, silver, reflecting the lingering brightness in the sky. Two young women were obsessively combing and arranging each other's hair. Twangy rock music was playing. The wingbrush of freedom that blesses the start of trips swept through the bus.

We shot off the bridge at a lively pace and began wandering through interlocking parking lots of New Jersey shopping centers. The lots were empty—the stores were closed. The only signs of life were cars that moved at a sluggish pace in lines through the low, glutted landscape. The bus came to a halt—just anywhere, it seemed—and nothing happened that I could discern. It can be hard to tell what is happening on the Green Tortoise beyond one's immediate range. Then I saw that a young man with a large knapsack on his back and a pair of skis was engaged in the long business of extricating himself from the bus. All the way, he said goodbye to the strangers on the bus as if we had all been together for years. "Goodbye! Goodbye! Good luck!" we cheered. The bus pulled away into one of the sluggish lines, and after a while we were back on a major, if decrepit, route through a trough beneath the landscape. The old diesel motor hauled laboriously, everyone passed us, but the wind once again blew through the windows in a sprightly way.

We first got out of the bus well after nightfall, in a spot in Pennsylvania just off the interstate where there was a big hand pump in a dell under huge trees. The water flowed liberally in the dark as, high above us, trucks roared with the timbre of long-distance commerce. When we had refreshed ourselves, John, the driver, gave what he called a "little rap." (The names of all the people on the bus have been changed.) He said that the bus was very full, and it was going to be hard, because we would be driving day and night for the first few days—the same days that we would be adjusting to conditions on the bus. He said that one person was getting off in Chicago but that two were getting on there, though four would get off in Denver, which would make things better, but "Denver is almost two thousand miles away." He said these things unapologetically. He paused often, as if awaiting the next thought. John was a slight man with an air of a waif: his brown hair was chopped off seemingly at random, he was pale, and although he was in his mid-thirties, and looked it, he had retained in his face something of the lovableness of childhood. His face was irregular—a Holbein face, except for his green eyes, which had none of the level sureness of Holbein eyes. His eyes belonged in a Florentine fresco and were sad. He told us that kitchen equipment and food were stored under the platform, that we would be cooking vegetarian meals along the way, that he wasn't going to cook for us, or wash dishes, but that he was a "facilitator." The back door gave easy access to the food and kitchen equipment, but "the latch is broken, so it's screwed shut now," he said. "That door can make it a lot easier to get on and off the bus, too. It may be a problem." He said that cigarette smoking was not allowed on the bus and that the marijuana rule was "Pot's O.K., but only on the highway in high gear. When we stop, don't be blowing smoke around, freaking people out." He said, "Alcohol can be O.K., too, but alcohol is a powerful drug that brings out aggression in people. If you can't handle this drug, and insist on using it, you may be asked to leave the bus." There was not the slightest trace of coercion or command in his tone. He paused, then said, "Tomorrow morning, we should be in Sandusky, Ohio, on Lake Erie, for breakfast. We will be doing French toast. I think I've talked enough." We got back on the bus, and he showed us how slabs of plywood slid out from hiding places to make one extra bunk over the table and two bunks—suspended from ropes—over the forward benches; and a center section that turned the forward area into a second platform, on which people could stretch out. There was a silence in the group which conveyed a process of mental reckoning and adjustment. Uncertain expectations may be common among Green Tortoise passengers. When, after the trip, I spoke to Rex, the man of many smiles in the red hat who had seen us off, and who was the company's New York agent, he told me that he wore his red hat because he was bald, and when passengers saw this they became fearful that they were about to be kidnapped by a fanatical religious sect.

David and Julian settled in a bunk, but to me the bus felt unsteady up there, so I ended up in my sleeping bag on the big rear platform, shoulder to shoulder, legs threaded between the legs of the people on the opposite side. All these people very quickly became still. The darkened bus churned on through Pennsylvania. Sleep fell and rose like a curtain all night. Once, I woke, and over the hum of the motor made out the faint sound of the Simon and Garfunkel songs that John was playing: "Bridge Over Troubled Water," "I Am a Rock." I know these songs by heart, because they were first popular when I was young. Most of my fellow-passengers would have only the dimmest childhood memories of that period. I had been shocked by



Cute Couple

their youthfulness and had seen that they viewed me as a middle-aged person—had realized that without noticing I had moved out of easy speaking distance with people now in their early twenties. I slept again, and when I woke the bus was stopped, the door open, John gone. Everyone around me was asleep. In tiny, plaintive voices, like perversely childish insects, Simon and Garfunkel sang:

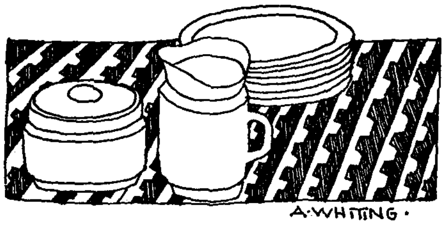
Last night I had
The strangest dream
I ever dreamed before.
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.

With fifteen inches allowed for shoulder room, I could not shift my position without disturbing others.

The next time I woke, the bus was crawling uphill. Raising myself on one elbow, I craned around to the window, and saw the creaturely mass of the worn Appalachians against the dark sky. The rhapsody of the continent was beginning. Later, a bright moon rose.

IN the morning, in Ohio, the moon was still in the sky. Then the sun was there, too, garish, a persimmon, low in the east in a dark-gray haze. I was pleased to think of the East as behind us and falling away. We had cleared the Appalachians in the night; now we were driving through hills that were wooded and unpopulated on the ridges but farmed in a serious way where the land was less steep. In the fertile parts, there were two kinds of houses. One kind was nearly manorial, firmly situated and well accompanied by outbuildings: two barns, a shed, a silo—a setting for a long life, flanked on both sides by generations; a setting for a family. The other kind of house was small and clustered with similar houses, impermanent-looking, as if it could be there or not and it would make no difference: a setting for the hired man, whose life passes quickly, leaving *no* mark, who dies when he dies, and if people take notice it is to say, "Could that be what a life is?" Light and silken against the woolly woods, seas of corn followed the hillsides deftly. The interstate did not. Cutting through ridges, striding across valleys on stilts, the ruthless interstate created a feeling that the passing landscape was all of a sameness. This impression was like a barrier through which one had to peer in order to see the character of the places we were passing. There were few cars on the road in the early morning, but many trucks. A huge blank movie screen peeked above a cornfield.

Inside the bus, people woke, moved minimally to an upright position, and sat in a daze. I later reckoned that about half the passengers were from Europe; that morning, I wasn't counting, but I sensed the two presences and their differences, revealed in small things—a gesture, an expression, a way of sitting. The foreign presence broadcast a message of good upbringing, a readiness to coöperate, and youthfulness as a convention—an air, almost, of being professionally young: "We are travelling cheaply on an offbeat vehicle, as is appropriate for a young person. Later, we will travel in trains and in our own cars." It was a



A COLD IN VENICE

Montaigne—for him the body of knowledge
Was his own, to be suffered or studied
Like a local custom—had one, too, I read
In bed, his diary more alert and all-gathering
The more I lose touch with it, or everything.
Even the gardenia on the neighbor's sill
That for three nights running a nightingale
Has tended with streamsprung song—
The senses competing with a giddy vulgarity—
Draws a blank. The San Vio vesper bells
Close in, fade, close in, then fade
To the congestion of voices from the street.

Why "clear as a bell"? Even as the time-release
Capsule I'm waiting on is stuffed with pellets,
The bell must first be choked with the changes
To be rung, all there at once, little explosions
Of feeling, the passages out of this world.

These pills clear a space, as if for assignment
Undercover. Last week's liver seared in oil
And sage, the mulberry gelato on the Zattere . . .
Neither smell nor taste make it back.
And what of the taste for time itself,
Its ravelled daybook and stiff nightcap,
What it clears from each revisited city,
Depths the same, no inch of surface unchanged?
I can see to that. The gouged pearl pattern
Of light on the canals, the grimy, medallioned
Cavities of the facings, or gold-leaf phlegm
Around a saint's head. It's always something
About the body. For Montaigne the cure
Was "Venetian turpentine"—grappa, no doubt—
Done up in a wafer on a silver spoon.
The next morning he noticed the smell
Of March violets in his urine.

How dependent
One becomes on remedies, their effects familiar
As a flower's perfumed throat, or a bird's
Thrilled questioning, like the trace
Of a fingertip along that throat, or now
Between the lines of a book by someone well
I'd taken up to read myself asleep with.

—J. D. McClatchy

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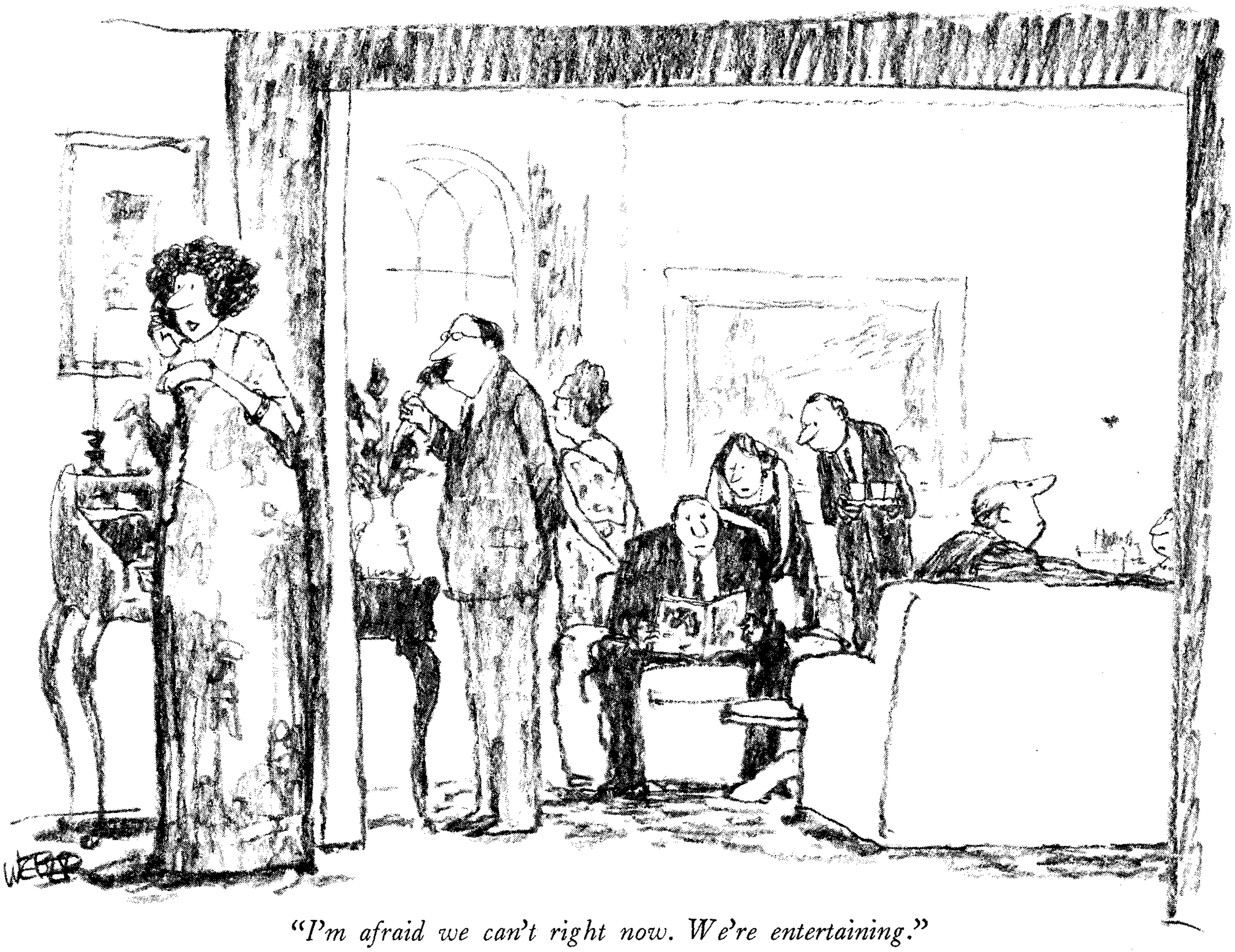

"I'm afraid we can't right now. We're entertaining."

• •

kind of youthfulness that was clearly a stage: in the foreign faces you could see both the child and the adult; in some cases, you could almost hear the sound of a door clanging shut on a small middle-class niche sometime in the quite near future. The American presence gave off a signal of going along with the adult world only by default—a signal of mildly impertinent indifference that seemed more automatic than rebellious. In the Americans, neither the baby nor the grownup was much in evidence. Their young adulthood seemed walled off from the other stages, as if it were a condition in which they had simply found themselves and, logically, responded to with a kind of impassivity that conveyed no expectations in particular.

Directly opposite me was a gorgeous young man with straw-colored hair, an aquiline nose, and large blue eyes, which were set in a permanently imploring expression. As we plowed on through Ohio, he was courted by three young women in succession. The girls had to work, thinking up topics, asking questions. He answered quickly and clearly, almost monotonally but with an upward fillip at the end of his sentences. Eavesdropping, I learned that he came from California. I learned that he was "into the martial arts," which accounted for his godly body. I heard him say, "I'm a travelling man." Thus, even before I learned that he lived with his parents—I put his age at twenty-five or older—he became for me the Travelling Man. Even with the most responsive subject, courtship before breakfast is difficult. One by one, the girls gave up.

Next to me was Amora, a statuesque young woman from Dundee with very white skin, coppery-red hair, and intelligent small blue eyes. She wore gold-rimmed glasses halfway down her nose and one earring—a pendent triangle of gold mirror. She had a way of shaking her head as if a gnat were bothering her, which made the earring wobble. In a way full of soft deference to my advanced station in life, she said that Amora was a name she had chosen for herself. Her parents had called her Mary; this she had firmly corrected. Amora, struggling out of Mary, had not yet learned how to inhabit her splendid, womanly form, but she treated my boy with a kindness in which I could see the woman to come. Across from us, in a very bright yellow T-shirt on which was written "I MADE IT WITH PERNOD," was a young man. He seemed to be constructed like a marionette. His hair was so straight and black and clean that it looked synthetic, his chin looked like a separate part, and his limbs swung as if they were attached by strings.

I was becoming conscious of accumulated life in me, as if my body were grained with a heavy substance. Julian was active. The interior of the bus suited him. He could move fast over the bodies, could easily get beyond the range of his parents' authority. As my husband and I tried to exert this authority from a distance, the perversity of being a family on this bus became vivid. There were three other children on board—two girls of about six and seven, and a boy of four. Their mother was around my age. From her flowing, raggedy clothes and an absence of underwear which she made no attempt to disguise by the way she sat, I judged that she was a bona-fide hippie (the only one, aside from John, on the bus). With a worn, unjoyful air, she smoked a marijuana cigarette. She was mulling. When she was finished, she told me that she was eager to get home to California, because she had things to do. The last thing she wanted now was a vacation, and the thought of the trip ahead made her angry. She said this tonelessly. I asked her why she hadn't flown or taken Greyhound, and she looked at me in a shocked way and said she could never do that. Her name was Leslie. Her children were named for Hindu deities.

AWAY into Ohio—quite a way—we stopped at a rest area. It was a complex rest area, with several facilities, surrounded by parking lots. As I looked around, feeling fuzzy-headed, I saw that there was another rest area on the other side of the interstate. Then I realized that it was a duplicate of the one we were in. I tried to orient myself to our rest area by looking at the duplicate. Because there were cars going fast, in both directions, on the interstate in between, and because left and right in the otherwise identical rest area were reversed, I got mixed up. As I was doing this, a fellow-passenger came up to me and introduced himself as Hans. "It's the same," he said of the other rest area, in a knowing way. On the bus, Hans had appeared silly; I saw now that this was a camouflage. I saw lines in his face, weightedness in his body. He told me that in Germany he was a schoolteacher, and that when he visited a strange school he usually knew just where to go, because many of the schools were identical. Hans said that he had never quite got used to the identical schools—that he was always a little surprised by them. This struck me as a twist on the idea of surprise. We seemed to be talking about something very serious, though I couldn't quite figure out what it was. Then some British boys—whom I had already dubbed the lads, because they were sturdy, smiling, so very ladlike—came up with a Frisbee, and Hans turned silly again and ran off. A diesel truck hauling two open trailers piled high with two mountains of tomatoes pulled into the rest area.

Scanning the edges of the rest area, I saw that it was bounded by a chain-link fence. Scanning again, I spotted a break. In an obscure spot, away from the interstate, there was a rickety-looking, rusty gate—an incompetent, makeshift gate, utterly unlike the fence in character. I walked over. On the gate was a federal prohibition against passage, beyond it a bit of country road that had been made senseless by the interstate and allowed to decay. A big padlock hung on the gate, unlocked. I pushed the gate open, expecting whistles and alarms. None sounded. I followed the country road to where it verged on a cornfield. There was a strip between the cornfield and some woods—a tractor path grown up with shoulder-high weeds. I pushed into the thick weeds, thrashing forward. When I was thoroughly enclosed by Ohio, I stopped. The corn was way over my head; behind me were the

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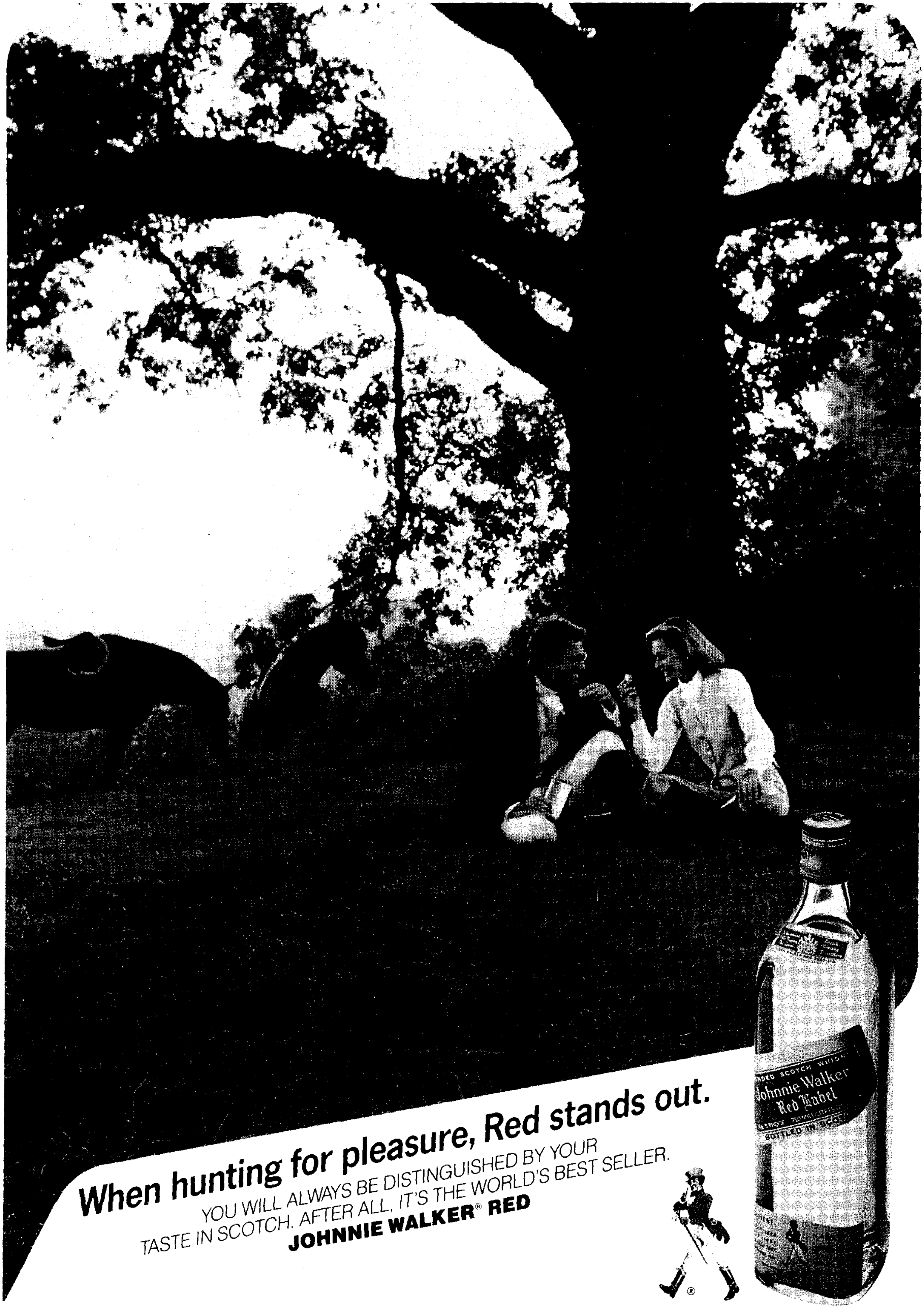
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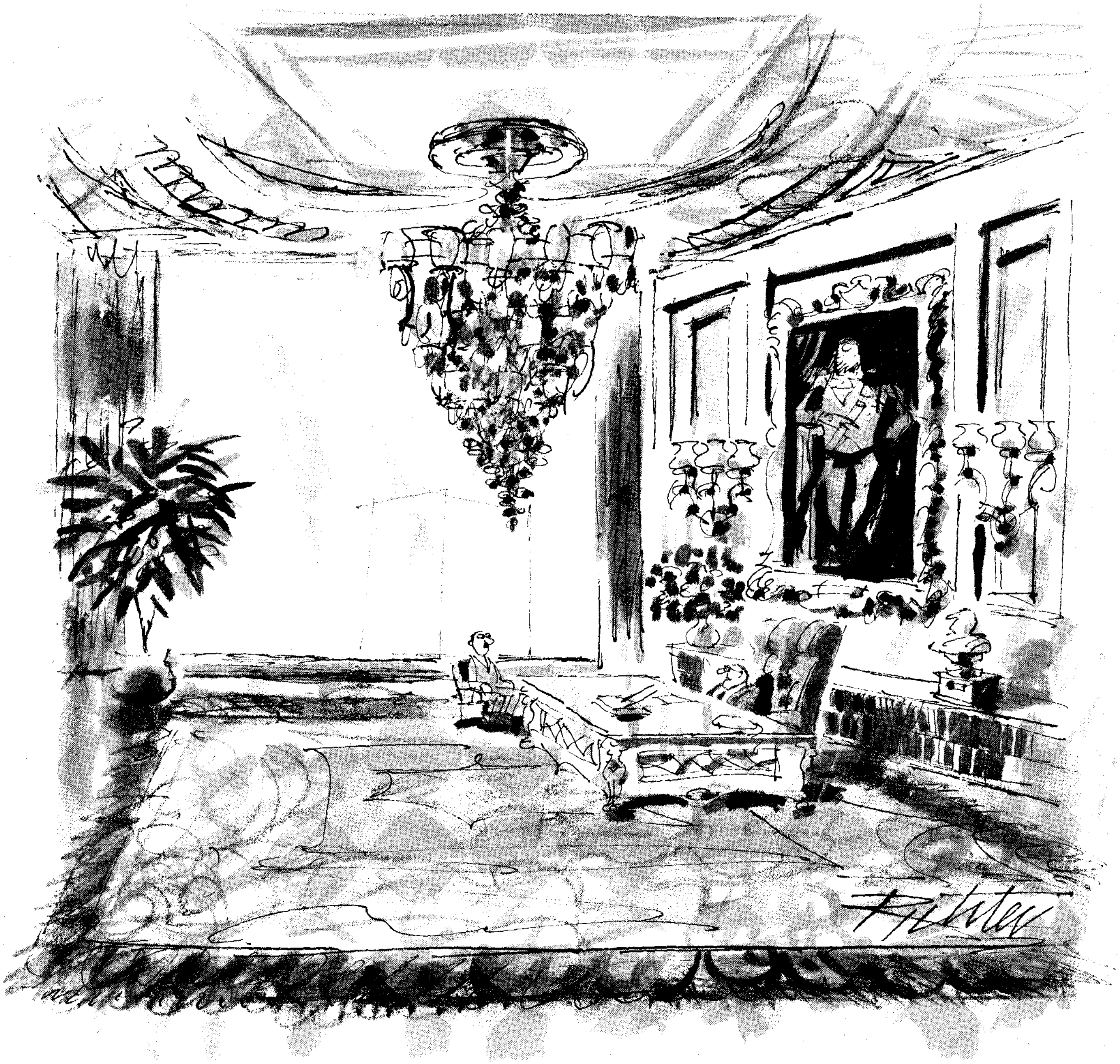

"I do what I can."

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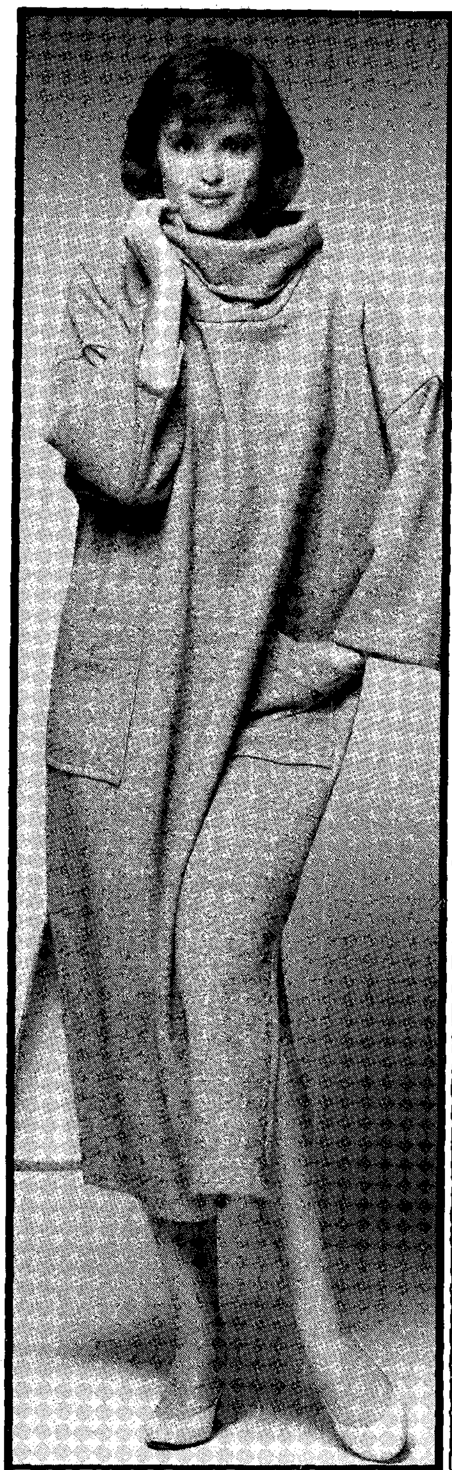
woods. After my noisy passage, the silence was thick. I looked into the depths of the cornfield, where the long, bladelike leaves folded and twisted in loose fleur-de-lis formations about the straight-arrow stalks. The fat ears of corn, with their beards spilling out of their sheaths, had an allegorical look. Alongside the stalks, below the leaves, grew a stylized plant, a weed with a long, thin stalk that upheld a dry tan cup, puffed and scored, and dark inside the scores like Elizabethan bloomers. The ground beneath the corn was otherwise clear, dark, and soft. In the still heat, sweat broke out on my forehead. Then a creature hidden in the field scurried and stopped dead, scurried and stopped dead. In the thick silence, it was a big sound, and it conveyed a creature with heft. The sound stirred the animal part of me—made me alert. Then a bug bit me sharply. I fled.

ON the bus once more, we rolled toward Sandusky and breakfast. John said that it was a long way. He said this as if it were not predictable. When he said things like this, he seemed to be shifting a burden onto us. There were fields all around us, rolling gently now, with the woods reduced to elongated islands. The light on the silken, undulating surface was bright in a misty way, and the dark islands became blue in the distance. All that the interstate knew about was putting miles behind. You can go fast on the interstate, but it inculcates restlessness, because the subliminal message of uniformity is a powerful force for boredom. No matter how fast you go, you want to go faster. The bus could not go fast at all. Cars slid past as on butter.

Then we were off the interstate, driving down a narrow road between walls of corn. Here the bus seemed to go lickety-split. This was an extremely local road. Each stretch had



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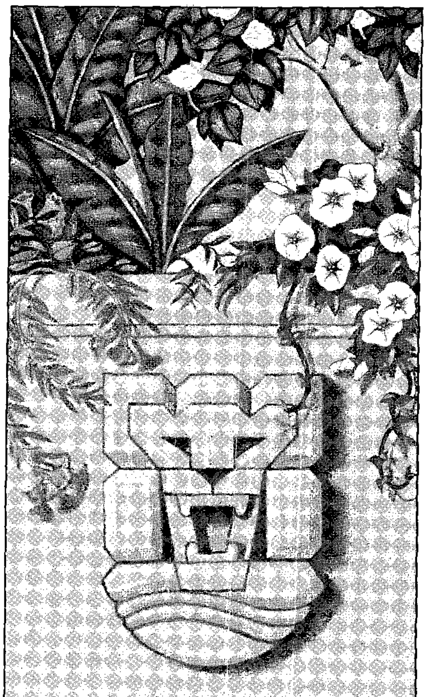
an intimate little character of its own; just looking at the road, one had an impression of having walked it every day of one's life. Here I saw men in red hats and overalls picking corn and tossing it into the back of a pickup truck. The houses were clapboard, white, set close to the road. The walls of corn came right up to the houses, with a clean square cut out in back for a lawn. The squares looked as if they had been cut with a razor. Because the corn defined the lay of the land, the lawns looked sunken. From the high bus, I looked down into them and imagined sitting on them, first in spring, with a view to the far horizon, then in July, when I would have to stand up to see, and then, finally, from late July till harvest, walled in altogether. It was August now, but from my high position in the bus I could see the brimming fields undulating in an irregular way, the islands of trees marking the intervals into the distance in an unexpected rhythm.

The bus began to go very slowly and then came to a halt. "About ten years ago, Lake Erie was a dead lake," John said. "But as of the last few years, it's alive, or not dead, or whatever." He paused. "Last time we were here, the whole bus went skinny-dipping, but ever since then there have been cops around whenever we come." He chuckled. "So I don't know." I caught a glimpse of his face; it was radiant. One by one, we disentangled ourselves from the bus and walked into a worn grassy space under willow trees. Ahead, beyond the trees, was a huge, milky glare. The horizon was a sharp mercury-colored line, but the effect was of continuousness from lake to sky. One of a pair of French girls told John she had to go up top, where the larger luggage was carefully lashed, and John pointed out gently that it had been made clear that access to the top luggage was limited to a few occasions when there was plenty of time. The French girl gave him a hard, yet flirtatious, "I am a woman who wants something" look, and St. Francis of Assisi said, "O.K., but just you," and then lots of others were up the little ladder attached to the side of the bus, and luggage was opened, and belongings were spread all over the place.

I walked toward Lake Erie. There were a few people on the beach, with their backs to us, who looked as if they had been cut out of a magazine and pasted onto the glare. To the left was a white lighthouse, photo-clear in a



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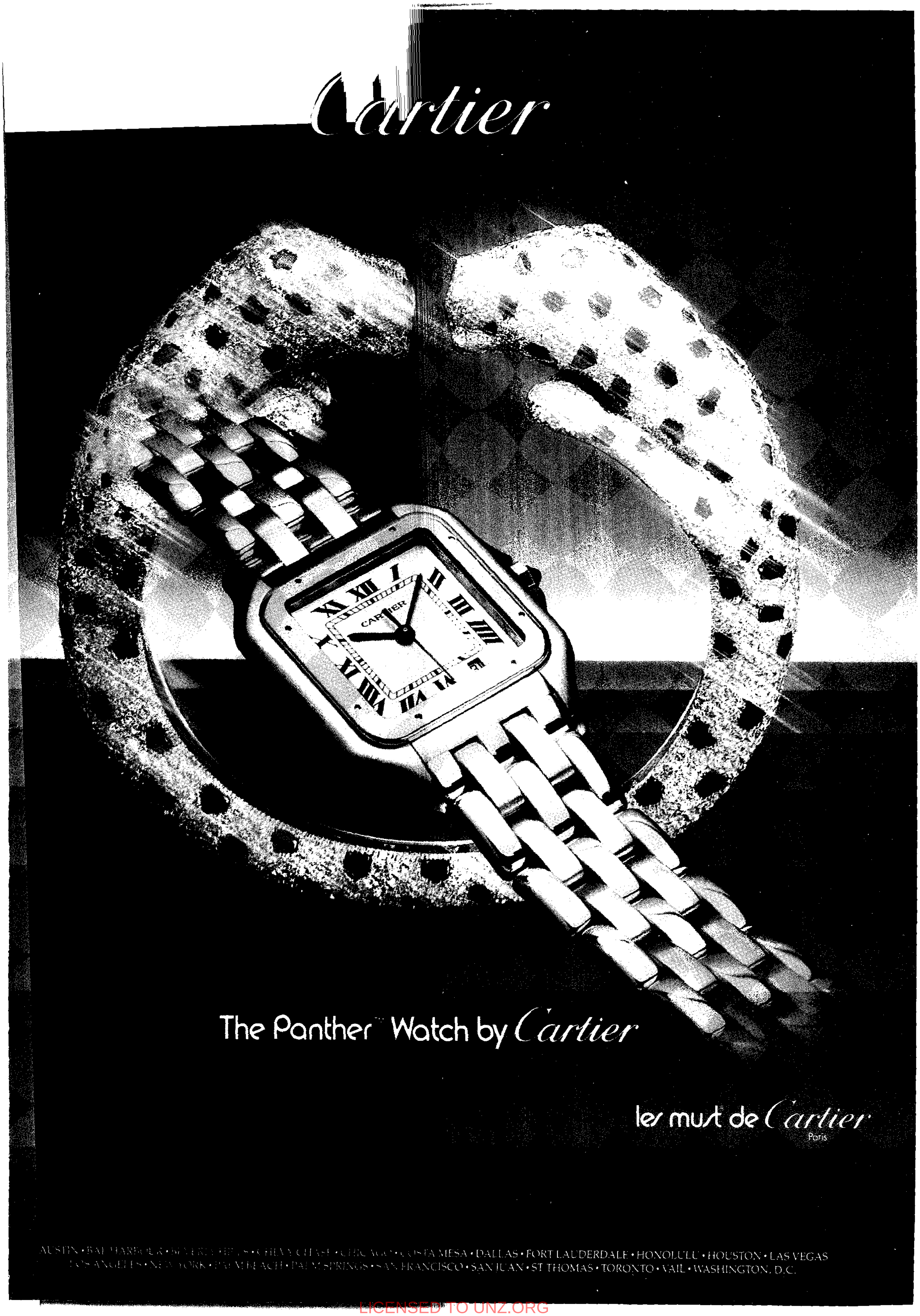
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For information write: Arizona Office of Tourism, 1480 East Bethany Home Road, Phoenix, Arizona 85014 gauzy light, as was the big flat surface of each rock of the jetty. The lake was clear at the edge but quickly became murky. The young people (in bathing suits) had water fights, but the splashes were sucked up almost instantly by the flatness, as if the water were molten. A wake came in like tubes being rolled under fabric on a table. There were no boats in sight; the wake had evidently travelled unhindered from behind the horizon.

After our swim, we "did" French toast on propane stoves set up under the trees on tables that had been slid out from under the luggage rack on top of the bus. We cut up fruit—melons, peaches, bananas—and mixed it with yogurt. This was good. Police cars drove around the park like cruising fish. The bus stood parked in the middle, looking odd. It seemed to have simply appeared there. The bus is flat in front and curved in back, giving it a hunched-over look. The green-and-white paint job is neat but not slick. The paint is not glossy; it doesn't look modern. The bus doesn't look regular. You can perceive the Green Tortoise in two ways. Given the good dark green, and the white tarpaulin that covers the luggage on the roof, you can view it as rather elegant in an old-fashioned sense. Or you can look at it in a way that would make you say, "Here comes trouble." This ambiguity did not always exist. The Green Tortoise company was started in 1973, and when, in 1977, my sisters Hester and Laura took it, the bus they rode was purple, with curtains flying out the window and a sloppy, uncomfortable interior. They took a Southern route, through Texas, and there was trouble. The Green Tortoise has evolved while the subculture it evolved from has fallen away. It is a little like the offspring of a stray line of dinosaurs.

Back on the interstate, we drove all day through Ohio. From inside the bus, the silky sea appeared in odd swatches of light framed by shoulders and heads. The cornfields of the Midwest are so supremely factual that they seem to discredit everything unempirical. The landscape made even the life inside the bus seem phantasmagorical, as if the bus were a head, the windows were the eyes, and the people in the bus were thoughts. Somewhere along the way, John retired to a roomy bunk in the rear to catch some sleep, and Dennis, the other driver, took the wheel. Dennis was excited by his rise to power. He turned up the volume of the music to a piercing pitch, danced

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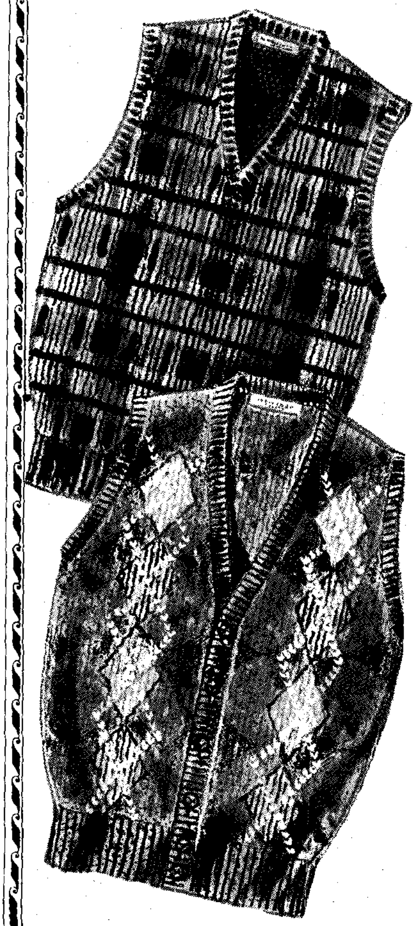
around in his seat, and called attention to himself in every way possible, often twisting around to talk to the people behind him. No one showed any sign of alarm at this development. I became mother to the whole bus, guarding against evil chance through sheer vigilance. Music pounded: salsa. As the shock of crowdedness wore off, continuous music had emerged as a primary hardship. Speakers were placed strategically throughout the bus, and though they had volume controls, I felt that a trespasser in the realm of youth would be overstepping to use them.

I saw individuals with the serene vividness that danger lends. I saw fair Ian and his girlfriend, English Gwen, no scar of experience on them, no tension in their jaws, meek, soft, trusting. I saw them as doves. I saw American Gwen wrapped in an air of hurt and bewilderment: life had already battered her, in a way she did not understand. She was afraid of friendliness. I saw the desperation in the way she combed and arranged Eurídice's hair. Eurídice, from Mayagüez, Puerto Rico, plump, smooth, and blithe by nature, was estranged and worried in the realm of the English language, but her happiness in the realm of hair was rich. I saw Annie from Glasgow, dark-haired, blue-eyed, with peaches-and-cream skin, features and body still blurred by baby fat, and usually as ebullient as a puppy. Right now, with her face in repose, she put me in mind of a dowager reigning over a tea service.

I saw Welsh Pamela, with her tipped-up nose, large, unblinking blue eyes, and straw hat with a ribbon around it that looked as if it were flying out behind her even when it wasn't. Pamela was nanny to the son of an international-banking family. She carried a pocket New Testament, which she read from time to time with the air of making a stubborn statement. Now she was sitting cross-legged, amusing Julian. I saw Luisa, a dark Spanish girl with a Dietrich-like flicker of glamour and an aristocratic complacency that she tried to conceal but could not. Eyebrows arched, haughty and amused, she chatted with whomever: sporting.

Three American girls appeared in a single cameo. There was a young woman called Daisy, wearing a T-shirt with "FEAR AND LOATHING" written on it, who had a snips-and-snails-and-puppy-dogs'-tails manner and liked talking loudly about drugs,



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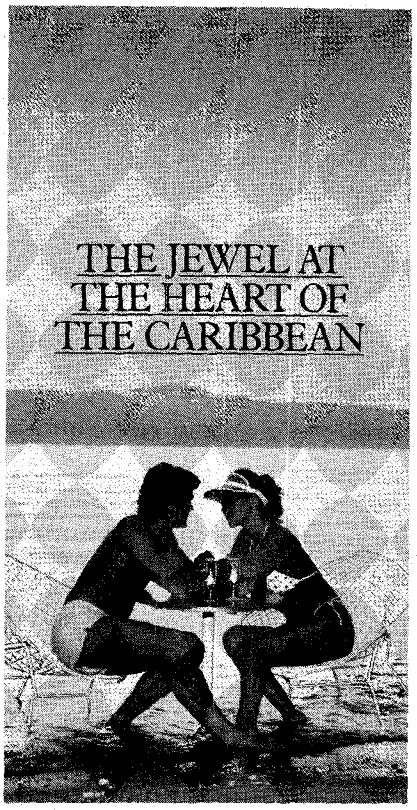

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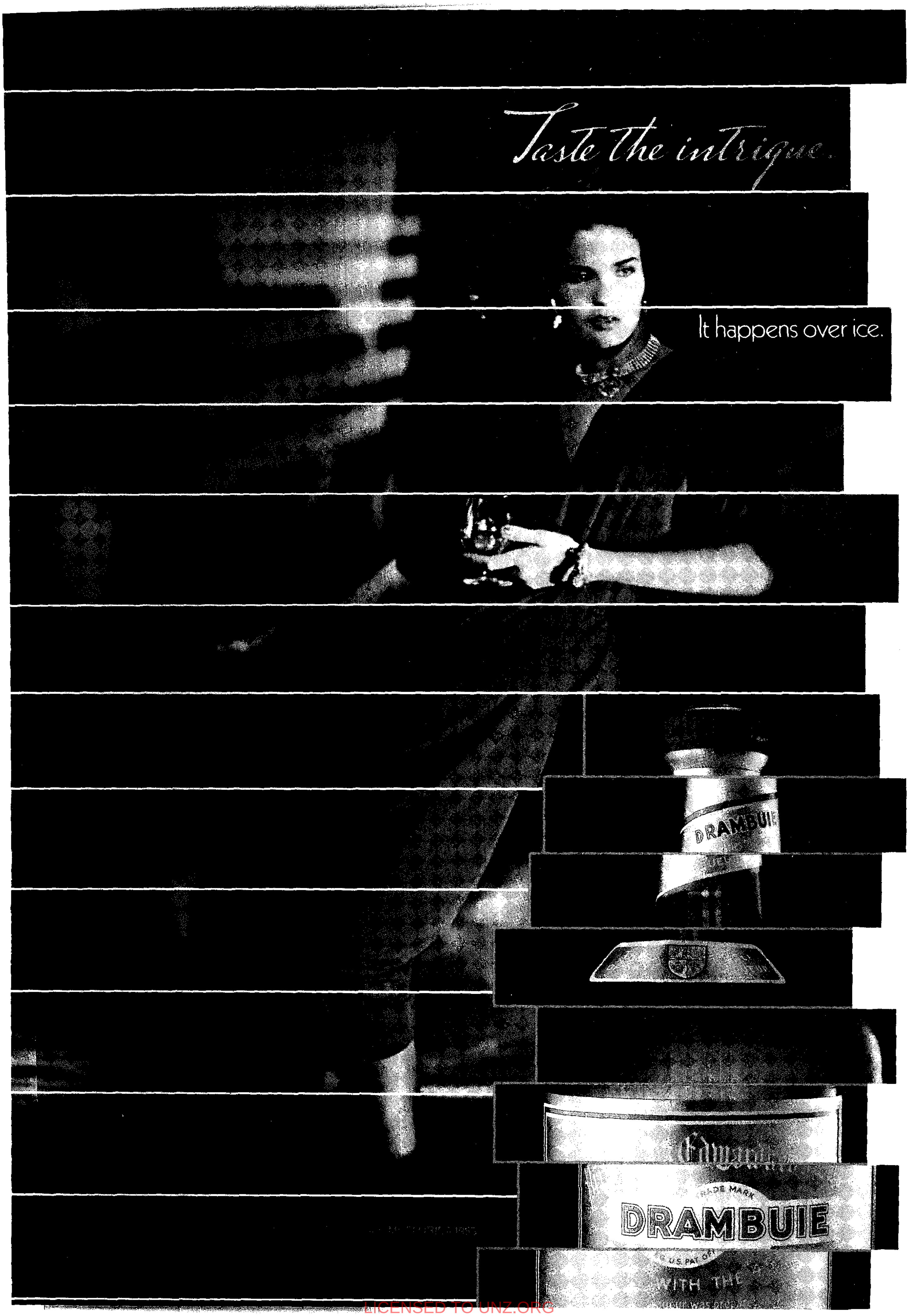
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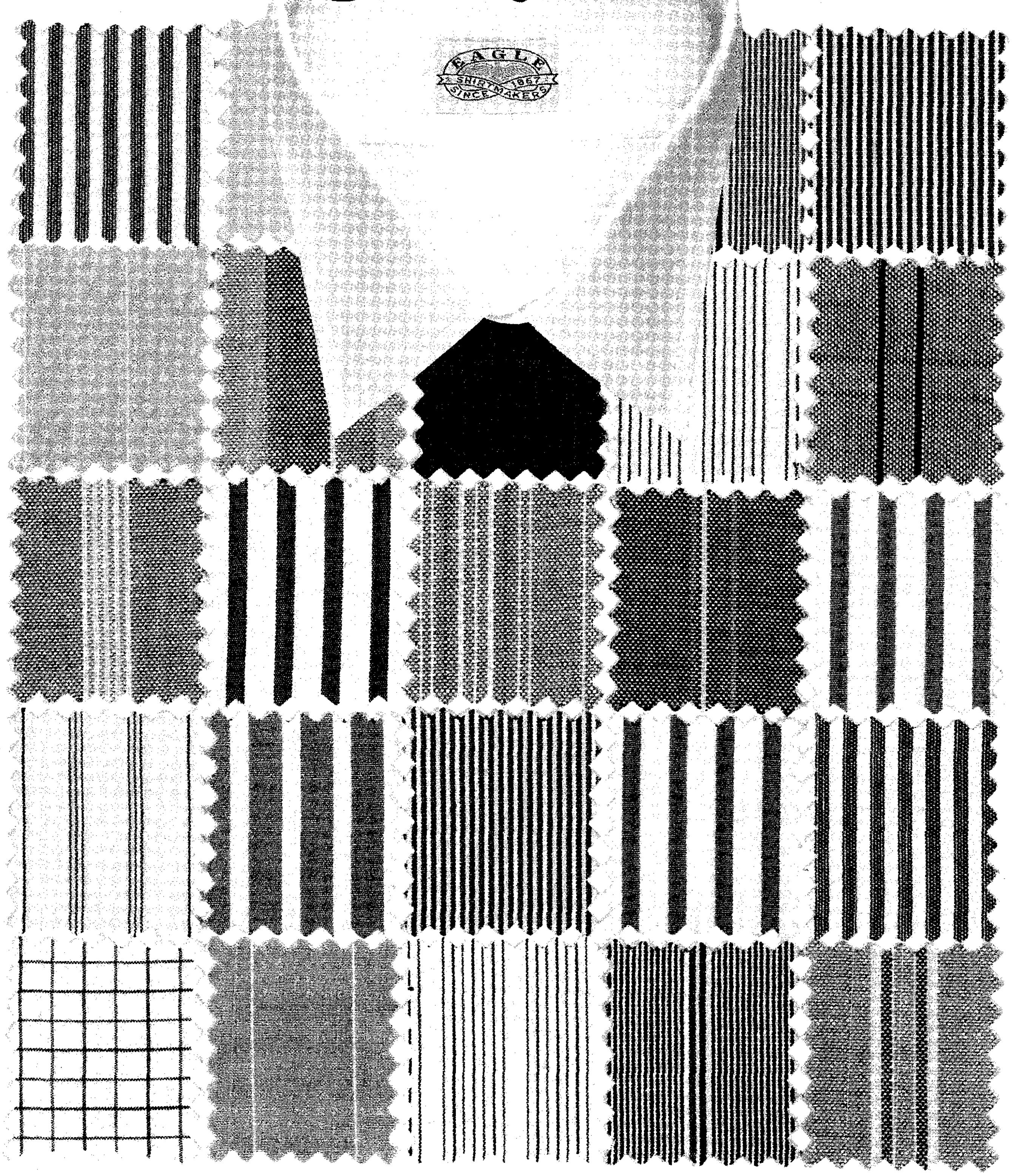

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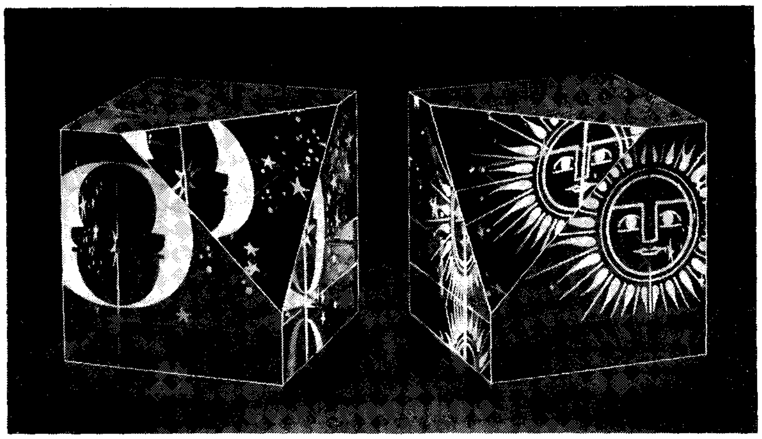
drug busts, driving cars into trees, and subsequent encounters with invariably stupid policemen. There was Vicky, who conveyed large cars, swimming pools, and air-conditioning. Vicky was well groomed. She often seemed not to know quite how to interpret what she heard and saw, and had something quizzical in her face, a slightly lopsided look, that reflected this predicament. The third was Frances, who professed revulsion for the East and her mother, and claimed to have escaped all this in Colorado, though her every gesture conveyed an Eastern prep school. "I got this dress in Key West," Frances would say, in the way that suggests that of course everyone goes to Key West and buys dresses there. Frances was ill at ease unless she was partying. She worked hard at cooking up merriment, but if necessary she could party all by herself, which is what she was doing now. I knew from conversation that she was headed for Boulder, Colorado, her college town, though she was not going back to college but to look for a job. If she was lucky, she had said, she'd find one as a waitress, but it would be hard, because so many other students tried to stay on there, too. When I asked her, ever so gently, ever so indirectly, about her more long-range plans, she had started a little and then, framed by cornfields, stared blankly. Daisy was a person hurtling toward a crash; Vicky was safe in the most hurtling atmosphere as long as there was a mirror at hand; and Frances, lock of hair over one eye, can of beer, blissful grin, was a person who sought to be hurtling but was not. I believe she had just been visiting her mother.

In the end, I forgot Dennis's driving. In the end, the cornfields won out. I had flown into the Middle West and over it, but this had not prepared me for the cumulative effect of so much fertile farmland. With the progress of the day, the bus seemed smaller and smaller, and what happened to us in the bus less and less important. When, toward evening, we passed into the hilly, storybook farmland of northern Indiana, with its barns and silos nestled in nooks among pom-pom trees, Dennis calmed down.

AFTER a while, the road became light-colored and cracked in a way I associate with approaches to the ocean, and then, aeons and aeons from morning, we pulled up at the foot of Lake Michigan. John emerged from his bunk and, emanating beatific radi-



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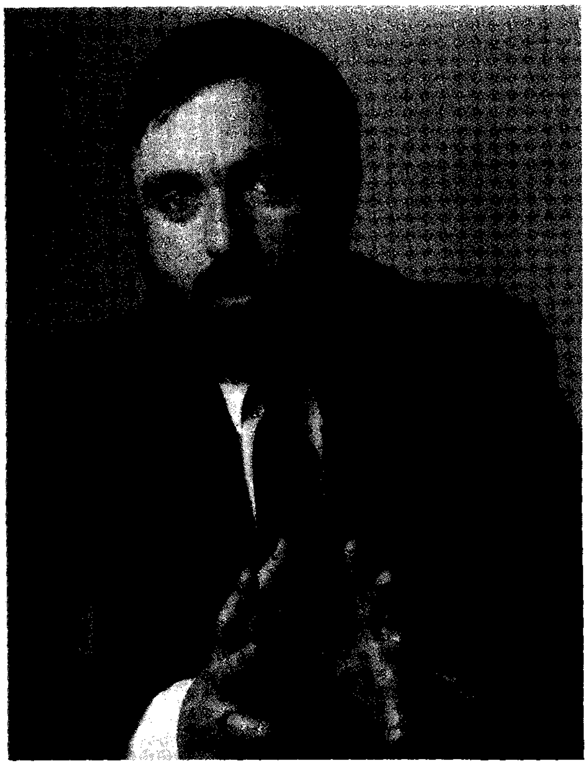

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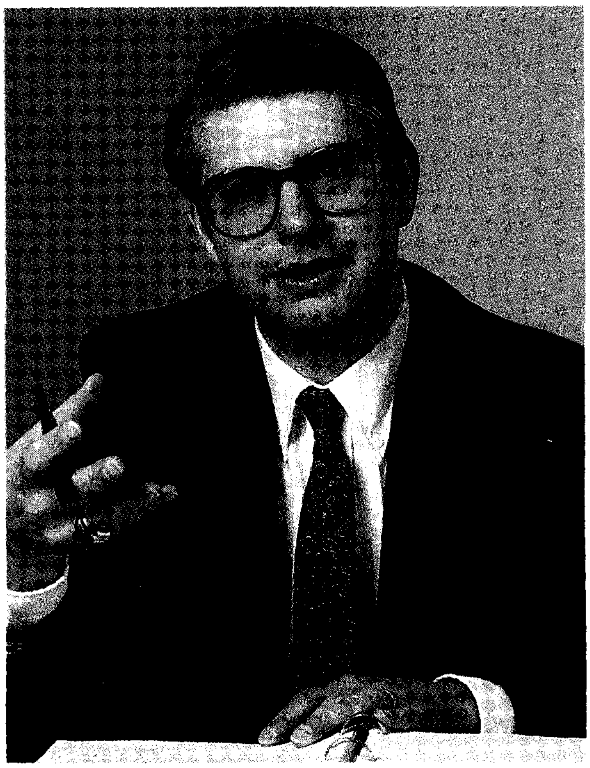

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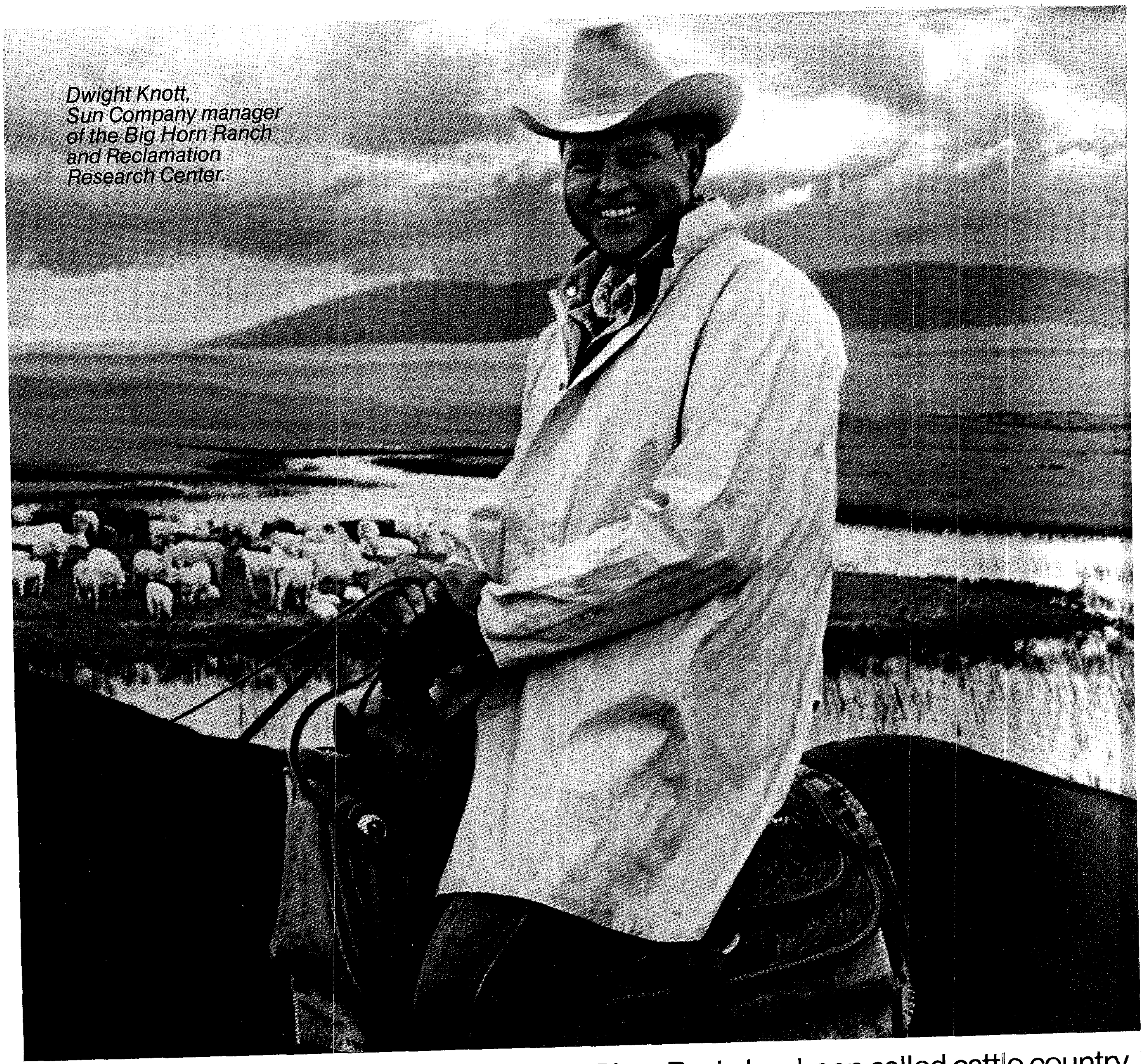

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ance, said, "The last time we were here, the whole bus went skinny-dipping, but the state troopers came around. For a while, it looked like everyone would be busted, but it turned out all right. Maybe if you walk down the beach . . . I don't know."

To the right, high tan cliffs, crowned with dark trees, receded in huge, shallow headlands into a fog. To the left, there was a faint industrial silhouette. Somewhere far in the distance, a foghorn blew with patient maritime sorrow, though there was no salt in the air, not a single shell or trace of seaweed on the beach. The same persimmon sun that had hung in the east that morning now hung in the west in a dark-gray haze. The water was clear, with turquoise and persimmon highlights, and there was a swell that crashed on the beach with a slightly phosphorescent foam. Lake Michigan was an oceanic pond. It conjured extreme landedness, the extent of Canada, the explorer's gape.

Julian straightaway integrated himself into one of the families on the beach, with its shovels and pails, soda pop, chairs, and other proper accoutrements. Meanwhile, my fellow-passengers, thoroughly suited, went into the water, where they formed a conga line. The line turned into a circle in which each person shampooed the hair of the next person. Then the whole circle dunked and rinsed, and the procedure was repeated. After this, the girls got up on the boys' shoulders. The boys would charge each other, and the girls would try to wrestle each other off. The Green Tortoise was an inverse Trojan Horse, a vessel that appeared to be carrying the agents of subversion into the strongholds of propriety and then released characters from the Mickey Mouse Club. In fairness to my countrymen, I must add that the foreigners were clearly the instigators of these activities. The Americans went along in a why-not way. The ringleader was a gnomelike English girl who looked hunched and old already and had the delirious air of one on a last fling before life beat her down inexorably.

Luisa, the aristocratic Spanish girl, scorned this frolic. She swam far out, then looked around for a long while. The sun had gone behind a cloud and edged its sooty shape with hellfire. The foghorn blew. The sandy floor of this tideless sea was molded into hard, permanent ripples. Lake Michigan, getting ready to be alone in the night,

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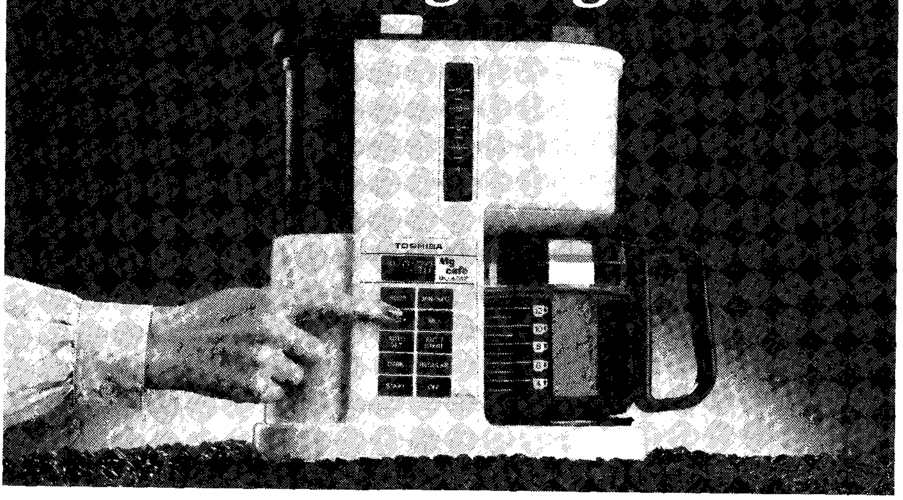

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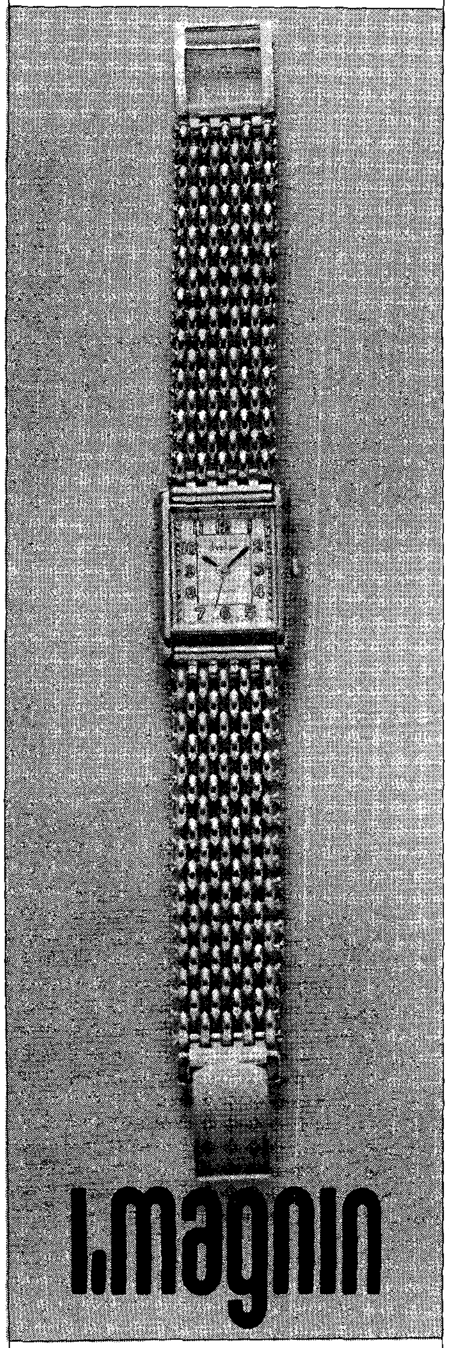

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was wonderful and strange, but it was, in addition, surreal, and this, I think, had less to do with the lake itself than with the subjective state that follows brutal and prolonged abuse of the faculty of hearing. It's a sensation of deafness, even though one is not in fact deaf, and it gives one's surroundings the quality of a dream. Much of what I saw on the trip west was affected by this state.

AFTER a stop in Chicago, we drove all night and in the morning continued to draw our shaky westward line—another long haul to breakfast. Leslie smoked her morning joint while her stately little girls read the trashiest sort of juvenile literature. Her boy swung from the bunks, thrilling mine. Eventually, we stopped in a little Nowheresville of a picnic area, on the banks of the Mississippi, where we cut up melons and peaches that John had bought in a farmers' market back in Illinois. From a Pharaonic rampart, we could see the far bank of the river—sandy-shored, wooded, labyrinthine. The only sign of the epical stature of the river was a line of laden barges waiting at a lock just below us. Tiny, flat-awninged boats darted like dragonflies among them. For a bad moment, I couldn't find my boy, and when I recovered him Dennis took the opportunity to give everyone a lecture, in Californiaspeak, on group responsibility for the children. He liked lecturing too much but working not much at all. John should have been sleeping, but by default he was "facilitating" breakfast.

Off to one side of the rampart was a solid little building containing an information center; it was attended by a pursed-lipped woman who did not love us. In the center was a display of photographs of the region. John drew my attention to a forest scene. On the floor of the forest were some mushrooms. John said that they contained mild hallucinogens, used by the Indians for religious purposes. He said this in a serious, informative way, with deep pleasure. Everything about John's being was Spartan. He wore a sleeveless undershirt, jeans, old running shoes, a black bandanna. There was no trace of materialism in his being, no hint of ambition, no self-advertisement. He carried the load of driving, overseeing meals, and coaxing thirty-seven people into an attitude of coöperation willingly. Neither fatigue nor uncoöperative passengers, nor even Dennis's reluctance to carry his share

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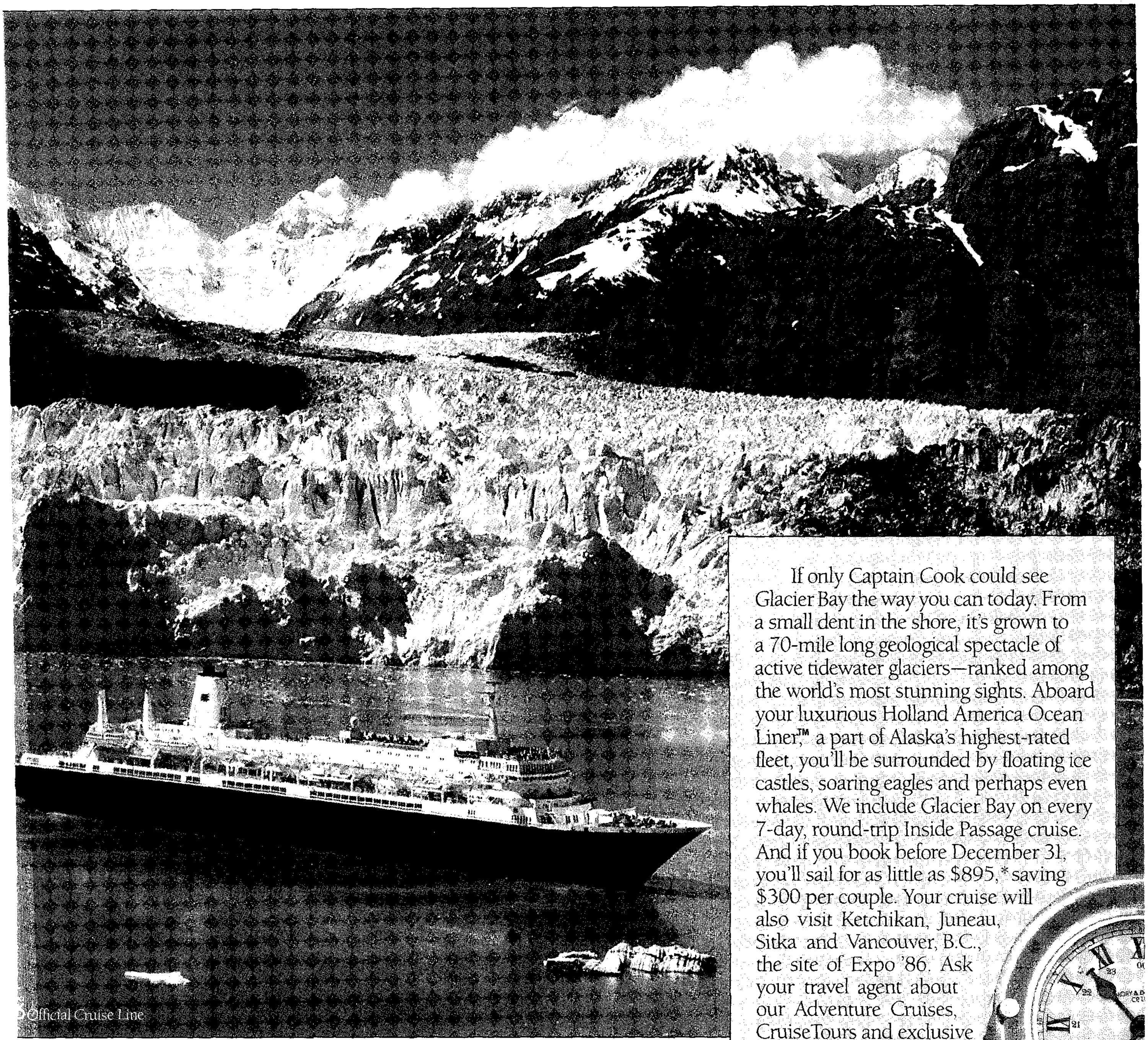

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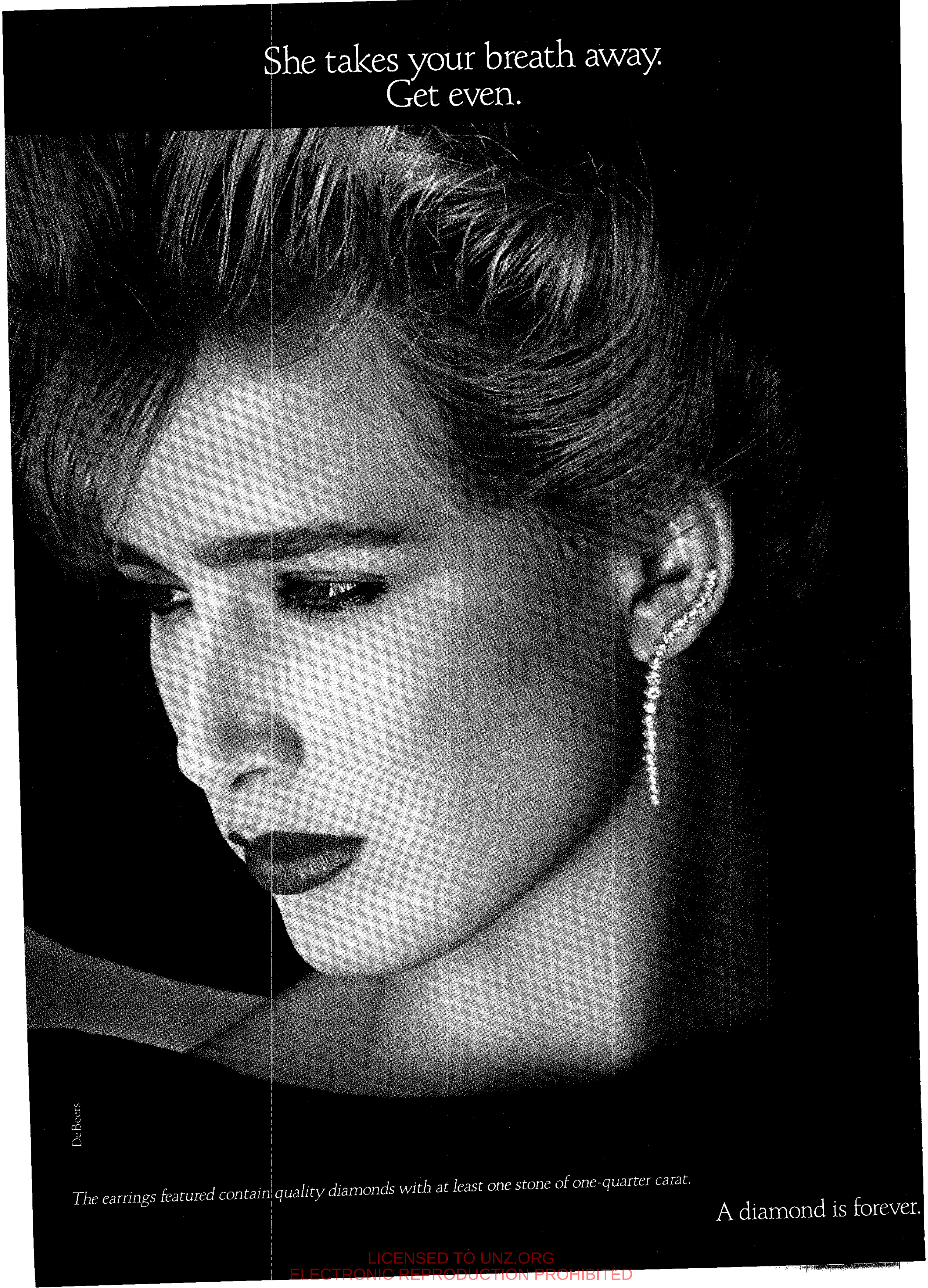She takes your breath away.
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of the work load, provoked a sign of irritation in him. The only luxury about his person was a fine, soft pair of deerskin gloves that he wore while driving.

Well into midday, when the light had become less fresh, we stopped in the small town of Albert Lea, Minnesota—in the parking lot of the Red Owl supermarket, where John said we could pick up private supplies if we wished. The storefronts were plain, *plain;* the signs above them were printed in plain block letters. The only adornment in sight was the red owl in the sign of the Red Owl supermarket. Everyone I saw was blond, with an even-tempered mien. A little girl in Lee bluejeans pushed a bicycle down the sidewalk. A woman in well-pressed shorts rode a bicycle up the street. No one hurried. No one dawdled. The street was very wide. It was the strangely unstrange world of Dick and Jane and Spot. The bus in the parking lot looked neither dangerous nor elegant; it just looked dirty, though it wasn't. It seemed to have trailed ineffable clouds of grunginess from a sublunar world. This world, with its red owl, was subsolar. Liquor was also purchased in Albert Lea—in particular, a pineapple liqueur, which was passed around as we pulled away.

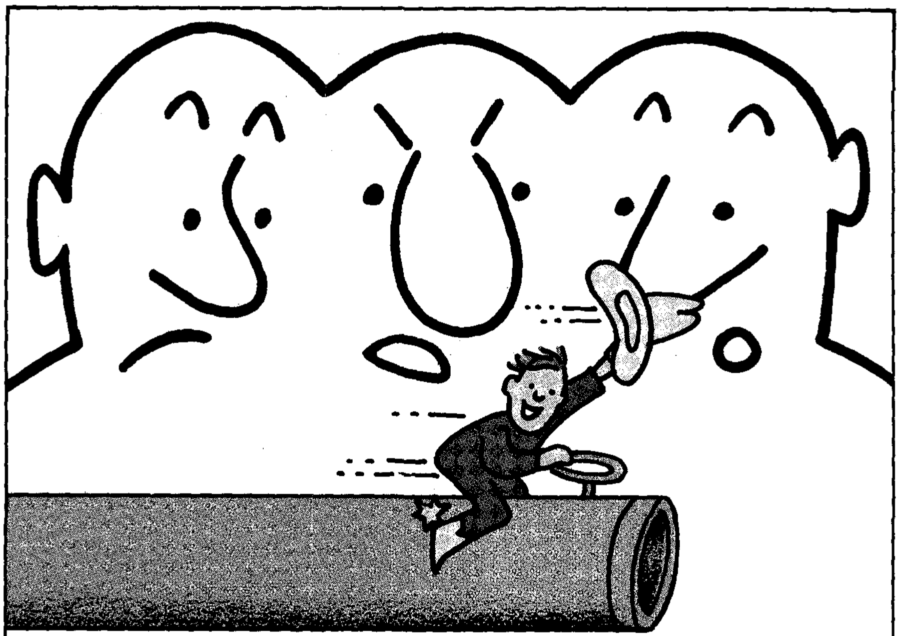
The music was reggae. John, weary and pale, produced some rattles, drums, and tambourines, and then retired to the bunk at the rear. With Dennis at the wheel, my fellow-passengers went to it with gusto—loosened up, perhaps, by the pineapple liqueur. Even Alain, a diminutive Frenchman—eyes, set on a career in provincial law, peering out through lozenge-shaped glasses—joined in and let go, displaying the most comically inept sense of rhythm of anyone I have ever observed. There were "Yippee"s and "Whooo"s. Amy, a young woman who seemed to be wearing hiking boots even when she wasn't, initiated dancing in the aisle in a slightly, slightly sanctimonious way. Amy, to use the lingo current in my life at that moment, was very into the Green Tortoise experience. She had previously told me that she had ridden the Green Tortoise the spring before on an eastbound trip with Gardner Kent, the founder and owner of the company, as one of the drivers. "Gardner is very intense," she had said. "Very into partying." The bus had broken down irremediably in Wyoming. Another bus had had to be found and purchased, the seats removed, a new interior built. Though Gardner had offered everyone the price of a Greyhound ticket home, only two people had accepted the offer. The rest had stayed to complete the new bus. Gardner had said that he would like to pay people for their labor, but since some had worked harder than others, perhaps the best thing would be for each person to send him an estimate of what his or her work was worth. Amy had written that she thought her work was worth three hundred dollars but that what she would like best was a chance to ride the Green Tortoise again. "He made me an offer I couldn't refuse," Amy had said to me. She was now on the return leg of a free round trip. Amy had about her an air of unreasonable happiness, a look of being overfocussed on something too close up.

Pamela reacted to the bacchanalian music-making by trying to discuss maps with my husband and me. When the racket proved too overwhelming, she pulled out her New Testament and began reading St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians. The next time I looked up, she was dancing. This episode was followed by a game instigated by the Travelling Man, in which people piled up on top of each other.

When the music and games subsided, I raised the subject of the radical time—the late sixties and early seventies—with the group around me. I wanted to know how these kids thought of that period; given the provenance of the bus, it seemed a natural subject. It was not a natural subject. Sheelah, a young woman from Dublin, tried to help me out. Like Amora, Sheelah had a handsome, womanly body she had not yet grown into, and little airs of condescension toward Americans which were, in her, the equivalent of Amora's single gold-mirror earring. Sheelah was also very kind. She gave off a glow of quiet kindness, and now she kindly explained to me, "We don't like to talk about that period, because it makes us feel that our time isn't as exciting, and that we aren't as good as young people were then." Amora seconded this. The Americans looked impassive. Very patiently, as if speaking to a backward child, Sheelah said, "Our time is different, but that doesn't mean it's not as good."

Politics in general was not a popular subject on the bus. Fred, who had come on board in Chicago with his girlfriend, Joan, might have been an exception, because he spent most of his time on the road reading "The Great Shark Hunt," by Hunter S. Thompson. But he was using the bus as a form of cheap transportation; he didn't want to talk. He had the reclusive air of someone who has just awakened, but there was a spurt of hair on top of his head that stood straight up, always, belying the sleepiness. There was about him, too, an aspect of wiriness that put me in mind of a self-sufficient scout surviving on nuts, berries, and ingenuity. He and Joan were headed for Boulder, Colorado—they would get there just in time to register at the university. Joan seemed to be infatuated with Frances. There was a murky triangle here. I had overheard Frances say to Fred, "We both know we detest each other, but let's just get to Denver without letting it ruin the trip." As we drove through Minnesota, Vicky, in an awed way, asked Fred if the book he was reading was good, and he said, "It's all right if you feel like a dose of moral outrage"—with a shrug: the token depreciation, the polite gesture of indifference. Then he put his nose back in the book.

The only person on the bus with overt political interests was Annie, the Scottish girl with a dowager somewhere inside her. Annie had spent the previous month canvassing for an environmental cause in Connecticut, and she had a feeling of kinship with the Green Party in Germany, particularly on matters concerning nuclear weapons. She brought this up after my foray, provoking signals from Amora and Sheelah that while they agreed with her, the subject was a dangerous one. Though they didn't look at me, they sent me the clear message "See what you've started?" Confirming their fears, Pamela looked up sharply from her New Testament to say, "Well, we can't just let the Russians take over, can we?" Whereupon an expression came over Annie's face that I recognized from the past—a look of injury, as if she were about to cry. One could see the baby in Annie, and one could see the mature woman, and she had no air of indifference—rather, one of flailing out to find life. But of the foreigners on the bus she was the most American, in that she seemed somehow alone, and at loose ends. This might have been partly because she



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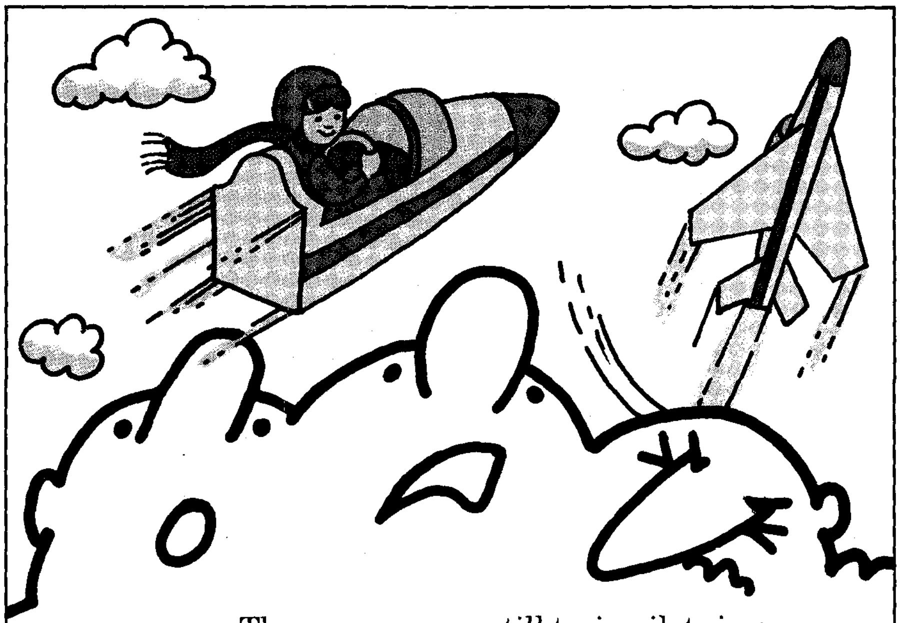

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came from a privileged background—or seemed to—that allowed her more choice in her life's course than the others had. On the whole, the foreigners gave the impression that economic realities locked them into courses far narrower than those open to the Americans.

TOWARD the end of the day, we arrived at a lakeside park. The lake was modest in size, with tidy farmland down to the edge on the far shore, and mowed places separated by stretches of trees on our side. As John drove slowly through the park, we saw that each of the mowed places had a trimly pitched tent on it, sometimes two. Eventually, we came to a spot that seemed unoccupied, but when we got out of the bus we saw, just a short way off, on the grassy bank, a blue-and-green tent, lines taut, the low sun shining through it, and a table, and on the table a cooler and provisions, and near it a barbecue grill, smoking; and then a man and a woman wearing shoes and socks and shorts and short-sleeved jerseys appeared and tended to the grill, not looking our way, perhaps studiously. Below, two little boys stood on a short dock, fishing. The sun was honeyed, there was not a breath of air, the lake was a dark mirror.

John said, "Let's just look over here," and started walking, and the group followed in a desultory, dazed way. It turned out to be rather a long way, past other tents and families and then through a section high above the lake, which was stubbly and hard on my bare feet. Here I fell behind with Julian. Thus it happened that, coming over a rise, I saw, in its completed form, the scene of John, with a radiant face, leading thirty-odd nude figures at a stately pace down the hillside into the lake. It was a scene that was a little bit too well composed, in the manner of academic paintings. It was Biblical-looking; the most plausible explanation for it would have been that a mass conversion of a religious nature had taken place. It was a mystical scene, and it looked odd in the tame, strictly unmystical landscape of Minnesota. Pamela had finished off the composition on one side by perching on a knoll, fully clothed, with her hat on. Something about the way she sat there suggested that she was in a high wind. Two tidy tents pitched directly above the nude group added a surrealistic note. I must say that while I regard nude swimming as a fine, sensuous experience, I thought that it

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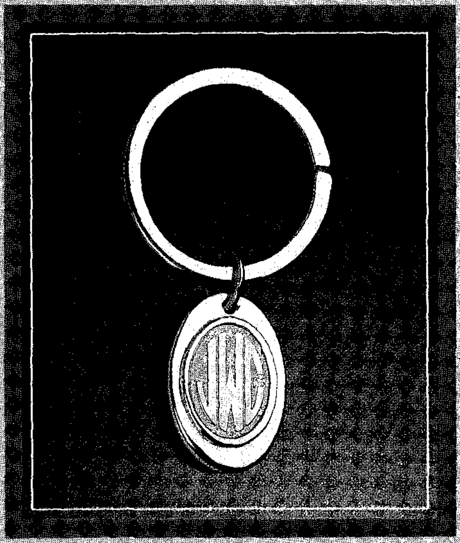

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was not an appropriate activity for this lake, and that although I was thankful that the occasion was not taking place where the two little boys were fishing, I felt censorious. In particular, I thought that unfair advantage was being taken of an atmosphere that exists in Minnesota—a feeling that people there believe that the universe itself is middle-class, setting a tone of politeness and safety. I didn't think it was at all polite, and certainly it wasn't courageous, to flout that. A few shy little romances had been brewing on the bus: I didn't think this would help. Under these conditions, the water-game funsters faltered. Later, on my way back, I passed John talking to a couple near their tent, both dressed in shoes and socks, shorts, polo shirts, the woman wearing one of those hats that have a visor but no crown. John had charmed them, I could see. By the wrenched set of the man's back and the overintent cast of his head, I could see that he was going along with John for the duration of the conversation.

When I arrived at the bus, Dennis and the Travelling Man had taken up positions facing each other as they twiddled on wooden flutes. Both were tall, both comely, both palpably vain, and each had his right leg crossed in front of the left as he twiddled. John arrived and, to this accompaniment, went into a quandary. There wasn't a free spot where we could cook our dinner, and yet the alternative was eating supper in a restaurant in a nearby town—that is, depending on the establishment, eating unwholesome food, and putting people in a position in which they had to spend money. A mosquito bit him, and in an absent way he remarked that on a day like this the mosquitoes could become so thick before sundown that the only place to exist was in the water. This moved me to eloquent comments on the way our presence would destroy at least one family's evening, whereupon he turned toward the alternative of the restaurant with a sense of failure that was heavy and contagious.

At the restaurant, to appease our unreconstructed side, my husband and I wolfed down two hamburger specials apiece among placid-seeming people who smiled in approval at our boy. On the way out, we passed Leslie, a doctrinaire vegetarian, at the salad bar. She looked gray and stubborn in the neon light, picking at some iceberg lettuce while her children cast longing glances at the meat eaters. The other customers sat solidly in their seats. There was no lilt in their aura, but it was not exactly dullness or flatness that they emanated. The stability had character. It had a feeling to it that was rhythmic even though there was no rhythm, the way rock-solid balance does. It was not dull, because it defied the unbalancing forces that are familiar to people from other places. The people in the restaurant conveyed an orthodoxy of farms, fields, and Main Streets rooted to the foundations of the world and extending to infinity.

WHEN I unfold the United States in my mind now, I come to a hitch, a place where the unfolding isn't smooth. It is where the sun goes down on the cool, rich colors of southern Minnesota and rises on the Badlands. Before dawn, we were out of the bus and on an overlook in a duskily purple world, vaguely nasty, vaguely mountainous—although directly across from the overlook the land was flat. Through a notch in this flat, inky-black horizon the sun pierced suddenly, shooting at us like a lance. Julian laughed. In the new light, I saw that we were on the rim of a canyon, and that out on a kind of promontory Dennis, seemingly transported there by magic, stood facing sunward, legs apart, bare-chested, arms outstretched. Miniature mountains with zany, corroded ridge lines and sharp peaks, Matterhorns, flat little mesas, canyons, ruinously disorganized, tortured, and desolate, appeared all around. As the sun climbed, the mountains became much larger, the canyons deeper, and the striations and colors—white, gray-green, and a gory salmon—appeared. There was no set level here that you could comfortably call terra firma. There were grassy bits that looked like the solid surface of the world because they could merge into the impression of a savanna, but in fact these seeming savannas were riddled with canyons. The canyons bore the disastrous lines of flash floods. The sky world displayed the deranged sculpturing of the wind. This place looked hard, but it was soft; it looked prehistoric, but it was new in the sense that, so malleable in the hands of the elements, it was changing perpetually. The signs of elemental fury made the stillness queer. Over all, one felt that one had been granted a vision of the long, sad, but fascinating decay of the world. Here it seemed that the creative force that maintains the world had lapsed. Julian asked where we were, and when I said we were in the Bad-

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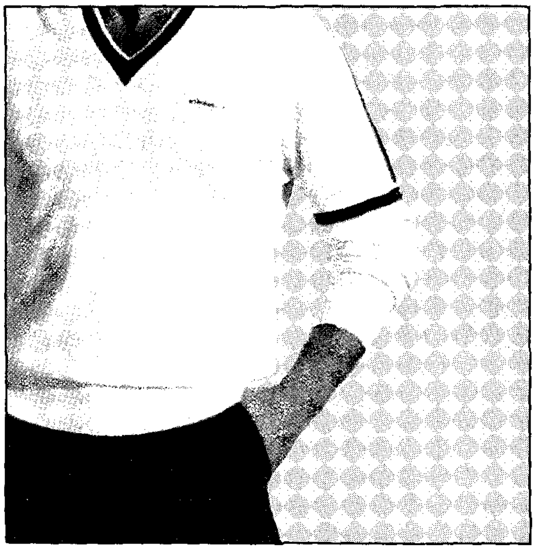

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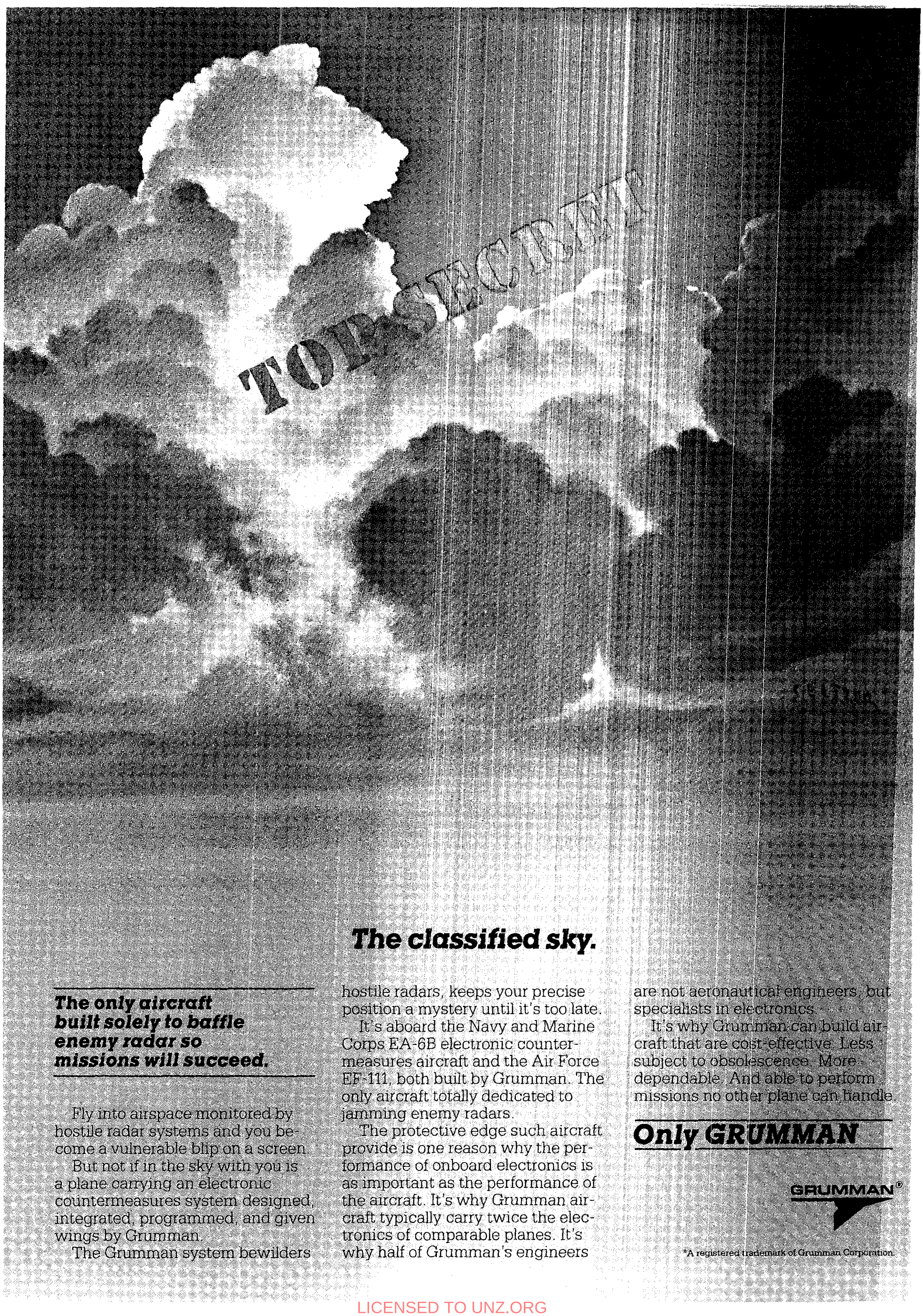

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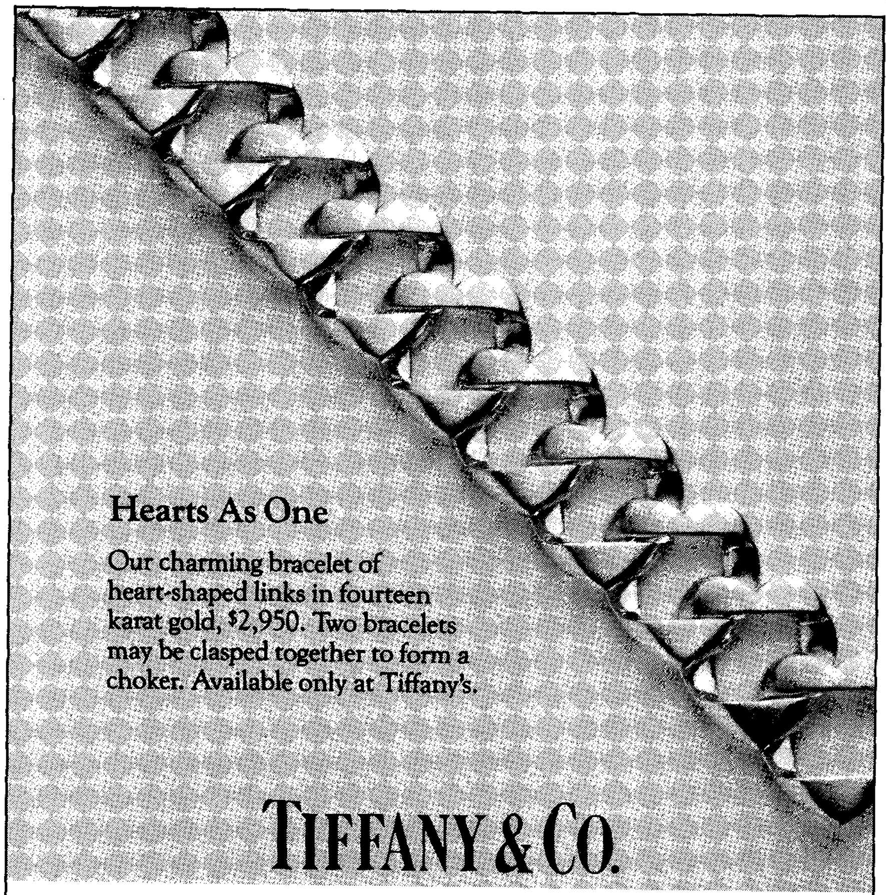
lands he nodded sagely and said he would like to go back to the bus, and he did.

My fellow-passengers were snapping pictures—frantically, for with the growing light the scene was changing every second. Platinum lances of the sun glanced off their cameras. A ribbon of paved road wound smoothly out of the heart of the Badlands up to the overlook. The road was still in twilight, and along it appeared, at intervals, three large cars. The cars cruised to the overlook with the smoothness of sharks, and the people got out and took pictures, too. When they weren't taking pictures, they stood and moved uncertainly, a little at a loss, as people often are before famous scenery. The well-built overlook presented the landscape as a product for consumption; but it was not at all clear how one might consume it—other than by snapping. This made the Badlands seem oddly tame, as if they were in a museum or some kind of land zoo, which in a way they were. Luisa, to have a little adventure, or perhaps as a statement of independence, had struck out and then found, on turning around, that a canyon had appeared between her and the bus. Now she was coming back in a roundabout way as lads and guys shouted unwanted instructions from the overlook. Over by the bus, Dennis and the Travelling Man were now sitting on the ground facing each other and adopting a series of contorted positions that looked like yoga. Vicky and Eurídice, possibly piqued by the attention Luisa was getting, tried to join Dennis and the Travelling Man. But they weren't limber enough—not nearly. "Let's do aerobic dancing," said Eurídice, and for a while they jumped around, flailing their arms up and down, in a light that was becoming ever stronger and more golden.

We took a hike, and at the end of the trail—John had driven around to meet us—we hauled out the stoves and cooked omelettes with peppers, onions, and tomatoes on roofed tables provided by the federal government. Annie the Dowager ran around dumping tofu into everyone's pan, like it or not. David and I cooked with Luisa, and she told us that she was studying law in Madrid and had spent the first part of the summer taking history courses at Harvard. She was surprised that we had not heard of the courses, of her instructors, of the books that she had read. Her high-arched eyebrows were



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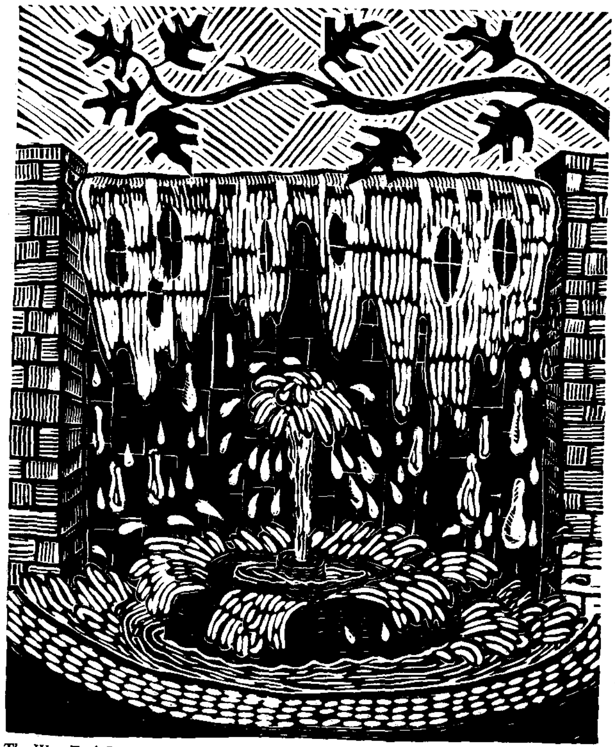

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plucked, her nose was straight and steep with a knob on the end, her lips were fine-cut and curly at the corners. I judged her to be a very well-collected twenty-two. The only giveaway of immaturity was her charmingly candid assumption that she was the smartest person on earth.

THE gray-gold prairie rolled to the spreading horizon; every so often, the billowing surface broke into a bit of Badlands. The air blowing in through the windows was dry and hot, and the atmosphere over the prairie was so clear that it hovered on the edge of mirage. Trees in the distance were black dots that looked like bison moving together in random formations at a grazing pace. Smaller dots were black Angus. John liked to talk as he drove, and he told me now that he had previously held a job as the driver of a school bus in upstate New York. I had never thought of bus-driving as a mission in life, but I believe that in his case it might be one. He had moved to upstate New York, he said, to live with a group of people who owned houses separately and property communally. He still owned a house there, and lived in it in the winter, when the cross-country trips were suspended. He didn't know if he would return. He had a lover in San Francisco now, a woman. "My first lover in a long time," he said. "I thought I wanted a guy for a lover, but it turns out I want a woman." John always spoke at the same pace, as if drifting on a river of thought that could not be speeded up. One could easily feel too aggressive when talking to him, or ludicrously efficient in one's style of conversation. He rarely developed a thought in a consistent way; his thoughts simply took shape in a listener's mind over the course of time. In this way, I had slowly absorbed John's picture of America as having two layers: the layer of the "establishment," where life was crude, materialistic, competitive, and brutally deprived; and his layer, where a good life was possible—a layer that was hidden in the establishment rather than removed from it, hidden the way the mushrooms that had been used by the Indians as hallucinogens were hidden in the photographic display at the Mississippi from anyone who didn't know what they were. Things Indian often occurred in John's conversation, until the Indian past, lodged in the landscape through which we travelled, became the most concrete image of the hidden good life. "The world is hidden in the world," he seemed to be saying: John was a natural Taoist. He viewed being a driver of the Green Tortoise as an opportunity to give people glimpses of the hidden world—hence the unflaggingly diligent yet unambitious way that he went about his work. A wistful but accepting air of loneliness seemed to be a permanent part of his being. He said that he often received proposals of cohabitation, and even marriage, from passengers. One woman, he said, continued to write to him though a year had passed since she took the trip. This phenomenon bothered him. He attributed it to the charisma that his position of authority conferred on him. On this trip, he was shadowed constantly by a woman with straight blond hair and an aspect of hardship. She had gone west on John's last trip, then decided to go round trip again. John said he had lent her the money to take the round trip, but I got the impression that at the time he hadn't understood her motive. When he drove, she usually sat next to him, straight-backed, in a shoulderless white dress with pink dots. She rarely spoke, and her expression of composed satisfaction never changed.

WE stopped at a hamlet where there was a bar with a false Old West front. Inside were two hefty ladies wearing cowboy hats—one red, one white—and gossiping vociferously across a scrawny man who sat sunk in his chair. All three were drinking what I learned was a mixture of beer and tomato juice called red beer. The man was lost in his own thoughts, but every so often, apropos of nothing, he would intone, "He died in her arms." "Shut up, Henry," the woman in the red hat would say; then she would go back to her gossiping. Most of us drank beer, served at a polar temperature, but Dennis, who was about to take the wheel, stood at the bar downing shots of Canadian Club. I mentioned this to John when we got back on the bus. John didn't rebuke Dennis; he simply kept the wheel, giving up his break without any sign of annoyance.

We drove on into the Black Hills, where the grasslands were tawny and partly forested with trees that looked like big, charcoal-colored tumbleweeds, where even in sunlight the landscape had a spooky darkness in it. Then we were on back roads, going much more slowly, with "Jailhouse Rock" pounding through the speakers,

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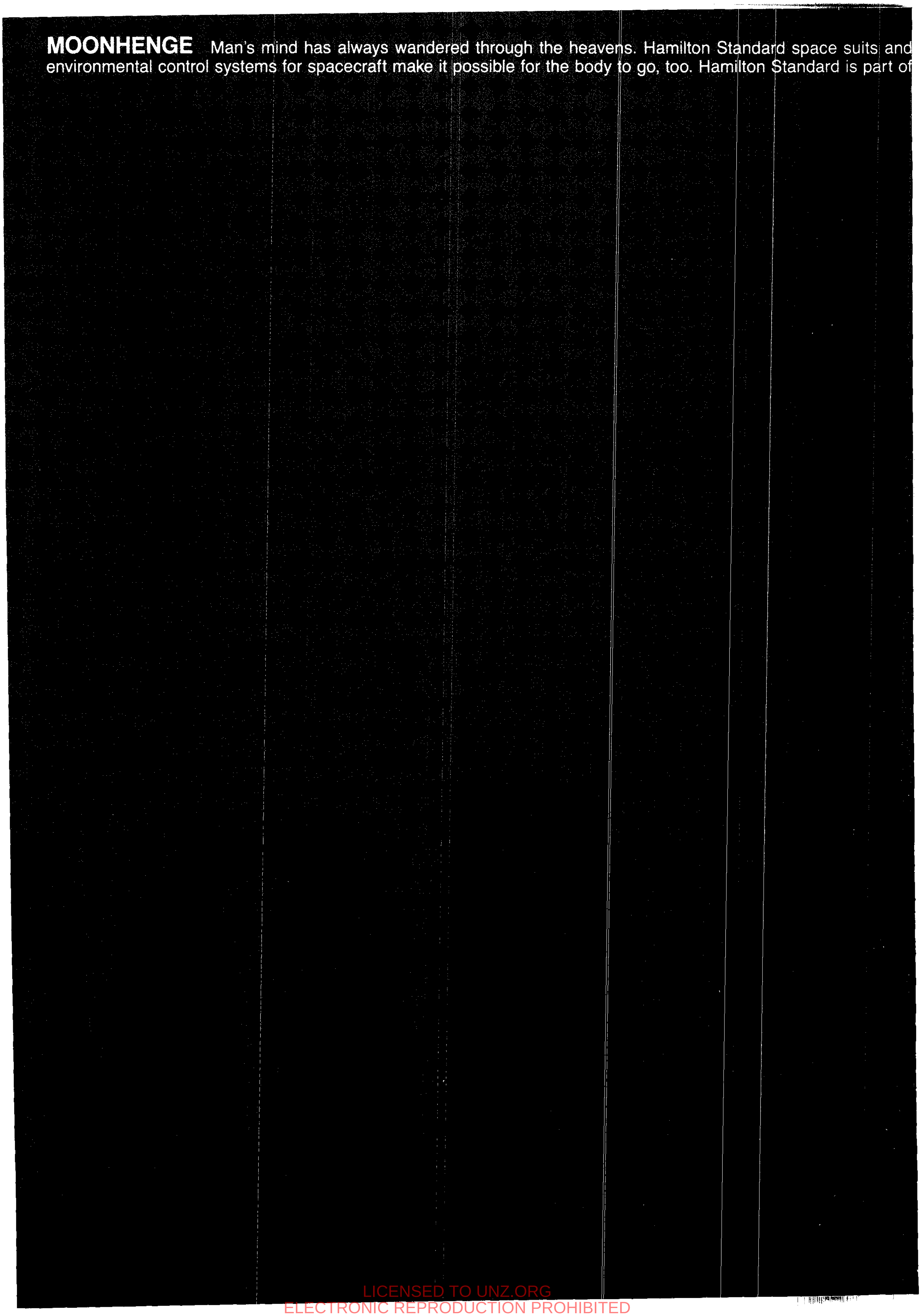

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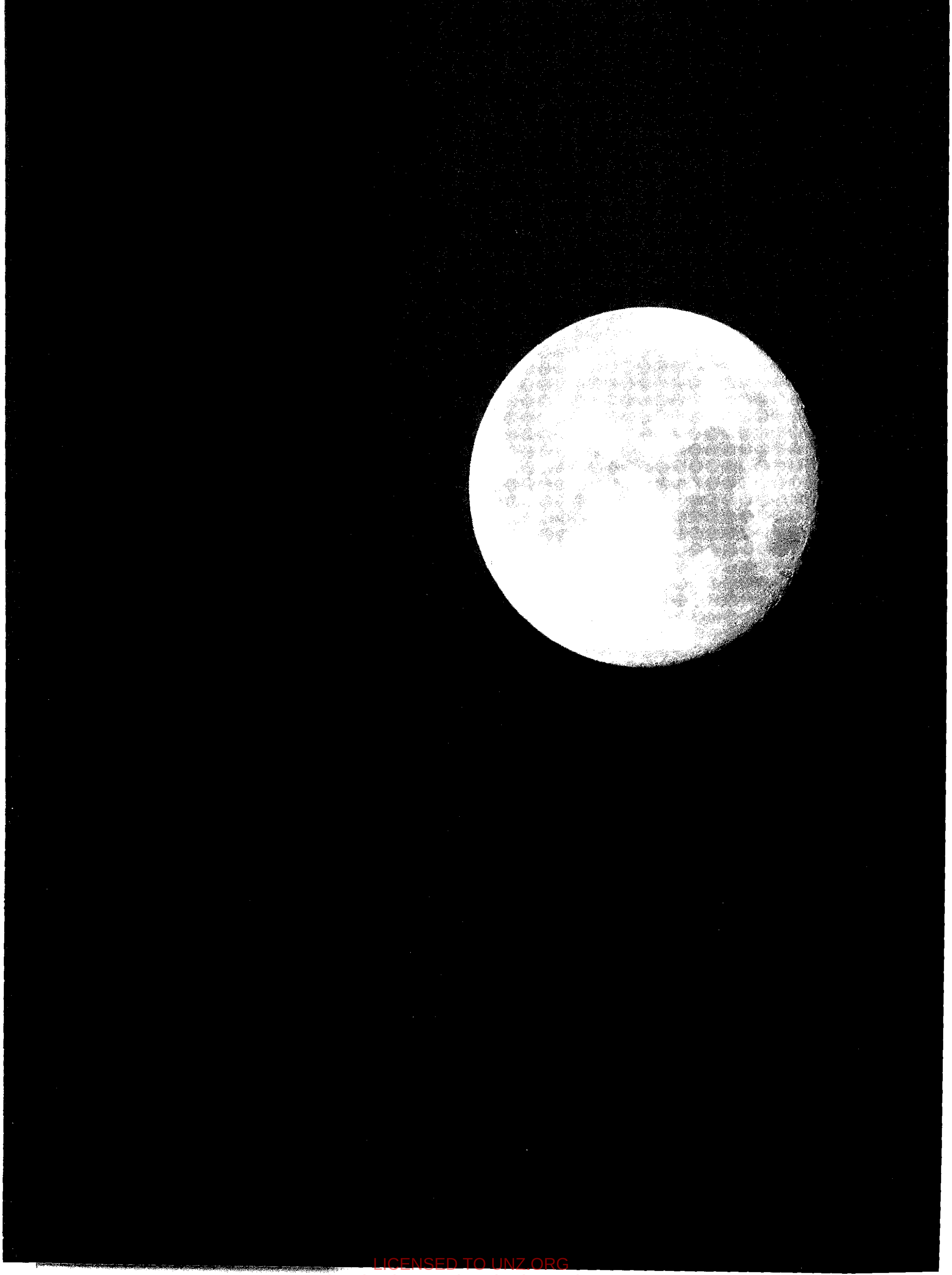

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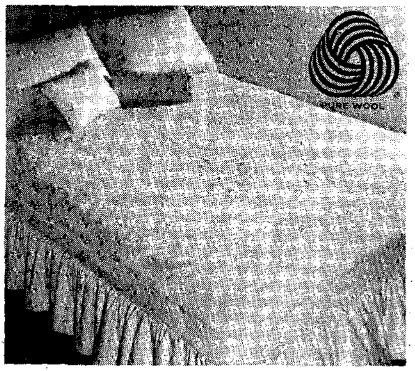
and then we were on a dirt road, raising dust. Along here, John pulled over and rose to give one of his little raps. "We'll be cooking dinner at a swimming hole up the road a way. There is a waterfall and a deep pool fed by a mineral spring that bubbles up out of the ground a short way above the spot. I think you'll like it. What I wanted to mention is that this swimming hole is frequented by Native Americans. It's a local family place, and we should probably think of ourselves as their guests, respect their culture. They might be upset if people went skinny-dipping." A bit farther on, we made a turn, a difficult one, onto something that was barely a road, and then the bus went down a steep little hill and stopped. Sometimes it was fun to drive into people's lives in the Green Tortoise, and sometimes it was not fun. The only people at the swimming hole were three very blond teen-age boys sitting on a rock above the waterfall. Their response to the appearance of the bus was to leap to their feet and, without looking our way, energetically comb their hair. This was fun. The sky was clouding over with pewters and nacres, wisps and powder puffs against dark gray and saffron—a sky that looked as if it were moving fast but was in fact almost still. The charcoal-and-tawny hills were supernaturally clear. A stream that had the silverish highlights of transparent ice travelled fast downhill, then over the falls into a black pool. The water, when I swam, was strong-tasting. One could swim behind the falls and look out through the veil. It was a jewel of a spot. Vicky came into the pool with a bottle of shampoo called Silkience, which looked very odd standing on a rock at the water's edge.

In the late afternoon, some Indians did arrive. The women sat in lawn chairs in the back of a pickup truck, the men stood around drinking beer, and brown butterball children swam in a spot above the falls where the water rushed over a large, flat rock. They would allow themselves to be pulled by the swift current down some tiny rapids, which brought them rather close to the falls, and one could tell by the way they did this that they knew every contour of the stone, every idiom of the current. We set up tables on a cliff overlooking the falls and prepared dinner, getting a big caldron steaming, and chopping and paring. Toward evening, the grassy part of the hills became the color of the mushrooms that we were chopping, and the trees looked so black that they seemed to be draining all the light out of the sky. A young man came by on a motorcycle; it was Annie who got the ride. Then it was dark and the stars came out, and just the glow from a pair of headlights way off in the hills was alarming at first, like the glow of a great fire. Our dinner—salad and something that John called Mushroom Stroganoff—was good, although there was something odd about eating so many mushrooms. The Indians accepted an invitation to join us, and stood stiffly beside the bus holding their plates and looking straight ahead as John worked hard to charm them. While I was watching this scene, behind them, in one of the bus windows, the heads of two small boys popped up. I recognized one, but they both had round faces and eager brown eyes that snapped even in the dark. One of the things that I noticed on the trip was that wherever children are, and whatever is going on around them, they attend to the primary business of being children—in which, everywhere, they are allies.

It was late when we got back on the bus, and the group was weary, but Frances, on this night, her last—we were due in Denver in the morning—wanted to party. One could say that she demanded to be celebrated. She recruited a small band, who dutifully drank beers and caroused as best they could, but the merriment came in waves, interspersed with lengthening periods of inactivity. One by one, they dropped off, until only Frances was left, nodding over her beer, and at last she, too, fell asleep, and I was able to reach up and turn down the volume on the speaker above her head. We rolled on in the Nebraska dark. In the morning, we caught a wheaty corner of Wyoming, bright under a gray dawn sky, and then drove through Colorado rangeland parallel to the Rockies, which appeared like a wall, with hardly any foothills to soften the transition from the plain. Leslie was smoking her joint. For the last day and a half, she had been having seizures of indecision about whether or not to get off in Denver and take the Greyhound home to San Francisco. "I have work to do—I don't need a vacation now," she would say, as if we were forcing her to take one. She could get quite furious, in an impassive way. "The children have to start school," she



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would say. Now, with the critical moment approaching, she just smoked her joint and stared. Frances, meanwhile, was collecting her things, involving everyone she could in the process. She had an air of abandon, and looked pretty, with one lock falling over her eye. She asked the Travelling Man for a piece of clothing that lay near him, and then said, "Not that one, the other one, Scrotum-Face." This elicited from the Travelling Man the only spontaneous, genuinely animated response that I saw in the course of the trip. "Scrotum-Face!" he said, lighting up.

We pulled into Denver, where Frances and Fred and Joan debarked, and so did Daisy, who was talking rather incoherently at the top of her lungs. On the sidewalk, a ceremony of heartbroken hugs and fervent exchanges of addresses took place between people some of whom had up to that point been barely more than acquaintances. Then Leslie, with the glazed air of someone about to jump off a cliff, decided to go, too. She haggled hard with John on the street about a refund, then made a mad effort to collect the family's belongings (not successfully, for they surfaced throughout the rest of the trip), embraced me and others passionately, and ran off pell-mell to Greyhound. We gained a passenger in Denver—Luisa's older brother, Andrés. He had the same suddenly turned-up-at-the-corners mouth, giving him a permanent little smile, and the same steep, straight nose with a knob on the end. Even on the Green Tortoise, the two of them seemed solidly situated. They conjured a sixteenth-century portrait: Andrés standing, Luisa sitting, both snug and worldly in a lively way, before a window through which one could see a fine provincial city on a hill. As we passed through downtown Denver, the tall modern office buildings in a light smog conveyed a flow of money, but that was all.

WITH Denver behind us, we began to climb immediately, in a heavily labored way. The face of the Rockies bristled with tall, skinny pines, whose polelike trunks and spindly branches showed through sparse black needles, looking like mackerel skeletons. Cold blew in through the windows. Then the mountain became steeper, and the pines more extreme—eel skeletons. Near the top was a tunnel, and when we came out of it we

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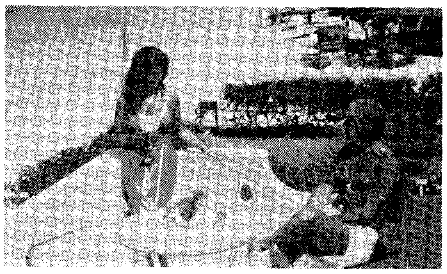

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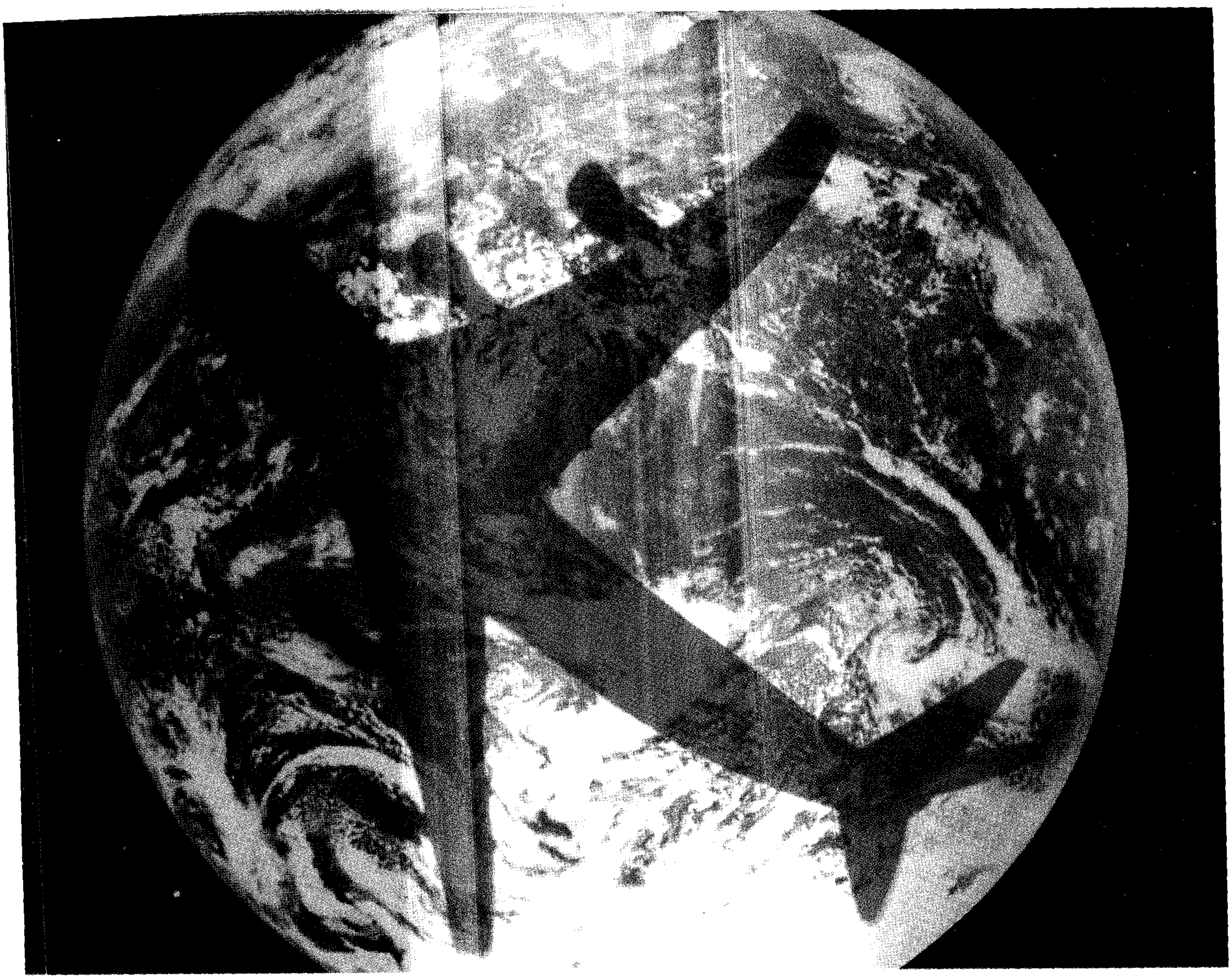

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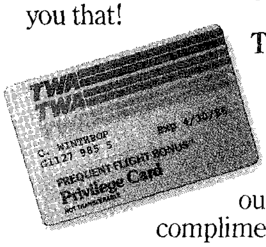

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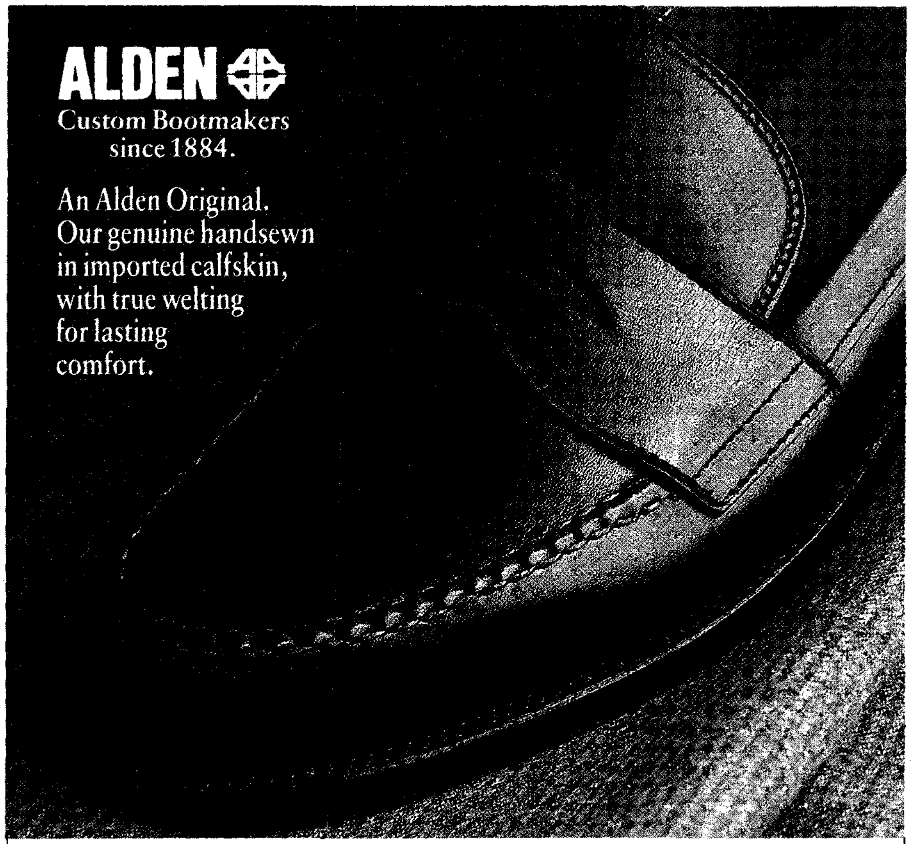
were on the western side of the Continental Divide.

As we started down into the heart of the range, the mood in the bus was happy. The unsentimental colors—the green-black of the pines, the white-barked aspen, the salmon-and-ash rockslides under the high, stormy sky—were bracing. Here the terrain was not susceptible to interstate-highway homogenization: the road was a tiny thing, and we crawled along it, either because the ascent was almost too much for the motor or because the brakes wouldn't hold if we gathered momentum going down. John, I noticed gratefully, was driving in his most careful, attentive way. On the tape deck, Bruce Springsteen was singing, in his raunchy, masculine voice, with a wide-flung, hard-hitting, slightly syncopated rhythm, and the mountains seemed to be dancing: a massive dance, all in the shoulders—way to the left, way to the right, way, way over to the left, a short dodge to the right. Around me, flickers of flirtation sprouted, and this was greatly cheering, for I had been dismayed by the absence of romantic sparks on the bus. (Before I embarked, my fears had been in another direction.) Now a youngish American woman who was remarkably silent and self-contained, a small-bodied woman with a dancer's posture and a permanent Mona Lisa smile, had, through wiles I could not guess at, lured the Travelling Man into her vicinity—had actually elicited from *him* a mild attentive effort. In a no less formidable feat, one of the English lads had drawn a smile from American Gwen. He had asked if he might sit next to her—a touching courtesy, given conditions on the bus. These firefly happenings yielded a merry warmth. Something was afoot.

Toward evening, the red-and-black cliffs of Glenwood Canyon were suddenly closeup, on both sides, extending out of the range of vision. The cliffs could hardly be seen from the bus at all, unless one lay down and looked upward, or sat on the steps in front and looked up out of the windows in the door. The Colorado River, greenish white and opaque, boiled along with furious energy in the same direction as the bus, barely more than a stream but nevertheless leaving only just enough room on the floor of the gorge for the road, squeezed between riverbank and cliff on one side, and a railroad track, squeezed likewise on the other. Midway through the gorge, a train appeared, going in the op-



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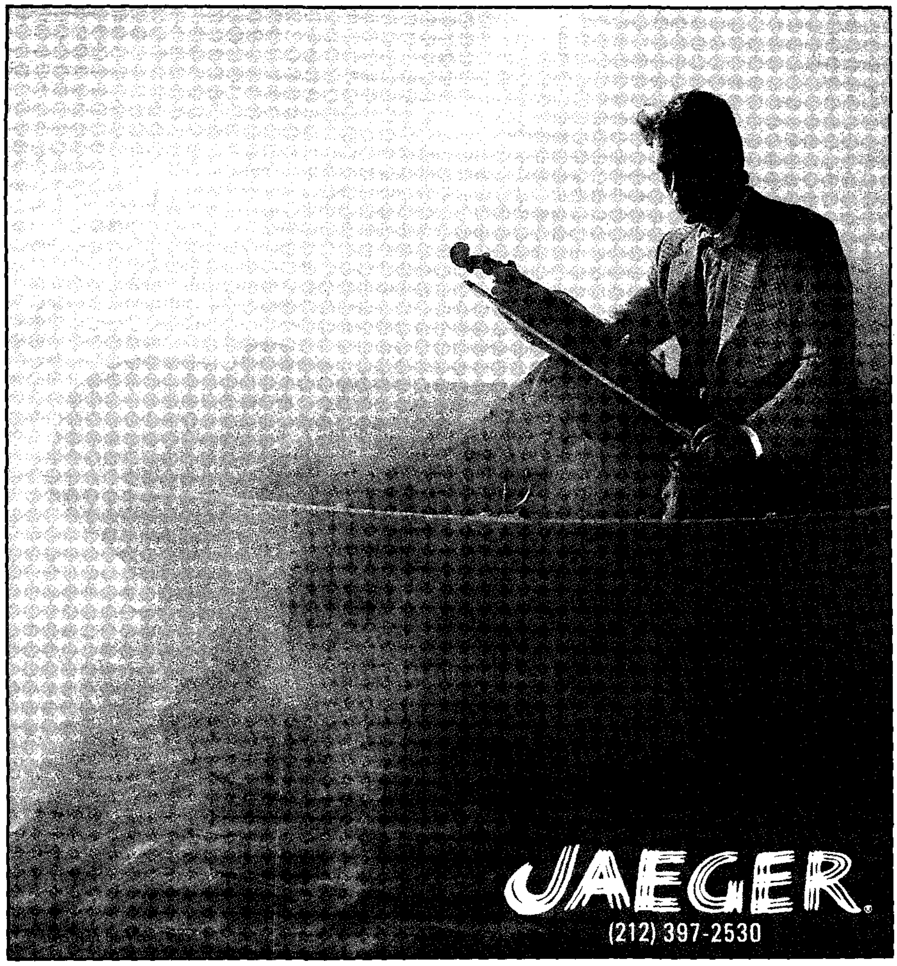

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posite direction, whereupon John said, "That's one of the most famous pieces of track in the world."

Vicky, who was alert to the fact that there was something to be alert to here in the gorge, but, as usual, wasn't sure just what exactly, or how to react, pounced on this remark. "Why?" she said, in an outraged way. Vicky did not understand that the track was famous because of the landscape it passed through. She thought John was referring to the pieces of steel in the track. The tone in which she said "Why?" conveyed the message that although she might be confused about many things, this was a matter about which she could be certain. She was certain that it was absurd to claim that one piece of steel track was more notable than another—much less "famous"—and on this she was prepared to stand her ground.

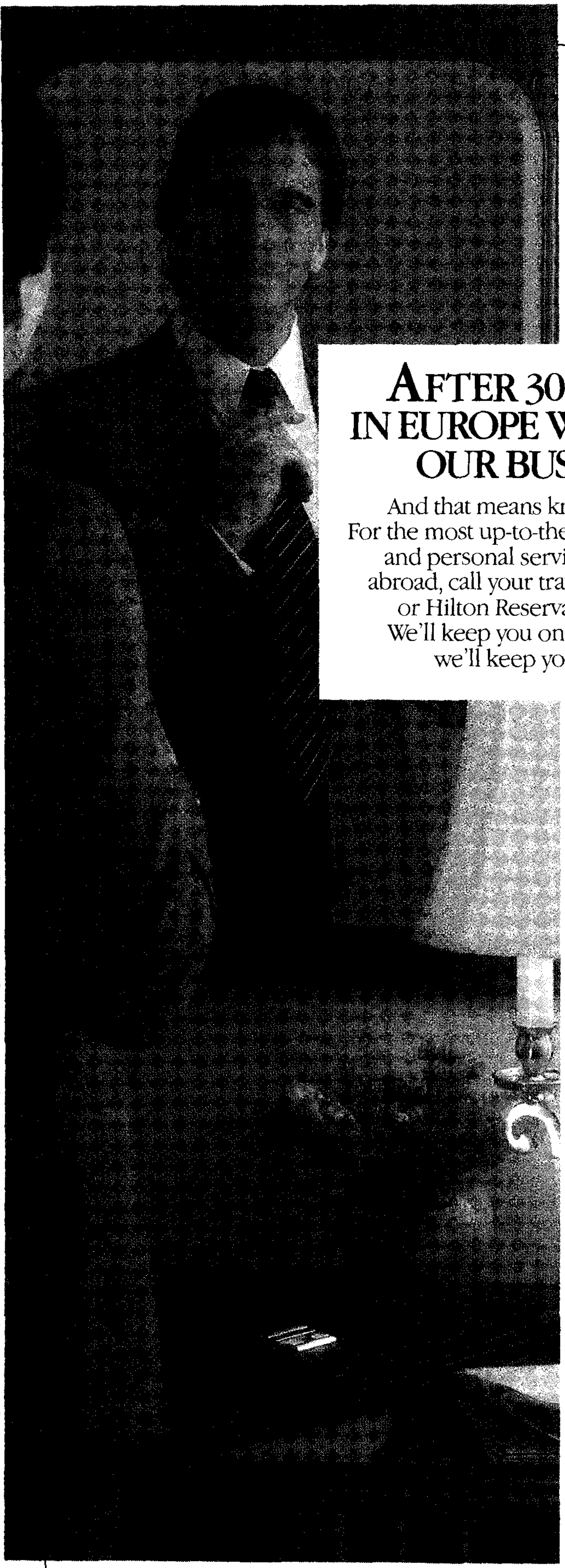
The sky had come down close, darkening the twilight, and it looked like rain any minute when we turned into a place that offered raft rides down the river. Two guides were waiting for us, long past their working hours.

"Ho, ho! Had any accidents yet?" said one.

"Usually *something* has happened by the time that Tortoise gets here," said the other.

"Yeah, the last time, that Tortoise limped in here in real bad shape. The driver put it into a ditch somewhere in the Black Hills." Blond, muscular, smiling, not an ounce of fat on their bodies, not a gram of the feminine element in their natures, they were a purely Western species of young man.

It was clear that using oars to steer a raft full of people down the rapids of the Colorado River took enormous strength, but the fellow steering the one I was in chatted on in a normal voice. With the road, the tracks, and big pylons carrying electric wires, the gorge was a busy place, but from the perspective of the raft this busyness receded and there was only the boiling river and the cliffs overhead against a rain-heavy sky. The raft travelled fast, fishtailing, hovering over small falls, then diving implausibly. Once in a while, a fat drop of rain would splat on my body, with a kind of sweet intimacy that seemed out of place in this situation. Once in a while, automobile fumes reached me on the river with another kind of intimacy. Andrés was ashen. Skydiving came up, and Pamela said that she had jumped out



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of a plane. Pamela had an informative way of speaking, clear and exactly pronounced, each word separately balanced, and the words slowing as the end of a sentence neared. Now, on the rapids of the Colorado River, she related her skydiving adventure, beginning with the first day of the program, which had consisted of on-the-ground instructions. When the rapids became calmer, the guide said it was safe to hop over and float along in our life preservers, and I did, watching the cliffs swing this way and that above me in falling darkness. Toward the end, I saw the pylons stalk right up a vertical cliff and disappear over the top.

That evening, we cooked a Mexican meal in the dark by the river. I think we all felt very deeply into our trip, and were bound together by it without forced communality. The group fell into easygoing, natural patterns, some of its members disappearing into the night, some sitting around at the table for a long time after supper. As the darkness became thicker, and the cliffs disappeared, the river became a dull whitish gleam that seemed to assert its importance ever more forcefully with a growing noisiness. Luisa asked me if I had taken Julian down the rapids, and when I said that that was much too dangerous she said I was wrong, I should have taken him, for then he would be the sort of person who was not afraid of anything. This was not the first time that Luisa had confused her own needs with the needs of a three-year-old. As for herself, she said, she had been disappointed. She had expected the rapids to get rougher, but instead they had got tamer. Luisa longed for a challenge against which to test her mettle. The United States of America was letting Luisa down.

ONCE again, we crossed a border during the night: somewhere along the way, the huge rationality of the Rockies was tossed up in the air. The landscape in the Utah dawn was a strewn one—scatterings of boulders the size of Eastern hills; towers of rock that thrust through the flat desert at random angles, like an altogether different landscape trying to get through; a mesa, formally striated and gathered at the top in bunches, like an elegant evening skirt that had been set down at random from outer space. The people around me on the bus were half awake. I saw them as a basket of kittens. Across from me, in Annie's face, the Dowager had departed, leaving what could have been a corn-fed American girl.

We passed through some valleys that were barely one step up from sagebrush: small hayfields, stunted corn, scraggly sheep, trailers, and houses just a notch above trailers, surrounded by tumbledown outbuildings. All man-made things looked dinky and extraneous here—little more than makeshift shelters for a life of struggle. What topsoil there was lay thin on a hardpan of poverty. We drove along a river that was barely a trickle in the mud, with thin cows munching sparse grass on the banks, and long-lined plateaus that fell into a kind of order in the distance; then into fog, where gray rocks reared upward and small, dark pines were fat dots amid the blur of sagebrush. Here and there, the gray-green sage was caught in a spotlight of sun; here and there, a brilliant-blue sky would show through a hole in the fog. We went past a large field of black-eyed Susans, and then we were out of the fog in a wide place under perfect white clouds in a perfect sky. Then we came into a kind of pine barrens where the soil was red and the red rock formations looked as if they'd been formed by a huge child dripping mud into towers. Sitar music was playing on the tape deck.

John pulled over to the side of the road and announced that we were near the entrance to Bryce Canyon National Park. "So it's time to introduce you to the scrunch," he said. The scrunch turned out to be a maneuver in which most of the people on the bus crouched in the aisle or hid themselves under sleeping bags. This, John said, would make us look more like a family than a business operation, and cut down on the admission charge. He suggested that David, Julian, and I, being familylike, remain visible. John added that the last time he was at Bryce the ranger at the gate had later come across the group, full-fledged, inside the park, and had not been pleased. "So they may know us," he said. "It might not work. But it's worth trying."

We passed through the gate without incident, but when we stopped within the park John's mood had changed noticeably for the worse. He said that we were late, and blamed this on our slowness at rest stops—a charge that did not seem warranted. He made us feel guilty by letting us see that he was disappointed. He said that because we were late we would not be able to take a hike in the canyon before breakfast, and afterward it would be too hot—as if this hurt him, not us—and, besides, there wouldn't be enough time. Bryce Canyon was one of the best parts of the trip, he said bitterly, almost to himself. Shortly thereafter, I found him outside the bus. John's discourse always had the quality of a Klee painting—of stray lines and images that somehow came together into a composition that made sense. John in high dudgeon was no exception: even his dudgeon was passive, vague, and semi-verbal. But the over-all message was vivid. The message was that the Grand Canyon was vulgar, overtouted, second-rate. That the Green Tortoise had to keep this phony attraction on its itinerary just because people had been duped by publicity was offensive and debasing. Worse, it required a long detour, distorting the design of the trip. But, even worse than that, because of this capitulation to ignorance and poor taste the stop at Bryce Canyon, which offered an experience that was superior to that offered by the Grand Canyon in every way, had to be cut short. The poor old Grand Canyon, thought I, venturing timidly that I had rather looked forward to seeing it. John sighed disgustedly and turned away, and then, even though Dennis—whose turn it was to supervise breakfast—was lounging under a tree in a luxurious way, smoking, and showing no sign of any intention of doing anything else, he just went to bed.

On the far side of the Rockies, the missionary element in the Green Tortoise enterprise began to emerge—though always in Klee-like form. Yet it was not until I had long conversations with Gardner Kent and Rex, the New York agent, that the philosophical outline came together—a peculiar mixture of sybaritic mysticism and puritanical notions about character building, of communal piety and raw capitalism. But of that more later. One could not, in truth, deduce this philosophy from the trip itself, except that there had to be *something* that kept this long journey in an old bus stuffed with kids from being a nightmare. What I gathered of this philosophy from the trip came largely through my impressions of John, with his selfless attitudes toward service and his aesthetic of place. The aesthetic had to do with kinds of places, and how best to be in them, and it was passionate. John impressed me as believing that certain spots could reach out and touch people in a way that was transforming.

My mode of appreciation at Bryce Canyon was not the Green Tortoise

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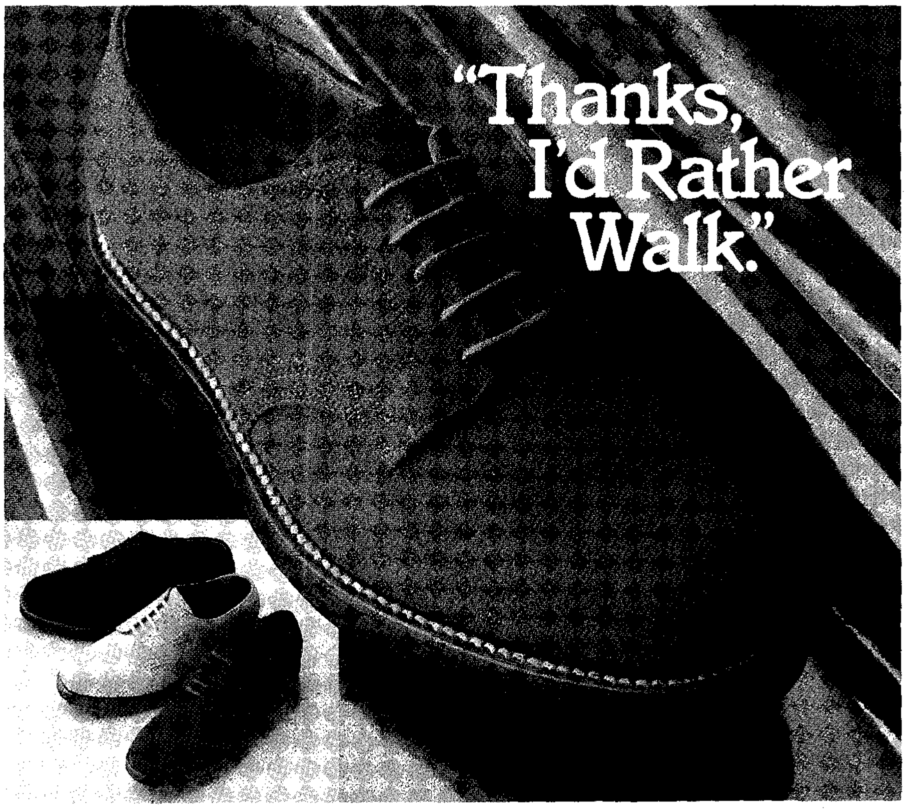

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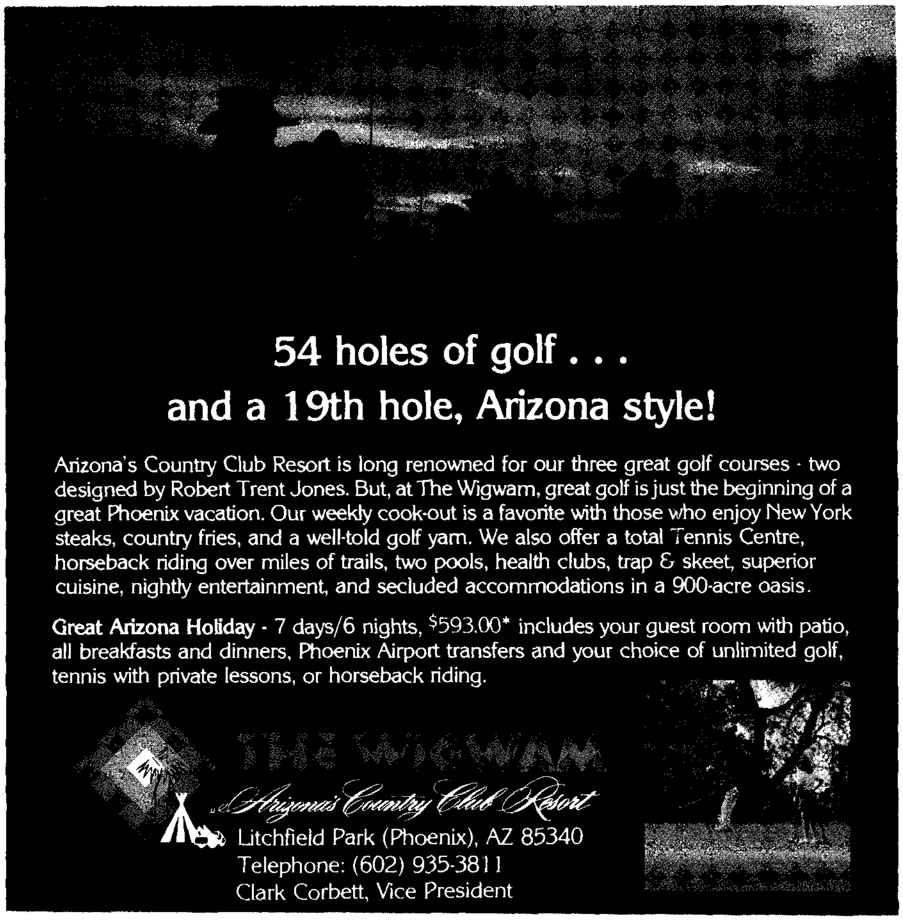
mode—it was the harassed one of the old woman who lived in a shoe, because, as things turned out (Dennis *and* John having abdicated), it fell to me that morning to figure out how to cook blueberry pancakes for thirty-seven people at a reasonable speed on burners that did not give off a high heat. My deputy was Malcolm, one of the English boys, whose idea was to fill the skillets to the brim with batter and then wallop the sodden mass vigorously. Malcolm was pure lad. When, an hour and a half later, I finally did get to walk the fifty feet to the edge of the canyon, it was briskly, with a sense of time running out. One cannot see anything until one is right at the rim. The landscape beyond is a wide, wide blue-green plateau, riddled with blue-gray canyons; the colors of Bryce and the weird formations with which it is forested are cotton-candy pink, pink-orange, Kool-Aid orange, bone white, and salmon. Among the formations are dream versions of turrets, towers, spires, and columns, some carved by water to an Oriental intricacy, others with a decadently ornamental character. There are phalanxes of walls jutting out from the side of the canyon, and parades of ziggurats along it, adding a martial note. All are ruinlike in one way or another, all are incomplete and decaying—and there is an added awfulness in the look in some formations of dolorous, beasty flesh sagging on spines, in others of creaturely forms reduced to near the skeleton stage. The formations give an impression of writhing. Bryce looks like a limbo into which all civilization has been cast to endure a living death. Bryce is very beautiful.

Across the canyon, a great plateau presided with supreme composure over this limbo. Softened by distance, the colors of the plateau were face-powder colors, and it had the look of a great basilica, but forward-looking, prowlike. When I first saw it, the plateau had an into-the-wind look, as if time or some other invisible substance were rushing past it. For a while, I needed to escape from vastness, and turned my attention to rocks and wildflowers underfoot: when I looked up, the plateau had taken on a shadowless calm, as if the invisible rushing element had been stilled by its power. The formations of the canyon had stopped writhing, too; noon was for them a respite. A little way up the rim, on a small paved and railed projection facing the plateau, was Eurídice. The only moving thing in the supernal stillness, her gestures suggested the energetic supplication of a panicked devotee. Panicked she was. She had confided to me that morning that in Los Angeles there was a man. She would have only a week to take a crack at him—after that, he was going away. However, though Los Angeles drew relentlessly closer, Eurídice had remained plump. She was doing aerobic exercises, extra fast.

WE were forced to leave Bryce sooner than John wanted because the coming night was a camp-out night and we had to reach our destination before dark. This turned out to be not the Grand Canyon itself but a forest-cupped meadow on a nearby plateau. Our meadow ran to the very edge of an abrupt drop—a fjordlike formation. The other side of the formation was close to us—its wall cool and hard-looking in contrast to the soft reddish stone we had seen so much of. It was striped horizontally in black and white and handsomely tonsured with deep-green pine. The little meadow was extremely close-cropped—by heifers that roamed loose in the forest. It was spotted with brilliant wildflowers that clung to the ground and strewn with fossil-like white stones speckled with black and green lichens. John was happy here, in the peaceful and accepting way of someone who has weathered a crisis. He seemed to have passed through a barrier into a state of sublime good will. The meadow was indeed a Johnish spot. There were no distractions; it was the sort of place that reaches out and touches sharply and directly. It was not spectacular, but it was first-class in aesthetic terms, and we had a fresh surprise and feeling of privacy in discovering ourselves there—a little sense of privilege, of benefitting from the insider knowledge of special spots accumulated over the years by Green Tortoise scouts. It gave John vocational pleasure to take us there. The connoisseurship of place that enabled him to do so was not diminished by the spot's overlooking a national park; on the contrary, knowledge of the secrets of national parks is a source of Green Tortoise pride: again, they are perfect correlatives of the mushrooms in the photographic display. "One of the important things that we do is introduce people to the national parks," Gardner Kent told me later, startling me by his tone of Rotarian boosterism. "The national parks are one of the great glories of America, and, except for a few



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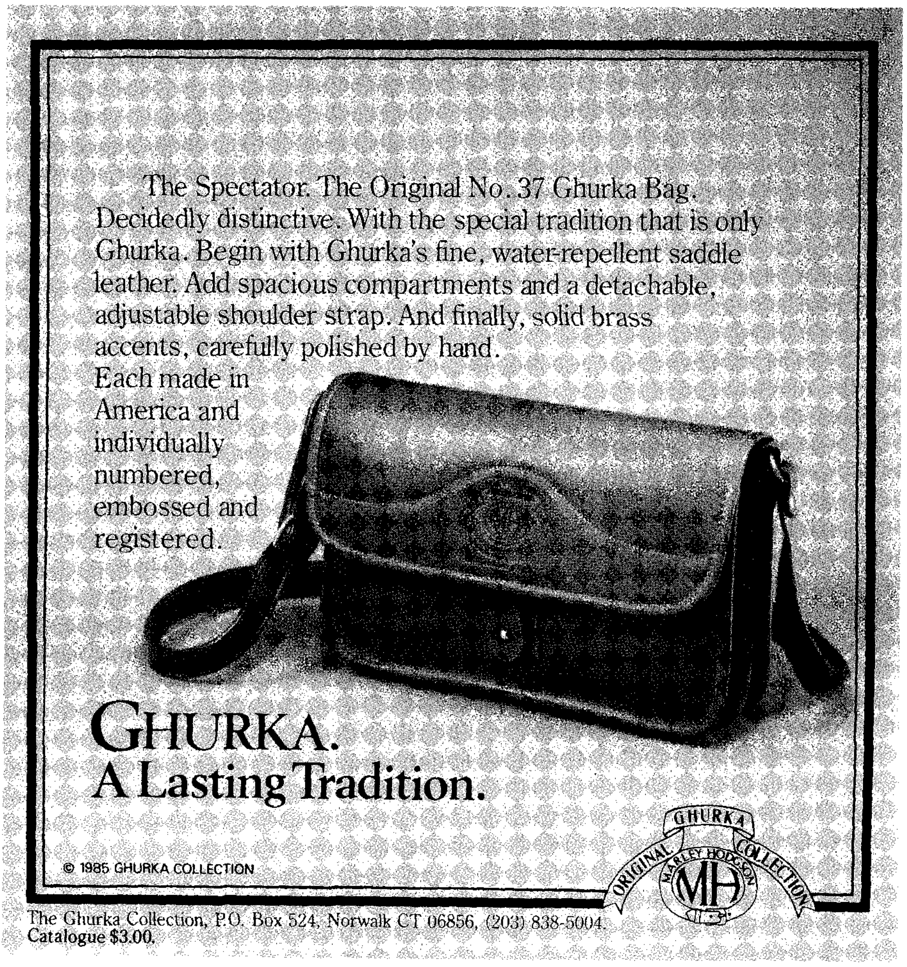

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obvious ones, they are way underused."

We set up caldrons and cooked a Sargasso Sea of vegetable soup. This took us into the night. After dinner, we built a bonfire, and when we had settled around it John appeared from the bus with two bottles of tequila and a breadboard on which were a heap of salt and slices of lemon. He passed this from one person to the next, bending one knee as he served, and carefully explaining to each person how to dip the lemon in salt and bite into it after a swig of tequila. He didn't take any himself. His face was blue-white, his hair more ragged than ever. He served the tequila to help fan a spirit of festivity, but it didn't work. Something was wrong. The group around the bonfire had become strangely miscellaneous in mood. Everyone was shy, and a sad little deadness weighed on the occasion. One of the lads tried to bring the speakers out of the bus, and I saw John quietly foil him. So that was the missing ingredient. Amora produced a silver flute and began to play some melodies that were sweet but hardly strong enough to hold the attention of thirty-seven people in this fragile moment. Dennis, meanwhile, set up a camera on a tripod inside the circle and began to consider out loud how to photograph Amora, asking people how he could capture the flicker of the flame on the flute with his camera. Many times, he declared how superb his photograph would be on Green Tortoise promotional material. Because of this project, Amora was forced to repeat her repertoire several times. When Dennis was finally done, several often conflicting attempts at song were launched. We could not even get through "Clementine." Rhythm, too, was abysmal, but since we couldn't sing together our music, perforce, became all percussion.

Then Eurídice roused herself from her customary languor and took hold of the maracas. With a forceful, expert beat, she tried to pull the whole dreadful rhythm section along with her. As she did this, she danced with compressed energy, and very sexily. The other performers lumbered along behind the beat she set, making a hash of it. But she persisted, trying to teach, trying to inspire. She was uncontemptuous. She was kind. The Travelling Man was particularly abysmal, yet I saw her make sure he had his turn at the various instruments, saw her nod at him in encouragement. For long periods, she seemed to hold off chaos

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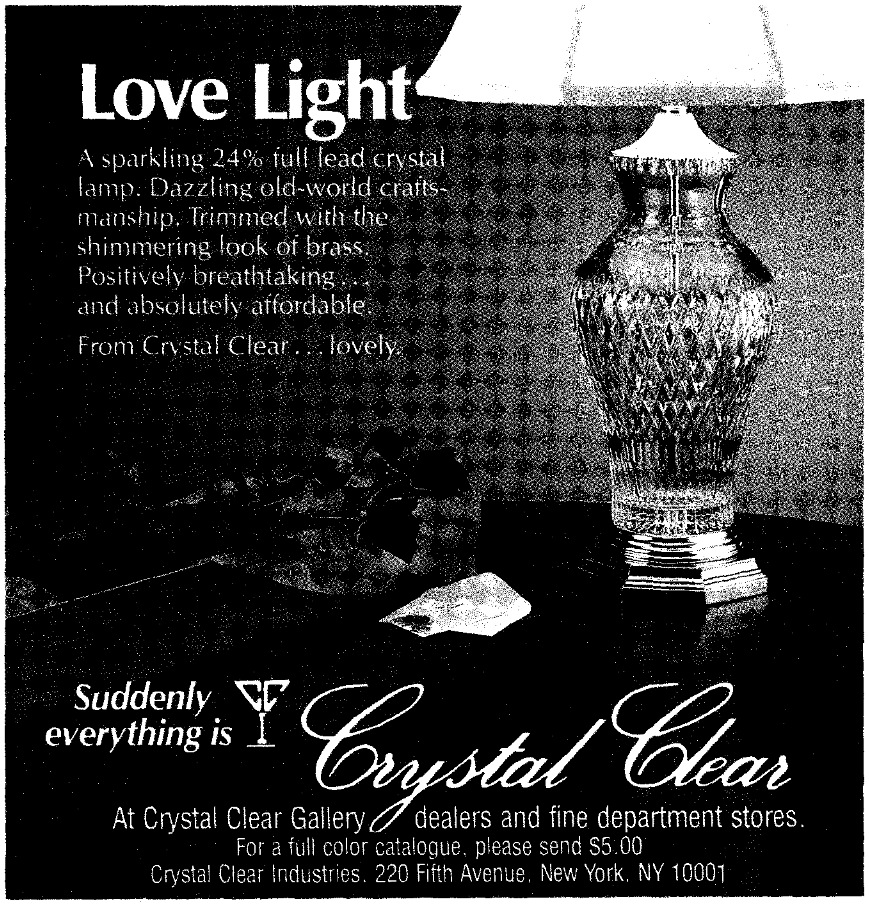

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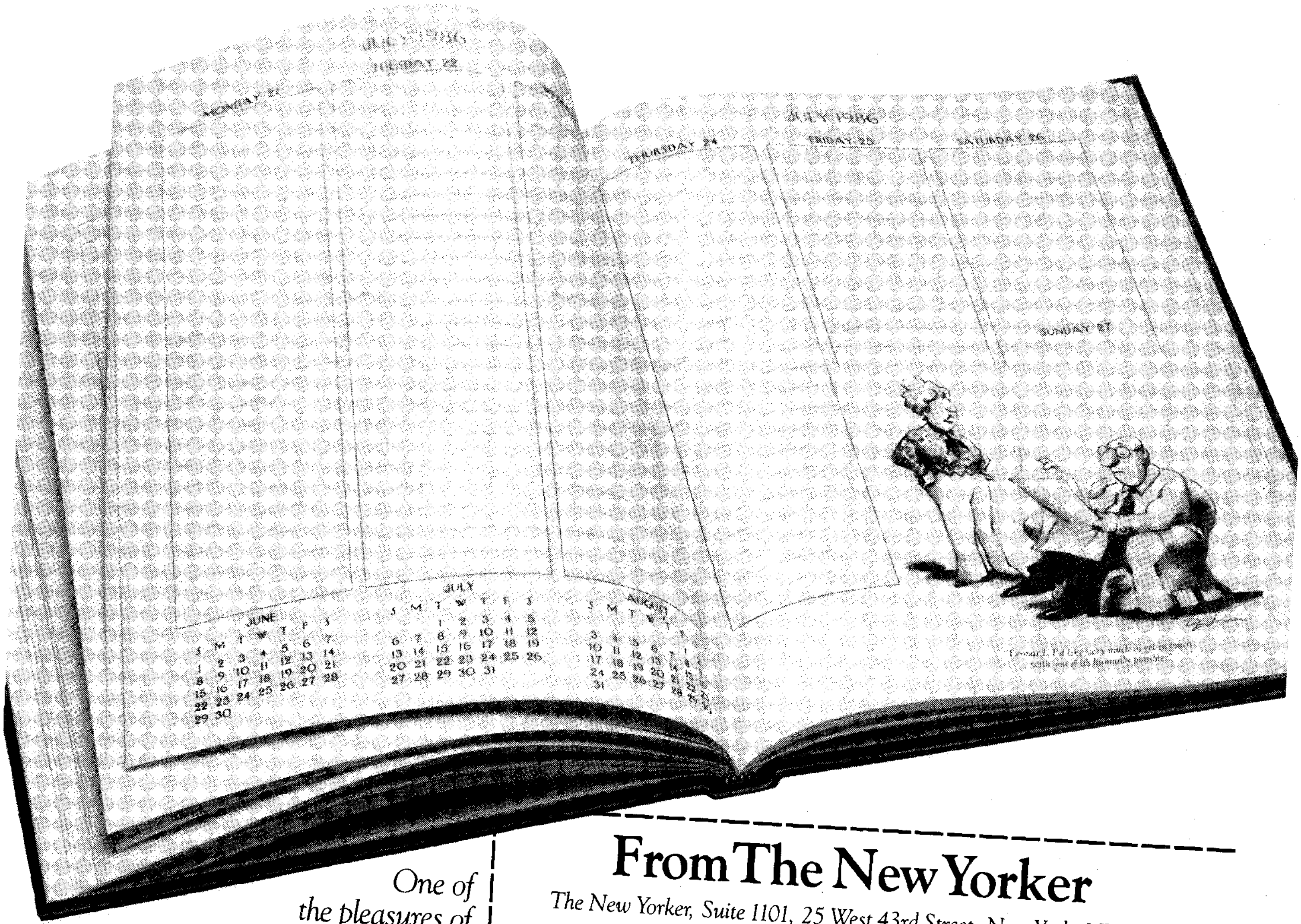
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only by the vigor of her dancing. But she got it going. She got the whole conglomeration taut and vibrating. In a spectacular imperialism of rhythm, the little island of Puerto Rico seduced the stodgy North American continent, fastidious Europe, and the damp British Isles, right up to stony Scotland, into a tropical pulse.

The next morning, we woke under evergreens in a gray dawn light, ate breakfast quickly, and headed for John's bête noire. Across from me in the bus, Eurídice and the Travelling Man were entwined in each other's arms. This put her tour de force of the night before in a new light. With one sprint from far behind, this languorous young woman had left her competitors in the dust. Reggae was playing. The entire approach to the Grand Canyon, from Bryce to the short journey that morning, was accompanied by reggae. Stubborn, fibrous reggae, with its paradoxical combination of the spirits of war and peace, goes with a view of the world from a place a little bit lost to the world, away from the big landmasses and the drama of power they generate. In the night, the continent might have swayed to an island rhythm, but, recalled to itself, in the daylight it held firm and aloof. We approached the Grand Canyon to a drumbeat of militant marginality.

This was brave, but when we got there the Green Tortoise as a little society with an identity that set it apart went out of existence. At the north rim of the Grand Canyon, there is a rustic-luxurious lodge and restaurant, with appendages where one can buy snacks, sodas, gimcracks galore, and lots and lots of Kodak film, and then, below the lodge, overlooking the Canyon, there is a short paved walk with a few spurs off it—little dead-end extensions. I have since learned that there are a number of moderate hikes one can take from there, but John didn't tell us about them. He gave us the impression that the only alternative was a hike to the bottom of the Canyon, an expedition that would take three days. Then he disappeared. This left us in a seemingly intractable situation in which all we could do was spend money and stare at the Canyon; in which there was no leeway for improvisation by insiders-of-place in the Green Tortoise fashion. Under these circumstances, we were reduced to a painful equality with a Trailways tour. We drifted out of the parking lot with cameras just like the other tourists, and by the time we got to the

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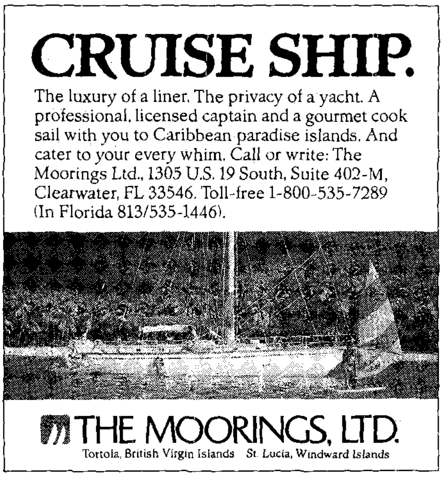
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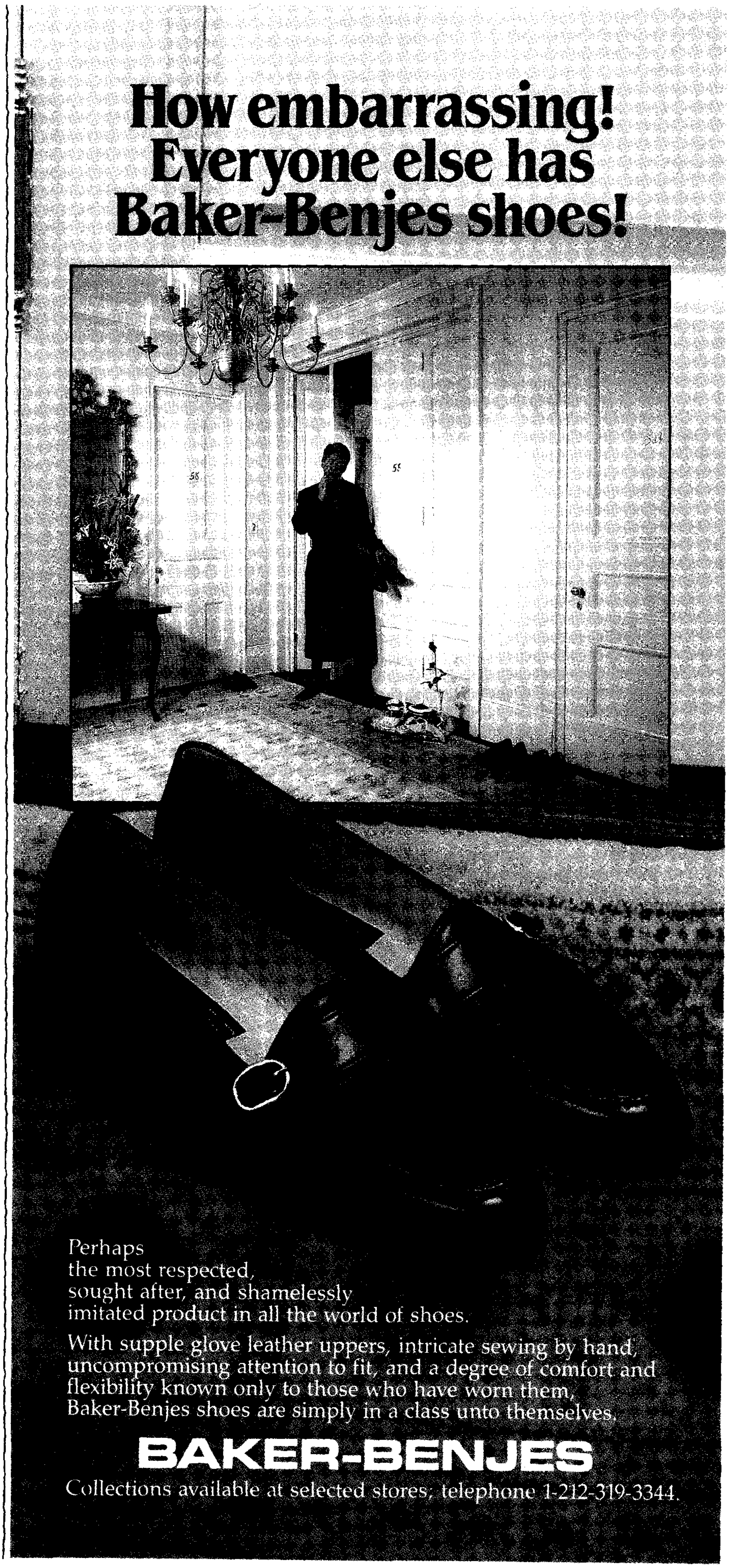
overlook we had ceased even to be a group, because staring at the Grand Canyon is not something you can do *with* others. Nor did the Travelling Man out on a ledge in the lotus position and Luisa on top of the perilously overhanging boulder she found to climb distinguish themselves by these antics, or seem to get spiritually closer to the Canyon than the people gaping at the railing.

You can't see the bottom of the Canyon from where we were—it's too deep. And you can't even grasp the over-all formation as it continues away from you—it's too large. What you see is parts—parts of red cliffs that are sectioned into round protrusions. These are tiered like slopes in a place where every inch of land is cultivated, and are splayed downward and outward like the prows of aircraft carriers. The shapes seem independent of each other; they are massive yet seem to float—they float in a dumbfounding silence that seems to have taken on a material, buoying nature. The silence and the mote-gray light, which hides as much as reveals the cliffs, seem to be one and the same. The cliffs seem to move. They have the purposeful look of an armada concluding a rendezvous at a glacial pace. Those tiered surfaces also look like the roofs of Oriental temples. At one point, I looked down on another part of the walk, where I saw a middle-aged man in a Hawaiian shirt standing at the railing. Two teen-age girls passed behind him. When they were a few yards beyond, he yawned—a vocal yawn, a great aria—and the girls jerked around and began to rush back, evidently having mistaken the yawn for the eerie cry of one who had plunged into the abyss. Another way to describe the Canyon is that it provokes an intense desire to sleep. One wants to lie down right there on the paved walk and go sound asleep. The thought of the river at the bottom—just the thought of the river threading, flowing down there—seemed more real than what I saw; the thought sent a shock through my nervous system. I pondered some guides who were heading for the lodge with a bored swagger that proclaimed that by now—by August—they knew the Canyon like an old shoe.

At the Grand Canyon, we left the young man whose T-shirt read "I MADE IT WITH PERNOD." This fellow had throughout the trip tried in vain to make friends, get a girl, be one of the gang. He had done this with the air of someone following advice in a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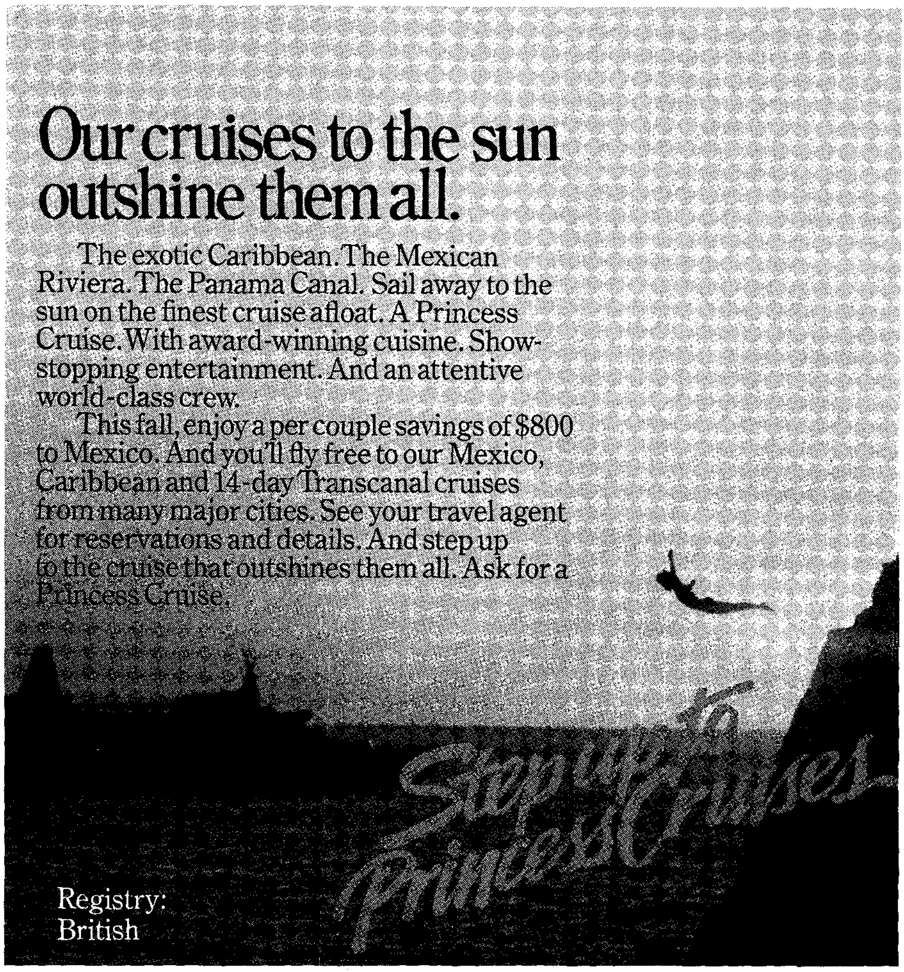
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book, and by the time we left him he had become embittered, with the air of someone who has been cheated and betrayed. One eye ever on his invisible handbook, he had seemed a teacher's pet in search of a teacher. But I had overheard a number of his overtures, and in each of them basic facts about himself, such as where he lived and where he was going and what he would do when he got there, changed. His self-portrait captured his physical quality of being made of disparate parts, like a marionette. He said he would hitchhike to his destination. He said this manfully, brushing aside our doubts and concerns, which, after all, did come rather late. So we left him at a gas station in the park. As we pulled away, I spotted him standing there in his T-shirt with a determined look of injury—of disaster, really—on his face.

WE drove back toward Utah. Descending from the Arizona mountains, we saw beyond a sagebrush plain the plateaus of Utah arrayed across the horizon, like stilled breakers. Even the lidded and chopped-up view from inside the Green Tortoise could not damage the width of the vista. In one spot was a discreet rainstorm, in another a little dust storm. To the left, to the western side, where the sun was sinking, the big promontories were slate-colored silhouettes staggered with stylish formality into the distance. The little rainstorm came across the plain and, as we slowly rounded a switchback curve, spattered us. For a while, we looked at the vista through raindrops left on the windows. Then we drove across the plain and straight into this vista, following a narrow, flat valley that led into the thick of the plateaus. John was lighthearted. "I think you can see Bryce over there," he said, nodding to the right, and I recognized deep in the thick of the plateaus its distinct orange, though from this distance it was not a Kool-Aid color but a delicate paprika against bone, quite unlike the pedestrian brownish red and chalk around it. Something of the ivory-carving intricacy also travelled across the distance. Bryce seemed to salute.

We were a group again, going lickety-split. When we passed a lone establishment called Judd Auto Service, John tooted, and two men waved. "The last time the bus broke down, we pulled in there," John said. "The flywheel had come loose from the

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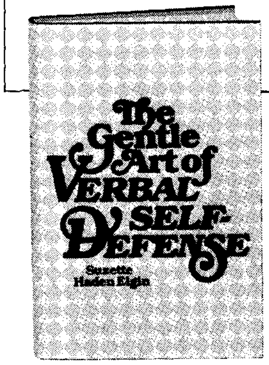
About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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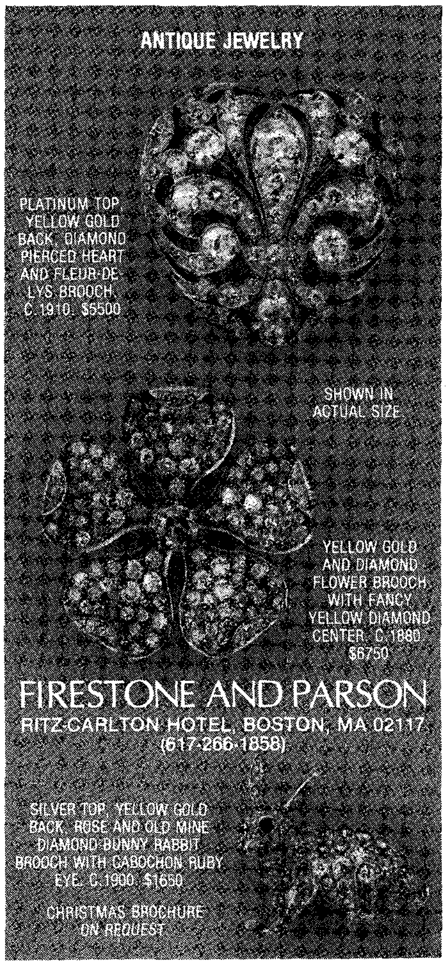

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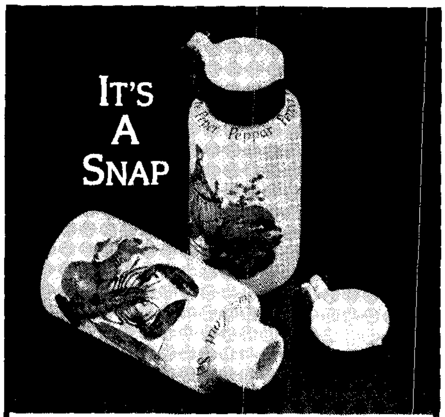
crankshaft. It was pretty intense." We passed some hitchhikers. John said that in earlier days he had often picked people up but now he was very careful. He had once picked up a man who turned out to be on LSD and violent, he said. In the end, they had had to trick this man into thinking that they were stopping for a meal. Two passengers had taken him around a corner while his luggage was put on the street, and then rushed back to the bus, which took off before he could catch up. Another time, John had picked up an untalented trumpeter who had insisted on playing his trumpet not only on the bus but also outside it at stops—and this was in the days when the Green Tortoise was illegal and did not want to draw attention to itself. "There are a lot of people out there who've never learned that you can make a good life for yourself without clashing with society," John said, with regret in his voice but a worldly-wise look in his eye. The Green Tortoise had had to learn to thread its way not only through the establishment world but through the anti-establishment world as well. Later, talking to Gardner Kent, I learned that higher prices and a longer trip worked to keep away the sort of people who would turn up with all their furniture and not enough money to pay the five dollars a day for communal meals—"not such fun people," as Kent put it. On the other hand, there was the problem of the sorority girls. The company has a regular run between San Francisco and Los Angeles, and a Berkeley sorority had used the bus for a yearly expedition. After the last trip, however, the driver—an ardent socialist—told Kent that he would never drive the sorority again, under any circumstances. The girls were so square that he couldn't stand it. The path of the company through the culture was narrow, but John, within the company, had had to carve out his own, even narrower path, for he was not at one with the company spirit. The clearest way that he expressed his discomfort was in the form of vague suspicions that Gardner Kent was a capitalist.

These were not groundless suspicions, I later learned. Kent, over the phone, told me that he was the son of a Boston businessman, who had groomed him to take over the family company ("That's where I learned about business"), but that he had bolted for Mexico in an old school bus with his wife and child. "In six months, I learned everything there



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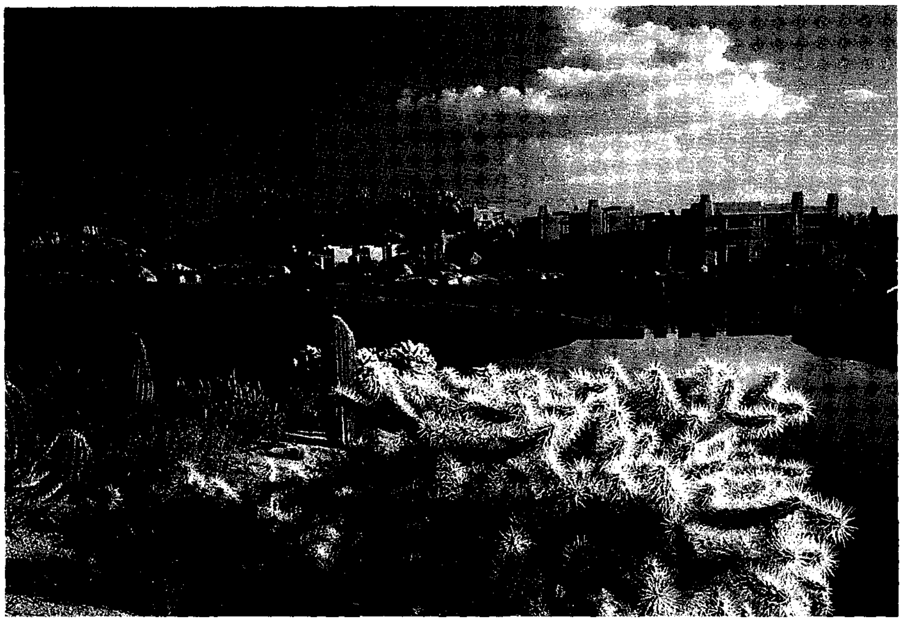
was to know about the bus." He ended up in a commune in California. "I was inexperienced when I turned up at that commune. The people there were mostly burnt-out hips from Haight-Ashbury, and they helped me a lot. They taught me nonattachment to physical things and to concepts of success. I had had a middle-class upbringing, and I knew very little about life. That's where my nudity thing comes from. I'm definitely a clothes-optional person. Many of the ways things are done on the bus come from that time." One year, he drove home for Christmas and a few paying passengers went along. After that, his became one of many "alternate buses," and then, as a sequel to an episode of internecine warfare in the alternative-travel world, he formed his own company, with his own publicity. Then the loosely affiliated alternative buses fell away, leaving one other company, the Grey Rabbit. "I began to see the Grey Rabbit as an opposing force," said Kent. "The Grey Rabbit was heavily dictated by a New York energy, trying to beat time. They offered a three-day cross-country trip for sixty-nine dollars. I just wanted to go slower, so I called my company the Green Tortoise—it didn't have a name before that—and offered a four-day trip with every dinner stop a cook-out in a beautiful place. I had a slower bus anyway. And we changed the interior so people could stretch out with fifteen inches to the shoulder—the Grey Rabbit gave them nine inches. And from there we improvised to the ten-day trip. The Grey Rabbit then strayed from the cheap, fast trip and came into competition with us, but they couldn't make it. I bought them out. We are now the only ones on the scene, and that surprises me, actually. It wouldn't be expensive to start a company like mine, not at all." Despite the casual California inflection that Kent has adopted, his voice is grained with the gritty drive of the classical entrepreneur. And despite a consistent effort to downplay his position as boss, and to speak of his staff as equals, his voice is grained with the authority of the boss—an impression that both Rex and John reinforced, in turn, by taking care to set a distance between themselves and him. Kent has made something, and he takes pride and satisfaction in this, and he also pays the price, which is to be set apart.

The company, which is wholly owned by Kent, now includes nine diesel buses in running order and some



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ten buses that are used for spare parts. Besides the cross-country trip and the San Francisco–Los Angeles trip, the company offers a month-long trip to Alaska, a trip through Baja California, another through mainland Mexico, a trip through the Western states, a windsurfing trip, a Yosemite trip, and a Mardi Gras trip. Since one evening in San Francisco in 1981, when a squad of Interstate Commerce Commission men descended on a pair of buses that were about to head off on the Mardi Gras trip, the Green Tortoise has been legal. Kent is unenthusiastic about the regulations that go with the I.C.C. license. Meeting them resulted in thirty-to-forty-per-cent price increases. "I think people should go out and insure themselves, and not impose their worries on others," he said. "I'd hate to see future Green Tortoise passengers cheated out of trips because of regulations." He doesn't mind the safety regulations, however—he surpasses them, he said. Tortoise drivers are required to practice for fifty hours before driving passengers. It outraged him that the Green Tortoise suffered from the reputation of the Grey Rabbit, whose passengers often took the wheel. The front of a Grey Rabbit bus was once sheared off by a train: it had stalled on a track while a new driver, who couldn't get it in reverse, was driving. Gardner Kent likes to compare the Green Tortoise to the Outward Bound school, which offers strenuous programs in the wilderness, designed to develop strong character and self-reliance. "My definition of self-reliance is to take responsibility for your own actions and your portion of what is happening, down to washing your own dish. Travel in America today puts you in a frame of mind of helplessness." (Kent can be stentorian.) Many of the Green Tortoise features—the excursion trips and the design of the buses' interiors, for example—are the result of innovations by staff members. But they have remained staff members—or they have left. John's pay was a percentage of the take on each trip. When the bus was full, he would make about eight hundred dollars. (On my trip, John's net was lower, because he let hard-up passengers pay for their meals by doing work that was supposed to be done by everyone.) John was disillusioned with the Green Tortoise in some way that he couldn't, or wouldn't, express, but I don't think that it was because he felt exploited—not exactly. I think he would actually have felt uncomfortable if he had been collecting a share of the profits. It was more a question of attitudes that had alienated him, I think. John was a way-of-being man, and Kent was a profiting man—not necessarily in the sense of making money (though he took pleasure in that, too) but in the sense of turning everything that came to hand to advantage. It was against John's nature to profit; that's what made him such a good Green Tortoise driver. "The problem is finding the Johns," said Kent. I should think so. John, for his part, admitted in a puzzled way that if it had been up to him the Green Tortoise company would never have got off the ground. John was the holy man of the company.

WE stopped beside a black pool that stood at the foot of a wall of pinkish-red rock. The pool was very still—it looked like black Lucite—until the Green Tortoise passengers roiled it by swinging from a rope that hung from a tree, yelling like Tarzan, and leaping into knee-deep water. (The Travelling Man excelled.) On

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the far side of the pool, halfway up the rock face, was a ledge, and on it were two teen-age boys lounging insolently, drinking from a three-litre bottle of Coca-Cola. A third boy stood on the shore opposite the ledge. His hair was a great, tangled gold-to-platinum aureole, and he had a shrivelled leg. He was ascetically lean, but with broad shoulders and a deep chest; he had superbly erect posture (slightly skewed because of his leg); and beneath the girlish nimbus of hair his face was noble and manly. Most striking of all was his smile—it was angelic. He raised a camera to his eye, and the boys jumped off the ledge. It was a very high ledge. The Tortoise passengers, who had not been paying attention, heard the splash and turned as one to gape at the ledge, on which there was now to be seen only an empty bottle.

As we headed north after our swim, the plateaus that contained Bryce were still on our right—rounded headlands, red and white, stationed in the sinking sun, which singled each of them out as if with the exclusive attention of Heaven. The boys who had jumped from the ledge passed us in a car, their angelic friend driving. To our left, the range was a raggedy rectilinear silhouette. The boys must have stopped, for they passed us again; and the ones who had jumped were getting drunk or stoned. Friendly for the first time, their faces blurred and dissolute, they hung out the windows and waved. The boy at the wheel, turning gravely, shone his smile upon us. My itinerary had long been lost in the cyclone of possessions within the bus, and so, it seemed, had everyone else's, but we knew we would camp out that night—though not where—and we knew, since day was ending, that we must be stopping soon. In general, as we progressed westward our knowledge of where we were going had become vaguer and vaguer. The boys passed us again, one waving, one vomiting out the window. The lame boy's posture at the wheel was nobler than ever, and the sun had set the outer nimbus of his hair afire. John pointed westward to a jiggly silhouette of rounded points, fingerish, abnormal in the rectilinear skyline. "There are the peaks of Zion," he said. "We'll be there soon." We turned westward and, a little while later, entered what John called the Back Door of Zion—a narrow tunnel blasted through a mountain: a rough, rocky tube with occasional porchlike openings on the right. John

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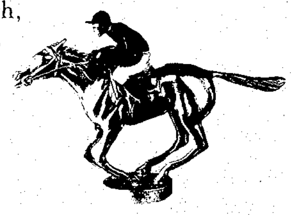

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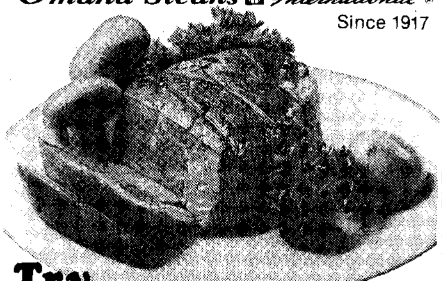

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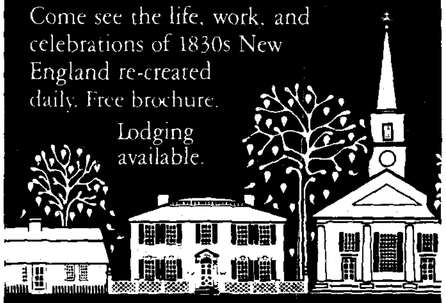

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delivered a lecture to those near him on the technological feat that the tunnel represented. Not proficient in the physics of explosives, I could not grasp the wonder of it, but I was struck by *his* wonder, for it had the same soft quality as his reverence for natural things. We emerged from the tunnel into Zion Canyon, which is not a canyon in the sense of a walled fissure in the earth but more like a tight valley, enclosed by small, varied mountains. Some mountains were a doughy white, with a breathing, yeasty roundness, and crenellated with tactile little udders and studded with junipers that were as black as raisins. In the soft folds in the bellying sides, the junipers merged into globular inky strokes. Other mountains were red, splotched with black, and upthrusting in a strained, aspiring way. Still others were layered like napoleons. After the scale of the countryside through which we had been passing, the scene was a miniature, inward-turning one. Zion Canyon was a hidden-away, inside place. Again we passed the local boys, who had stopped and got out of their car as if to look at the scenery, though the stoned boys seemed too far gone to look at anything. They waved spastically as we passed, almost doubled over. The lame boy stood with his back to us, looking straight across the valley, as still as a statue. At the last possible moment, he turned partly, without changing his footing, and waved, too, in his grave, manly way, but his eye was shrouded with petulance. Our witnessing did not please him.

A little farther along, we also stopped and got out—just for a few minutes, while the light lasted. The valley here was little more than a steep-sided crevice misted with cottonwoods. A stream could be heard rushing below us, through the bottom of the crevice. The valley was in shadow, but the ramparts were drenched in a sugary glaze. John said the Indians had been afraid to sleep in Zion Canyon, because they thought it was haunted; to me it seemed safe and friendly compared with the country outside. To me, there was an almost storybook coziness about the scene. A Trailways bus appeared on the narrow road and stopped behind us. The driver got out and talked to John. It seemed that Pernod, as soon as we were out of sight, had appealed pathetically to the Trailways driver with a tale of having been left behind by heartless hippies. John corrected the

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story (to protect the reputation of the company, he said later, sheepishly), and the driver looked abashed. "He seemed like a nice boy, a good boy," he said. Poor Pernod. The rest of the Trailways passengers stayed on the bus behind tinted glass, except for a middle-aged man of substantial girth, who came over to me and, standing far too close, and with the jaunty, insinuating air that is appropriate when talking to a member of a rolling orgy, told me that I was using my camera (an Instamatic) incorrectly. As this went on, I saw that the light on the peaks of Zion was changing, turning them a deeper and redder gold. The light began to seem like a part of the substance of the mountains, as if it shone from within. And the bodies of the mountains, now in shadow, began to change, too, becoming more suggestive of something living—something that might move. Above the valley, which had by now nearly fallen into night, the mountains seemed to have revealed some spirit of form and place, usually disguised by the surface of things, or what we think of as scenery. The mountains seemed to have a plasticity that pulsed. This was happening now, in the same world where jerks instruct people in the use of their own cameras. Although it was hard for the jaunty man to accept the fact that my attention had strayed, he did in time become discouraged, and retreated. The Trailways bus rolled on, and then the sun sank, and night rose out of the valley swiftly. Then we rolled on, too, though not to some pleasant campsite in the canyon, as I had assumed, but back through the canyon and out another entrance. It was a moonless night, and soon we were on a poor road surrounded by black masses of brute geology. The motor churned hard; the trip became very slow-seeming. There is a point in every journey at which one feels one will never get back.

A MOMENT did come when John stopped—in the dark by the side of the road. He said, "I think I had better give my rap before we get to the hot springs. What I want to tell you is that you're in Utah—Mormon country. The springs are privately owned, and they have some rules—in particular, about nudity and liquor. I hope you'll observe them. They're really serious about these rules. A few years ago, we were asked to leave and never come back, so . . . Anyway, they have some really great springs here. If

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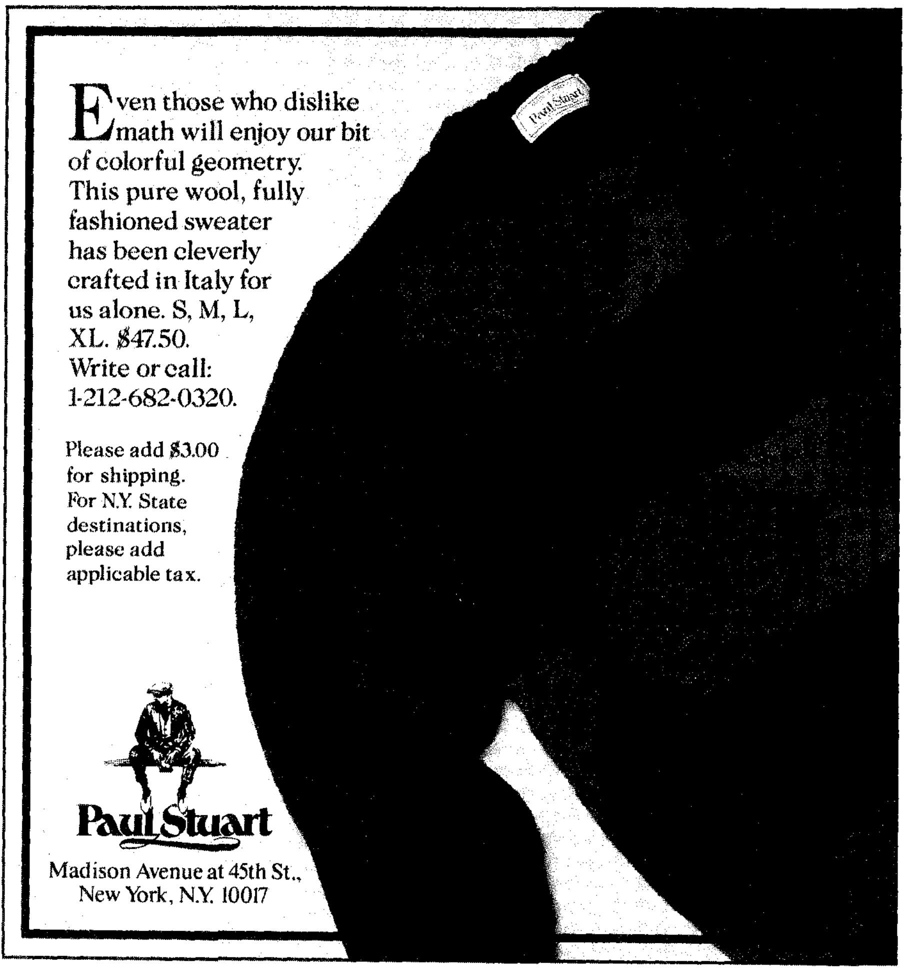

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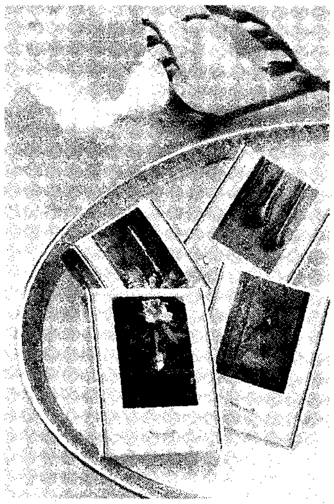

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you have drugs, this is the place to do them.” He beamed. His beam, as always, came slowly from deep within him; barely discernible in the early stages, it had the quality of a flower opening—its climax conveyed the kind of crowing delight that sweeps small children.

Not long after, we drove through a gate that was flanked by a chain-link fence topped with barbed wire. A dog was barking. The bark was that of a big dog, and had a note of hysteria in it. Several signs saying “Absolutely No Liquor No Nudity” were visible as we drove in. I was last off the bus—I had had to look for Julian's shoes—and by that time all but my family had vanished. The immediate outdoors was lit by an extremely bright white light that shone down from an extremely high metal pole—a light suitable for a jail or a concentration camp. John materialized and pointed us toward a spot a ways up the river where he said we would find natural pools. We could see the spot, because it was lit by another bright light on a tall pole, set across from it on the other side of the river. But the road to the spot was thickly dark. It was a rubbly dirt road that lay between a rock cliff and the river, which tumbled along over rocks. As we advanced, the smell of decaying eggs, characteristic of sulfur, became strong. My family was becoming rebellious, both husband and son beginning to adopt the attitude that I was responsible for this scenario. When we got there, we could not see the pools well, because the light, coming from the other side of the river, was nastily bleached and dim. I could see only the outlines of the pools, various in shape and none much bigger than a bathtub. The bodies in them were mere forms, and the water looked unclear. The bodies, half immersed, were motionless, as if their owners had been there for a very long time and expected to remain for a period longer still. The light shone brightly on the river spuming by; it was muddy—or, at least, opaque. Heads swept past on the current. Other forms, with difficulty, climbed back up a bank that looked hard, lumpy, and slippery.

Husband and son balked. I, however, went into a pool. It scalded at first but quickly became bearable. I sat there, somewhat dutifully, until I became overheated; then I maneuvered down the bank toward the river. Before I let go of the bank, Hans floated by with a big grin on his face. “Isn't it great!” he said. Then I spotted

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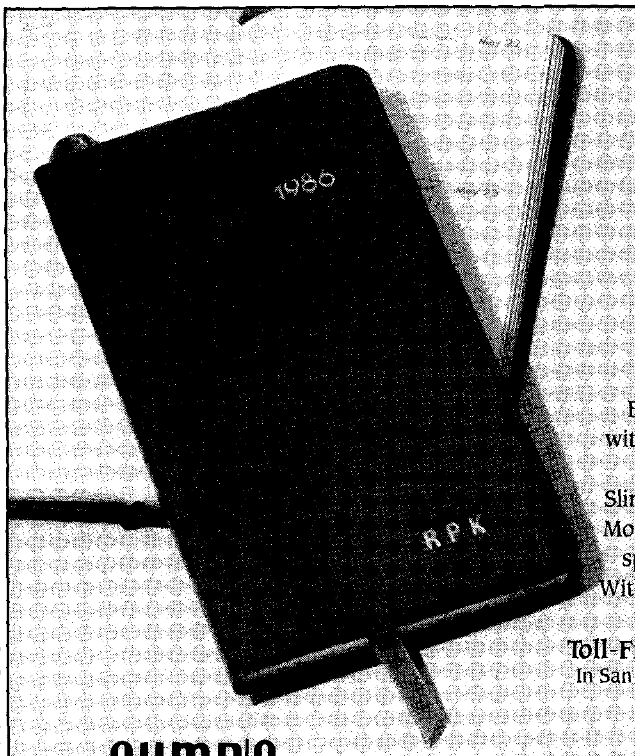
Pamela standing under a waterfall from one of the pools with a look of stoic disgust. By this time, husband and son had left, reproachfully, as if it were a kind of betrayal to participate in this scene in any way. In fact, I couldn't tell whether I liked the experience or not. I couldn't make head or tail of it.

By the time I got back to where the bus was parked, John had set out some sandwiches, which I ate, with my surly family, on the edge of a Jacuzzi bath that was in an advanced state of disuse. We rested our feet in the holes that had been water spouts. "The last time we were here, someone found a scorpion living in one of those," John said. I asked him where we might sleep, and he was vague. On the road, he said, or in a cement-block building that contained a swimming pool filled with water from the hot springs—a steamy place. Or there were some beautiful spots on the mountain outside the gate—the gate was locked, though, and the dog barked if you tried to climb it, and the management became angry. One of the problems was finding a place that was shielded from the merciless light. On a deck over the swimming pool, we found an affectedly ramshackle little cabin with a sign attached that said "GRANDMOTHER'S COTTAGE LOCAL ARTS AND CRAFTS." Through the window I saw a bed, but the door was heavily barricaded. The deck railing, however, created a narrow shadow, and we spread our sleeping bags there. The owner roamed the place with his dog, and a cigar. At one point, I heard him talking down near the bus in a jocund way. In a strong Utah accent, he was demonstrating his command of French to the French girls. His tone was licentious.

The next morning revealed everything—the rocks, the river, the bare earth—to be a grayish tan, except for the bright pistachio green of the rock formations that contained the pools. (The water by daylight was clear.) Customers began to arrive, all of them infirm in some way. One old man was very thin and seemed to be literally falling apart, because his toupee and his false teeth were loose. Then a group arrived, clearly from an institution: they were mentally infirm and physically abnormal, most of them very large women, including one with a beard and one with a hunchback. They tended to speak at high volume in a flat, nasal, "country" intonation, and they addressed whoever came near



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them with the air of naughty children doing what they shouldn't do. One of them embraced Vicky, who was stoic. Sheelah said, sotto voce, "This is the real America."

I sat with John for a while by the side of the river. He was in a dreamy mood. He gave no sign at all that he was thinking of departure. He said that there were undeveloped pools on the other side of the river and that he had fallen asleep there with half his body in a hot pool and half in the cold river. He picked a large green leaf from one of the few plants that grew there—a hairy leaf. "This is comfrey," he said. "It could be the answer to nutrition in the Third World. It grows anywhere." I asked him if he had ever eaten any, and he said no, but he knew people who had and they had reported that it has a slimy texture. I asked about Dennis, and learned that he had been a driver for the Grey Rabbit. For this reason, the fifty hours of practice driving had been waived. Furthermore, this trip was a kind of probation for him. He wasn't being paid; the reason had something to do with the disappearance of a large amount of cash from the Green Tortoise till at the end of Dennis's last trip. Without transition, John mused on the perfection of the spot: the proximity of the hot springs to the river, so that one could cool off conveniently; the exquisite gorge. The Indians, he said, considered it a sacred spot. All these things—the sliminess of comfrey, the missing money, the beauty of the spot—came out in the same neutral tone. The sun climbed in a sky that was clear but not blue.

AT three o'clock the following morning, a hubbub in the bus woke me, and I found that we were on a superhighway, zooming toward a blaze in the desert night. We zoomed into downtown Las Vegas—into a frenetically mobile world that consisted almost entirely of the bright, cute colors of the most advanced neon. It was fun to watch the Britishers: some of them pursed their lips; others hesitated, then broke down with a "*Wow!*" Las Vegas made the other Europeans laugh. Somebody in the back let out a full-bodied wolf whistle. (It was the perfect response.) Julian loudly claimed that *he* was the author of the wolf whistle. The boys were putting on neckties. Vicky had produced an elegant, perfectly pressed white outfit.

We were gay, but inside the big

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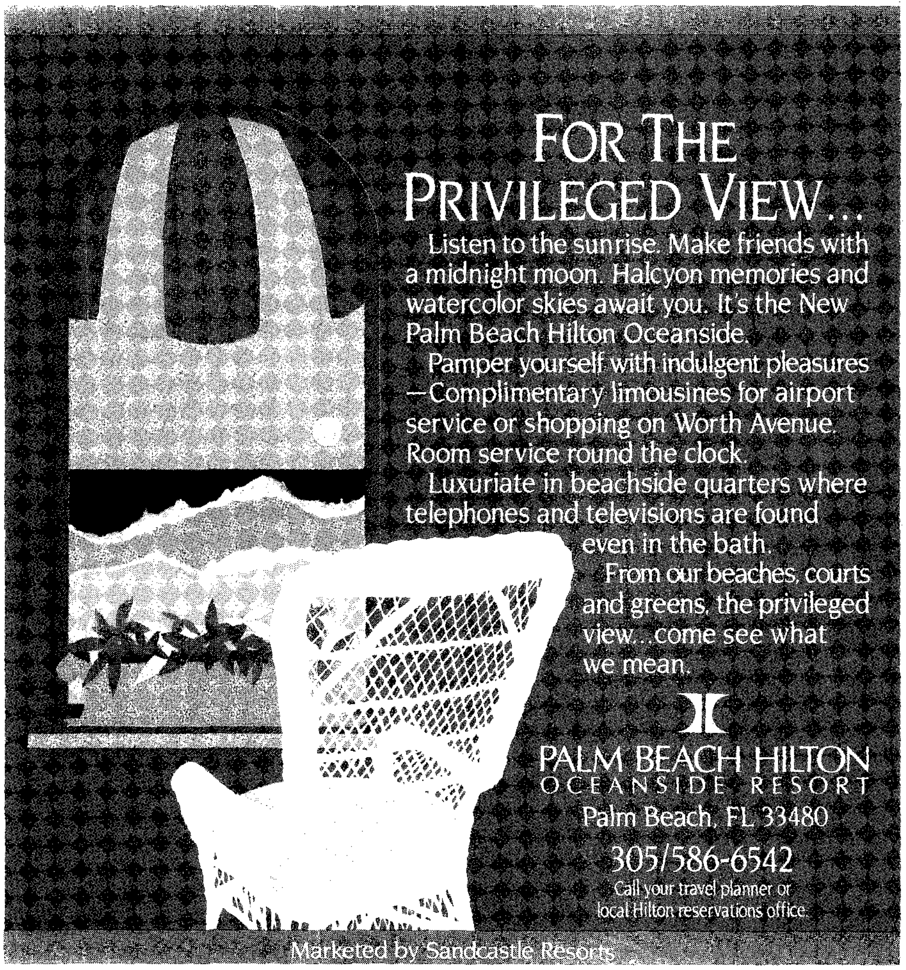
casinos it was not gay. The gamblers in Caesars Palace at three in the morning pursued their business with a detached, almost routine air. They gave off no spark of glamour, revelry, or even suspense; they greeted wins and losses with the same weariness. It was as if they had died, and therefore could take no pleasure in good fortune or grieve for bad, because, as shades, they knew too well the meaninglessness of the ways of chance. David and I were adrift with Julian and piña coladas. Pamela was also with us, strongly disapproving of everything, including the piña coladas. Dennis appeared and was with us when a television screen hanging from the ceiling informed us of a freakish, terrifying incident in international affairs. The weary newscasters were obviously on all-night duty. Dennis took this opportunity to orate, heaping obloquy on the establishment in Californiaspeak. I reflected that moments in détente when accidents start to happen are rather like moments in a bus full of children driven by Dennis. Then Dennis played a slot machine. He won on the first try. The quarters clattered into the dish for an absurdly long time. Dennis was not immune to the sense of power that good fortune can convey. "Wow! " he said, and then he became speechless, gathering up his money and hurrying away, as if his new importance had suddenly made it unsuitable for him to associate with us.

THE next day took place in a bubble. The landscape inside the bubble was a Crayola one—brown mountains, turquoise river. The mountains looked like basic forms that had been blocked in and were waiting for a buildup of variation and detail. The river was the color of swimming pools. Its color cried out for other crayons—the magenta, the peach, the baby-leaf green. John said it was the Colorado, but it bore no resemblance to the chalky stream that had carried us down the gorge in falling darkness and a light rain. It was wide and deep and clear and icy cold, with a white sandy bottom, and its swiftness was calm and muscular. John mentioned that the Hoover Dam, holding back a titanic amount of water, stood eight miles or so upstream.

The place where we stopped had a parkish little name that I've forgotten, and there were parkish things there—a marina where you could rent boats, and a fiercely air-conditioned restaurant, to which I retired with my fam-



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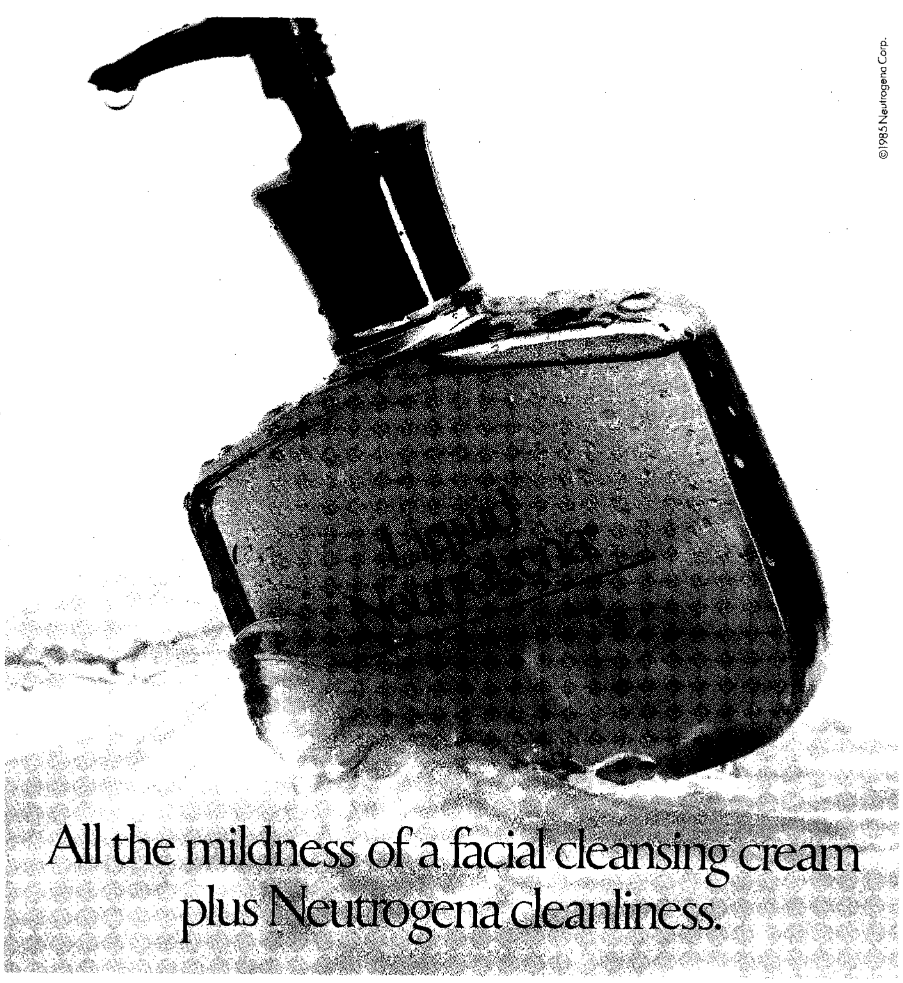

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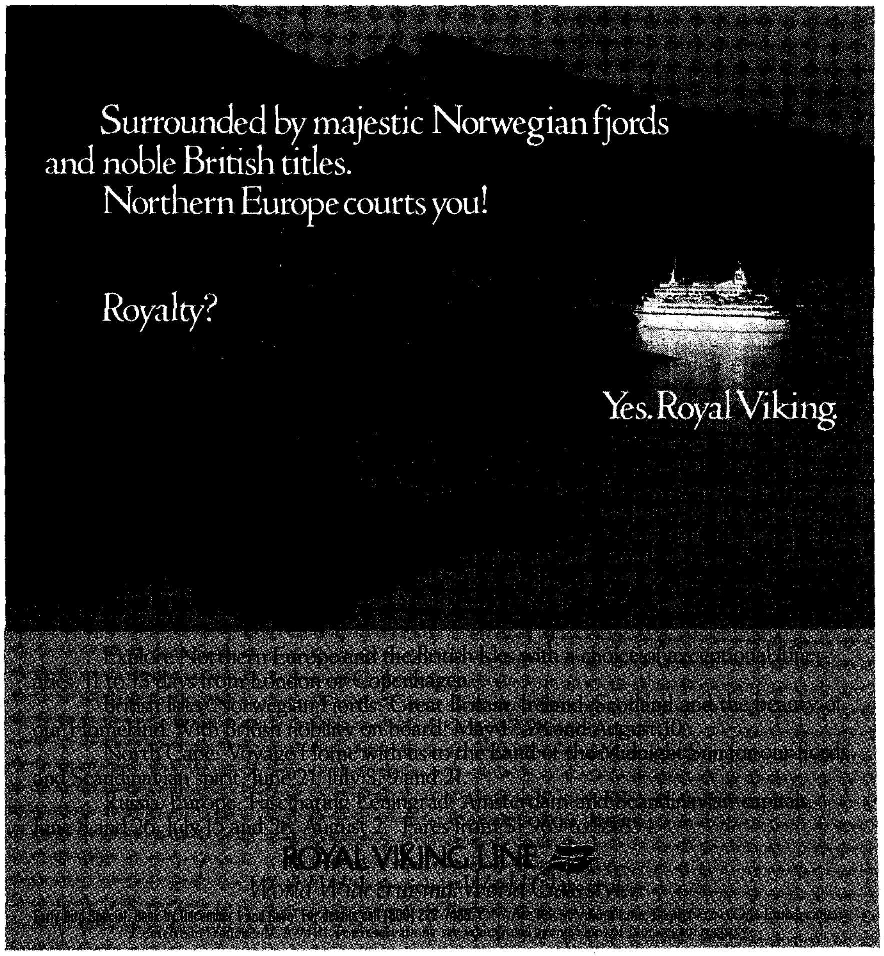
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ily: an iconoclastic act of separation from the group. There we ate expensive sandwiches that were served with crenellated potato chips and crenellated pickles and held together by toothpicks that were decorated with red and green cellophane pom-poms. As I ate my sandwich, I stared at a wall that was covered with framed photographs of people with very large trout. It happened that I had, stashed away in a suitcase on top of the bus, a superb fly rod. Fly-fishing was fairly new to me. It had for me the attraction of a forbidden pleasure of great delicacy and depth. It had been, to date, something that I had had to steal, both from my circumstances (it requires more time and peace than a mother is usually allowed) and from myself. I had had to steal it from myself because it is an art of forgetfulness that can seem dangerous if you are not bred to it.

My family had no wish to go with the group to a hot spring upriver, so we rented a boat for ourselves in midafternoon—better for fishing—and by that time the others were returning in sevens and eights. Thus we had an audience to watch us try in vain to start the motor as the current swept us downstream, to see us fling the anchor over lurchingly and hail the man from the dock, who had to get in another boat and come out to help us—he succeeded in starting the motor on the first try—and then, after he had left, hail him again when the anchor would not come up, because it had become hooked on a large, immovable object. Confidence shaken, we thought it best to head *up*stream (the current would take us home), and so we soon found ourselves alone in a world without insects, decay, or weather. After seven days on the bus, the solitude was dizzying. Bend after bend revealed only brown mountains with the Disneyland river flowing between. The idea of the Hoover Dam was always strong, though there was no sign of it. Beside me on the seat were the fly rod, in its canvas case, the round leather pouch carrying reel and accessories, and the aluminum box of flies. These things had been lent to me by a gentleman who lived in the place where I grew up. His father had given them to him when he was a boy. I had known him all my life, but not well. We certainly did not know each other so well that it would have been natural for him to lend me a fly rod of such sentimental value. I had happened to mention that I'd taken up the sport, and he had immediately given me the precious fly rod, with a wholly unexpected, almost reckless generosity.

The river had no little places along it, no spots for landing. It was a platonic river, unsullied by particularity. It seemed as likely to contain trout as a swimming pool would. But then, a little way above a rip, there *was* a spot: a bit of rubbly beach with boulders strewn into the water, and even some vegetation—a tree and some bushes with faint-grayish-green leaves. It had the inviting spirit of locality which characterizes the rest of the world—though dimly, as if that spirit were weak here. We landed, turned off the motor, and hitched it up as casually as if we were in home territory and well in control of motors. There was a projection just upstream; the water was still. I climbed over some boulders to another part of the beach, where the tree was, and there, lurking in a dark place among the underwater roots, where layers of leafy debris were disintegrating into sediment, I saw three trout. They were the size of a striped bass that you might buy in the fish market to serve to a party of six.

I fetched the rod from the boat and sat on the hot stones assembling it. The rod was hexagonal, of split bamboo, brown, with a goldenness in it, but dull. The rod had the darkness of years of use. It was very long and so fine toward the tip that it quivered and sprang unpredictably, like a live thing. It conjured a whole world: a green one, of small water sounds and variable weathers. On the shores of the turquoise river, this rod looked very strange. So did the flies in the aluminum box. These small, complicated creations of feathers and threads were muted things, with tiny brightnesses. In an Eastern light, they were subtly vivid, but here, under the relentlessly Crayola sun, they were faint and paltry. I had no idea which to choose. There

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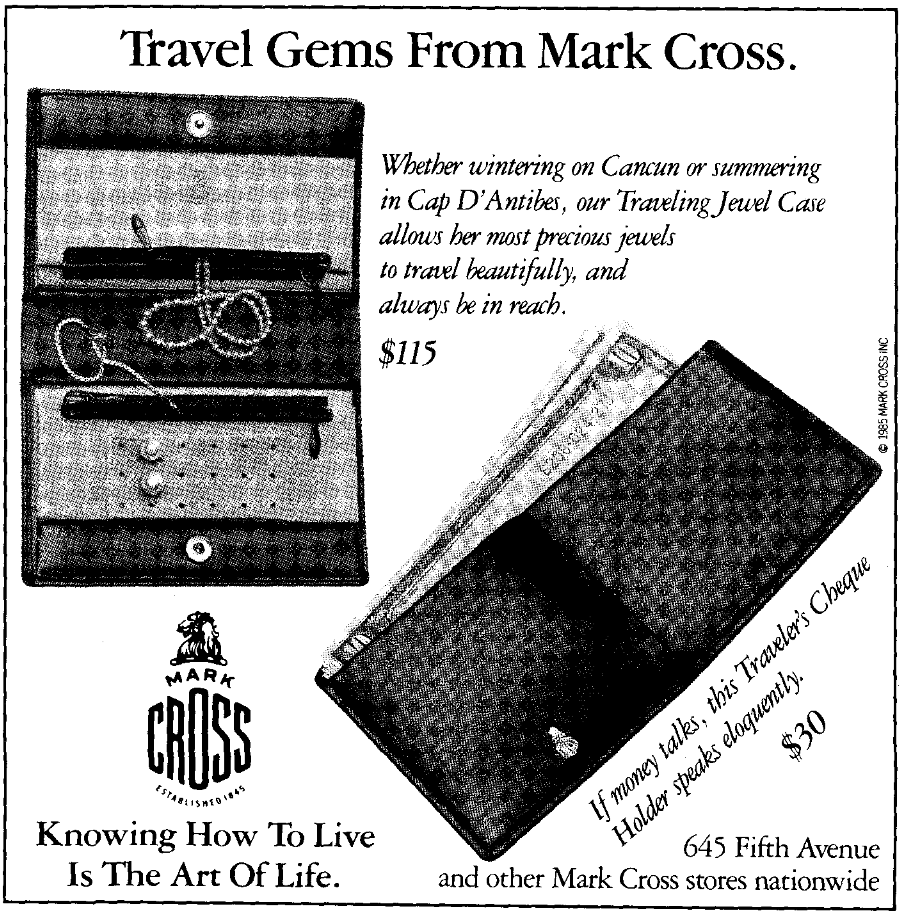

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were no bugs in evidence that an artificial fly might imitate. I picked the gaudiest, a great bird of paradise, a Christmas ornament of a fly, though here it was almost drab. The fly line on the borrowed reel was an old one, of silk. I had to tie a new monofilament tippet to the butt section of the leader at the end of the line, and the fly to the tippet, and this took me a long time, as I was a novice and had to use notes to get the two knots right with my clumsy fingers. The entire activity seemed to be an attempt at the impossible. There was my lack of experience against the skillfulness that the well-made, well-used fly rod conjured, and even that authority seemed to be one that had to do with the ways of trout in Eastern streams. "People here fish with bait, lady," the man at the marina had said.

I got the rod in order, got a leave of absence from my family, crept around behind the tree again and stood still, looking for trout. I was alone, truly alone for the first time in quite a while: I was more than alone. It is the business of looking for trout, I think, that makes fly-fishing an art of forgetfulness. Thinking about what sort of spot a trout might like, and then peering through the refracting surface of the water into the underwater world, where, as in this case, a trout is usually well camouflaged, your visual hold is ever so tenuous, and in that moment in which you lose it the fish, with a flick, can move away—all this submerges the mind in an underwater world in a way that can exclude everything else. Catching a trout with a fly is like coming out of a dream with a thing from that dream. It's a sudden linkage of two worlds. When you pack up at the end of a session of fly-fishing, it is really a kind of reëntry into the world, as if you had actually been underwater for hours and had now come back up through the surface, or as if you were waking from sleep. Fly-fishing is a kind of sleep. I began to fall asleep in this way, locating the giveaway cloudy shadows, then singling out one of them and getting ready to cast with a minimum of motion. I stood still for a bit longer, and then I cast, and the line got caught in the tree, so after all my care there was a lot of crashing about. Then I went through the same business all over again—letting quite a long while pass to reëstablish the silence—and when I cast this time the fly line looped back properly with its lazy motion, and the leader snaked forward, as it's meant to, and the fly

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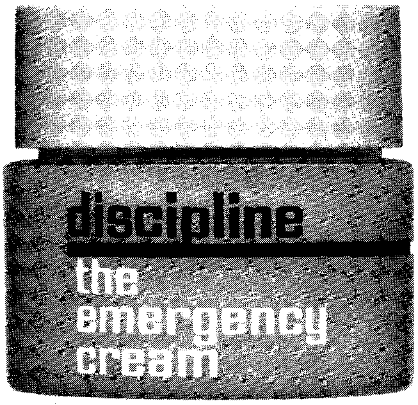

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landed in the water lightly, perfectly. The trout shuddered.

THE rest was a kind of finishing up—a night going through the desert, Los Angeles, a day on the beach at Santa Barbara, where David and Julian and I sat with the families instead of going with the gang to the nudist beach. California was hard to see as the final chapter in the sequence through which we had passed. I looked for the California hidden within California—for the touch of locality in the Johnish sense. I was also looking for the provincial but elemental place that had been conveyed to me by my father's stories of his childhood. Santa Barbara, hiding in its scenery and panache, was peculiarly resistant to revealing these things, but occasionally it yielded a shudder. And, like the shudder of the trout on the Colorado, the shudder of California's spirit of place would for a moment link two worlds in what seemed like a miracle of connection. After Santa Barbara, we drove all night, arriving in the early morning in San Francisco, where my cousin Gary met us. Gary's car was a shock—it was new and private, and the seats were soft. All my California relatives welcomed us with warmth and hospitality even though I hadn't seen most of them for a long time. They wanted to get to know us, and I them. However, I quickly discovered that our trip, as a subject of conversation, was not helpful in this process. It was not that taking the trip seemed outrageous or wild to them, just that it seemed peculiar. It didn't make sense that we would have bothered to do such a thing at our age—and not just to them but to me, too, in a way. I certainly couldn't make it sound plausible, and I still can't, except to say that I have no doubt that for me it was the right way to make the cross-country pilgrimage. I hope to travel widely in the United States in the future, and I'd love to go straight across another time, but I can say with some assurance that I will not go via the Green Tortoise, and also that those trips, if they happen, will be sightseeing trips. The pilgrimage, I think, can be made only once.

—SUZANNAH LESSARD

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Austin* (*Texas*) *American-Statesman*]

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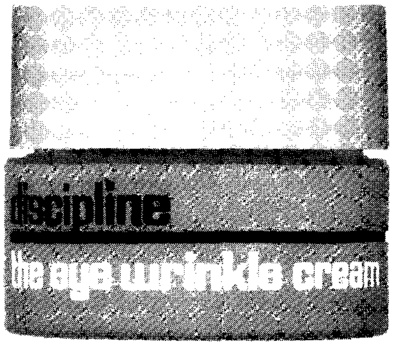

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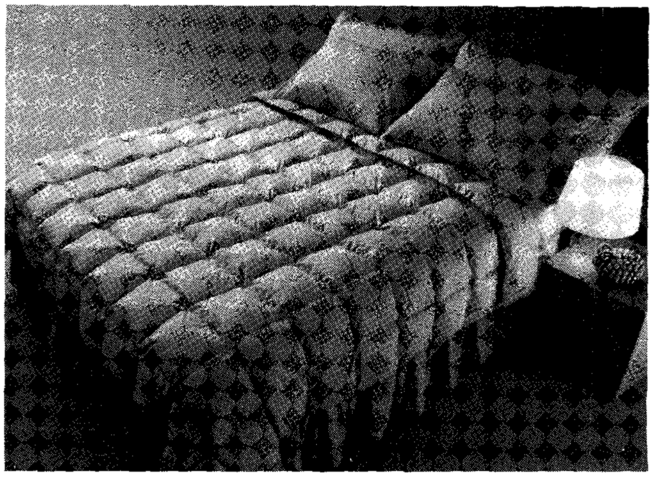

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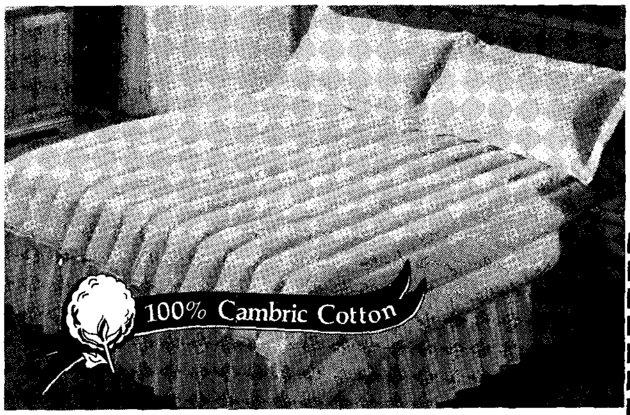

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JAZZ

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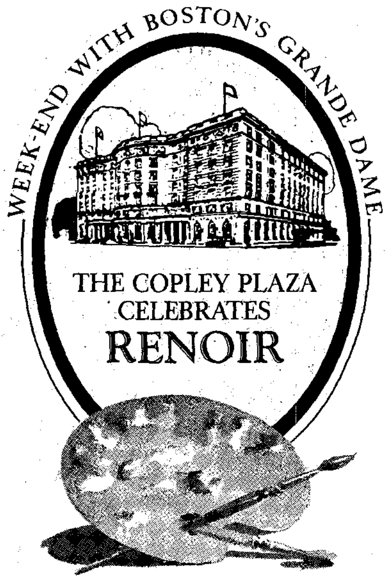
A SHORT history of jazz improvisation, the heart and soul of the music, might go like this. It began in the rural South in the nineteenth century as random gestures of black protest: a bones solo accompanying a buck-and-wing; the field hollers, which formed a secret, constantly evolving code; the endlessly invented and often satiric blues lyrics, and the guitar or banjo variations that decorated them. In short, it began as any kind of Afro-American music that did not go by the white man's book. When Reconstruction faltered and racism closed down again, in the eighties and nineties, black improvisational music had taken clearer shape. It was played mainly by rough small bands, which in time used cornet or trumpet, a reed instrument, trombone, piano (not always), guitar or banjo, bass or tuba, and drums. These groups, generally made up of day laborers, were offshoots of the New Orleans marching bands, and their improvisations—embellishments, really—were largely collective. It was an ensemble music that parted for occasional solos. In his autobiography, "Treat It Gentle," the great soprano saxophonist and clarinettist Sidney Bechet tried to describe what happened in the early improvisation: "It has to be put inside you and you have to be ready to have it put there. All that happens to you makes a feeling out of your life and you play that feeling. But there's more than that. There's the feeling inside the music too. And the final thing, it's the way those two feelings come together." By 1924, two years before Jelly Roll Morton unwittingly memorialized this New Orleans music with the sixteen brilliant Hot Pepper sides he made in Chicago, Louis Armstrong and King Oliver, also recording in Chicago, and Armstrong and Sidney Bechet, recording in New York, had demonstrated that they were the first jazz soloists—the first true melodic jazz improvisers. During the next fifteen years or so, jazz became a music of soloists, and among the greatest were Armstrong and Bechet, Earl Hines, Bix Beiderbecke, Coleman Hawkins, Red Allen, Jack Teagarden, Benny Goodman, Django Reinhardt, Red Norvo, Lester Young, Art Tatum, and Roy Eldridge. Their predecessors had worked mostly with the blues and with ragtimelike materials built on two or three strains. Armstrong and his followers began using as their stepping-off points the new theatre and movie songs of Jerome Kern and Irving Berlin and George Gershwin and Harold Arlen. They reinvented melody. They would take a Kern or Gershwin tune and improvise a parallel song that both freshened and shadowed the original. By the early forties, they had amassed a body of recordings that were melodically and rhythmically unique and had a spontaneity that had not been heard in Western music since Bach. But jazz has little patience, and by the mid-forties a new kind of improvisation had appeared, shepherded by Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, and Dizzy Gillespie. These three had studied Art Tatum's giant harmonic edifices, and, borrowing from him, they widened the harmonic base of jazz improvisation by improvising on the chords of a song instead of on the melody. They cast out melody and entered a wilderness of

"Obviously, some people here do not appreciate the gravity of our situation."



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chords, altered chords, expanded chords. Or thought they were casting out melody—their improvisations were in fact highly melodic, but in ways that were undanceable and largely unsingable. Called bebop, it was an engulfing, baroque music through which no silence was allowed to show. Late in 1959, Ornette Coleman, the Texas alto saxophonist, dropped from the skies, and a third kind of improvisation was born. Its adherents threw everything out—melody, chords, keys, choruses, and steady rhythms. They improvised on themselves, on their moods, on the air around them. They made any kind of noise on their instruments which entered their heads—barnyard sounds, jungle sounds, traffic sounds. This was called "free jazz," and for a long time it has laid a disquieting hand on the music.

But there is a savior on the horizon—a fifty-seven-year-old tenor saxophonist named Warne Marsh. He is not well known. For a long time, he worked within the Lennie Tristano enclave, a rather introverted school of jazz that flourished in and around New York in the forties and fifties and sixties. During much of that time, he shuttled between California and New York. He took day jobs, he taught, he played with Tristano students and with a neo-bebop West Coast group called Supersax. In the late seventies, he settled for a time in New York, where he continued to teach, and where he played on an irregular basis at the West End Café and the Village Vanguard. Now he is back on the Coast, and is teaching again. He has also, he says, forsworn playing in night clubs, and hopes to reach his admirers through the recordings he plans to make for his own label, Interplay. During his most recent stay in New York, two things became clear about Marsh: he is one of the most original and daring jazz improvisers alive, and he is perfecting a kind of improvisation that draws on all jazz. It is highly melodic, it uses the long, undulating lines of bebop, and it has a freedom of form and of rhythm and harmony which is akin to free jazz. His old friend the West Coast reedman Gary Foster has said of him, "I first met Warne in 1966 or 1967, and one way or another I have played hundreds of hours with him. He is a complex man, dedicated to one purpose—to be a true improviser. He's quiet to the point of being distracting. Some people take him as aloof. But everything reaches Warne, and what he has

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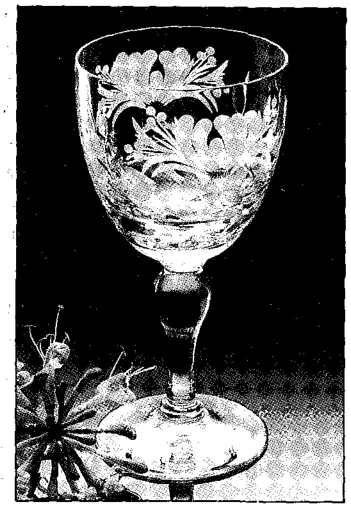

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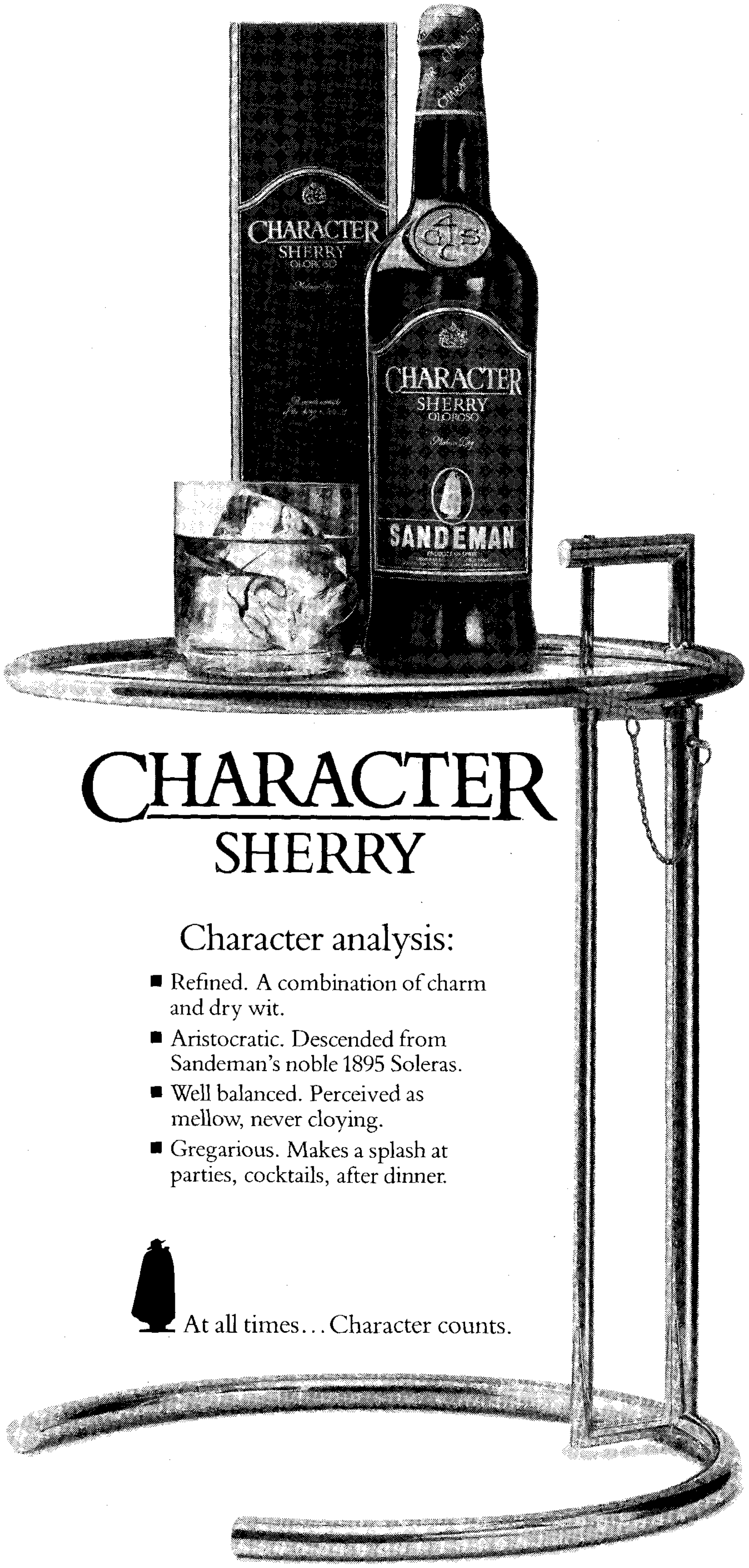
cared to absorb comes out distilled a day or two later. I sometimes have the feeling that the jazz world has passed him by. He is never aggressive. His nature is to let people seek him out. But if they do, and the situation is congenial to him, he becomes totally committed. He has the whole tradition of jazz at the tips of his fingers. I hear Louis Armstrong in his work, and Lester Young and Charlie Parker and Lennie Tristano. People who heard Warne when he was a kid have said he was under the sway of Tex Beneke and Ben Webster. His performing is astonishingly consistent. He can always play, and he's never far from his best. It's not in Warne to entertain. If his playing has any entertainment value, it is in its very subtlety. Warne erases the bar line, but he doesn't do it so that it sounds like a musical exercise. He throws his phrases across the bar line the way Lester Young did, but, of course, in a much more complicated way. His sound on the tenor is completely untenorlike, just as Jimmy Knepper's sound on the trombone is completely untrombonelike. Both men seem to use their instruments simply as vessels to contain their notes. They could be playing any instrument. In all the years I've played with Warne—even just the two of us with a metronome—he's always touched me. It's a power I don't hear in a lot of musicians. Most of us don't get to the center of our playing. Warne holds the faith: he can do it all the time."

MARSH is of medium size, and he has small, beautiful hands and a square, majestic head. His eyes slope at their outer corners, and he keeps them at a ruminative half-mast. He has an aristocratic nose—bold, declarative, shapely—and thinning iron-gray hair. He is an indifferent dresser, whose clothes simply surround him. He never really smiles, but shadows of smiles flicker constantly behind his eyes. While he was in New York, he lived in a one-room studio apartment in the Hotel Bretton Hall, a kind of upper-Broadway outpost of the Chelsea Hotel which is filled with musicians and singers and dancers. His studio had a nineteenth-century-atelier quality. The ceiling was high and patchy, and the grayish-white paint looked morose. In one corner were a stove, a sink, and a refrigerator, and elsewhere were a piano, a bed, and several nondescript chairs, one of them generally holding an ongoing chess match. The south wall was covered with quilts,



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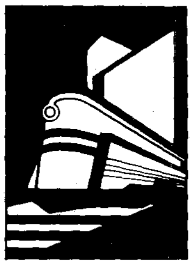
presumably to keep Marsh's sounds in and the trumpet player's next door out. More quilts were suspended over a bay window that looked out onto Broadway. Marsh has no small talk; what he does say is articulate and rounded. He is more high-strung than he lets on. When he talks about himself or about his music, he moves almost constantly, taking short, abrupt steps, his stomach slightly stuck out, his chin raised. On the bandstand, he knuckles his left cheek alarmingly with his left hand while he decides what to play next. Using his words like bricks, he carefully constructed his life one afternoon, and this is what he said:

"I was born in Los Angeles on October 26, 1927. My parents were both motion-picture people. My mother was a classically trained violinist, and she was in an all-female quartet—two violins, cello, piano—that played mood music on silent-movie sets. The idea was to inspire the actors between shots. She was born in Philadelphia, where she studied, and her parents were Russian Jews. Her father, Louis Marionofsky, had played trumpet in the Imperial Army. He deserted and came over in the nineties, settling in Philadelphia and changing his name to Marion, which is my middle name. He ran five-and-dime stores in Philly, and he moved to Los Angeles when my mother was in her late teens. My father, Oliver T. Marsh, was a cinematographer. He did the Nelson Eddy–Jeanette MacDonald films as well as good stuff like 'David Copperfield' and 'A Tale of Two Cities.' He was born in Lawrence, Kansas, and his father was an accountant with the Santa Fe Railroad—before he deserted his family. My father's mother was a tenth-generation Brewster, of the Pilgrim Brewsters. My father started out selling and servicing typewriters. Then Mae Marsh, who was a star in silent films and was one of his sisters and who I'm named after—she was Mary Warne Marsh—got him a job as a second cameraman in Hollywood. He taught himself how to take a motion-picture camera apart and put it back together, and once, on location, when the only camera the company had broke, he fixed it and was promoted to first cameraman. He was socially retiring, and he had no interest whatever in music. He never took a drink until he was thirty-five, and then he never stopped. But it doesn't seem to have got in the way of his work. He died in 1941, at the age of forty-nine. I have a younger sister,

BALTIMORE



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Gloria, and a younger brother, Owen. Gloria is a housewife and a painter and manages an art store, and my brother is a cinematographer. They both live in the San Fernando Valley, near my mother, who recently moved into a new house and out of the one she and my father bought there in 1933. It was Spanish-style, with the red tile roof and the archways, and it was built in 1926 by a producer. It originally had three acres and a swimming pool and tennis court and track, but the flood of 1939 messed all that up, and after my father died my mother sold everything but an acre or so. She never changed the inside of the house, and it was always a time piece to me, an anachronism. Mother hasn't remarried, and she kept us together after my father's death. She was a generous mother, and she still helps me if I need it. She's had trouble with my career, though—with improvising. What turned her on musically was Gilbert and Sullivan, light opera—that kind of thing. I have to ask myself what jazz means in her mind. Maybe it's the association with New York, which she doesn't like. I don't know.

"My parents first lived in the Hollywood Hills, and I went to a private school there, and public school when they moved to the Valley. I always got between an A and a B average. My father enrolled me in Caltech when I was born—it was a custom of the day—and I planned an academic career. I took up piano and accordion when I was ten, and I picked up on the Magdalena Bach books. By the time I was thirteen, I was able to read music. I asked for an alto saxophone, and I studied with Earl Immel. I learned 'Scatterbrain,' which was a big hit in 1939. The director of my high-school band told me I didn't sound so good on alto and maybe I should get a tenor, so

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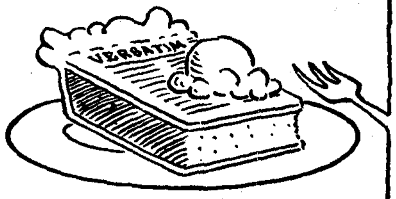

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I switched when I was fifteen. I played E-flat tuba, sax, and bass clarinet in high school, and when I was sixteen I started studying classical saxophone with Mickey Gillette. The first musician I was entranced by was Corky Corcoran, who played tenor with Harry James and sounded like Ben Webster. I even tried a couple of lessons with him. I was also listening to jazz in the Central Avenue joints. By 1942, I was in a band called the Hollywood Canteen Kids, playing the U.S.O. and for Ken Murray's 'Blackouts,' which were high-burlesque revues. I also worked with a group called the Teenagers on a once-a-week radio show built around Hoagy Carmichael. When I was seventeen, I began sitting in with Dexter Gordon and Wardell Gray and Lawrence Marable. I graduated from high school and entered the music program at the University of Southern California. Then, in 1946, I was drafted into the Army for eighteen months. I spent nine months at Fort Lee, in Virginia, and the rest of the time at Fort Monmouth, in New Jersey. At Monmouth, I was in the band that marched the troops to and from Signal Corps school. By this time, I had heard Charlie Parker and Lester Young, and been completely turned around. I spent every spare minute in New York, listening to Parker and studying with Lennie Tristano, whom I'd heard about at Fort Lee from a trumpet player named Don Ferrara. When I got out of the Army, I went back to college, but my head was not in California. The pull of jazz in New York was too strong, and within a year I was back here. Almost immediately, though, I went out on a three-month cross-country road trip with Buddy Rich's first big band—the one with Terry Gibbs and Johnny Mandel and Hal McKusick and Doug Mettome. There was always friction when I soloed, and gradually Rich parcelled out my solos among the other saxophones. Also, I sat right in front of his boom-boom-boom bass drum, which was the size of a small house. I ran into him ten years later, and I was amazed he remembered me.

"When I first studied with Lennie Tristano, he had the ground floor of a brownstone on the upper East Side. Then he moved to the famous studio on East Thirty-second Street, and eventually to Flushing. He had an aggressive, logical mind, and he was enthralling to work with. I had finally met someone who could define music

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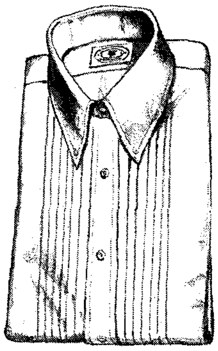

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for me. His understanding of it was already at high twentieth-century levels, both in classical music and in jazz, which he had been playing for fifteen years. He made me realize that I could train myself to do anything I wanted, that it is possible to be a better improviser—which was a new concept at the time. What Tristano was trying to show with the so-called free-jazz records he made for Capitol in 1949 with Lee Konitz and Billy Bauer and me was that, properly trained, musicians could now improvise melody and harmony and rhythm *and* form, putting harmony on harmony, metre on metre, and letting the form go where it would. I don't think he would have agreed with the modal experiments of George Russell, which have an intellectual hook, or with those of Miles Davis. After all, the modal system was set aside three hundred years ago for the twelve keys. You can't modulate in the modal system. You just go from chord to chord.

"I studied and played with Tristano until about 1955, when I went back to Los Angeles. I played there with other Tristano students—the tenor saxophonist Ted Brown, the pianist Ronnie Ball, and the drummer Jeff Morton. I came back to New York in 1958. I took day jobs, mostly clerical—the longest about six months. It was a rough time. I returned to Los Angeles in 1962, and met my wife, and we were married in 1964. Even though I was almost forty, I wasn't ready to get married, to support a wife and children and maintain this crazy kind of life. She is a good woman, and we have two wonderful children. We separated a couple of years ago, and they live in Santa Cruz. Anyway, we came back to New York in 1964 and lived in Lennie's house out in Queens. In 1966, we returned to L.A., and we stayed there until 1978. I started teaching in a studio over a music store in Pasadena—children and jazz students—and I loved it. I worked with Clare Fischer's big band, and in 1972 I started in with Supersax, which was founded by the bass player Buddy Clark and the saxophonist Med Flory. It had five saxophones and a rhythm section, and it played arrangements of old Charlie Parker solos and ensemble figures, with spaces for our solos. Later, the trumpeter Conte Candoli and the trombonist Carl Fontana were added, and some of the other people were Jack Nimitz, Joe Lopes, Bill Perkins, Lou Levy, and Jake Hanna. I quit in 1977, and my wife and children

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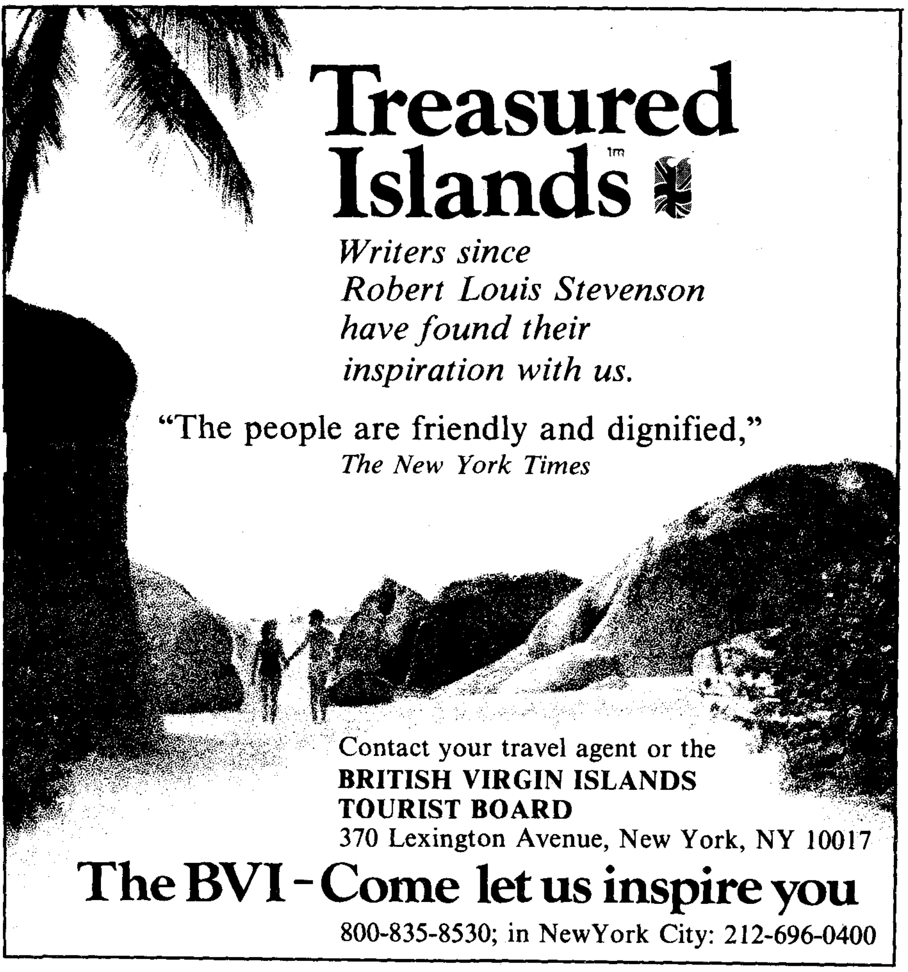

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and I moved to Ridgefield, Connecticut, where I taught."

MARSH makes his listeners work. His long, multiplying melodic lines seem to flee, disappearing around corner after corner, moving at a constant speed—all the while drawing us on hypnotically. In the early days of jazz improvisation, the listener could hang on to the bar lines; they fenced the soloist in and preserved the shape of the melody. Marsh ignores such frameworks, allowing his melodic lines to pour until he runs out of either ideas (rarely) or breath. Marsh's tone does not make him any easier to listen to. It is makeshift, and even abrupt; it surrounds his notes, as his clothes surround him. (Most of the Lester Young saxophonists who came up at the same time as Marsh developed languorous, pleased tones, which often disguised a lack of emotion and invention.) When Marsh and Lee Konitz played with Lennie Tristano, it was sometimes difficult to tell the saxophonists apart. Marsh would rise into the alto range, and Konitz would sink into the tenor range. Since then, Marsh's sound has deepened—or, at least, thickened. Marsh's solos move in a snakelike fashion—shooting forward and up, down and to one side, up and to the other side, precipitously down, then straight up. He also doubles back on himself, tumbles through double-time passages, restrains the time. He likes to move the beat back and forth and just off center. He plays hob with harmony. He moves along just at the edge of the key he is working in, and sometimes he steps outside it. These rhythmic and harmonic liberties give his melodic flow a great spaciousness. The saxophone is a hard instrument not to be emotional on. Consider the confessional *afflatus* of Johnny Hodges or Ben Webster or Charlie Parker. Marsh's emotions are filtered through his mind. What is moving about him is the logic and order of his phrasing, his little, almost sighing connective notes, the sheen and flow of his ideas, his density and prolificacy and urgency.

At his studio, he said, "I became convinced in the bebop days that jazz is a fine art, not a folk music for second-class Americans. I think of it as the most significant music since the Baroque period. It has reëstablished self-expression in music—the individual voice—which ceased in the mid-nineteenth century. It has also reëstablished melody. The nineteenth-cen-

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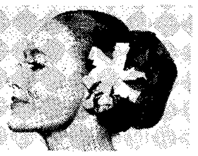
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tury composers made it with harmony. Their melodies were often childishly simple, and it was the harmony they wrapped around those melodies that gave their symphonies and concertos weight and grandeur. The interplay of fresh and original melodies was extremely rare until Bartók. I find that I trust myself more and more as a musician. You are, of course, doing two things on the bandstand—performing and improvising. It's very demanding to improvise in front of an audience. When I improvise, there is nothing visual in my head. In the back of my mind, I have a sketch of the song I'm playing, and I also hold on to its mood and feeling. And I listen constantly to what is going on around me. My mind works ahead a bar or two, although I don't think in terms of bars. From the first, Tristano taught us to go around the bar lines and to impose other metres on the four-four time. To a certain extent, the length of a phrase is controlled by instinctive knowledge. So when I begin a phrase I don't have the least notion where it will end. The more I improvise, the closer it comes to singing. I try to play as if I were singing. Lennie said he could sing every note he had ever played. I have no wish to be a virtuoso saxophone player. I want to get away from bebop music, and what I mean is the really stifling form of starting a number by playing a melody, then going into a string of long solos, then restating the melody. I want to structure everything in terms of polyphony and polyrhythms—the kind of counterpoint that we did with Lennie Tristano thirty years ago and that has been done all too rarely since. Audiences enjoyed it then, and I suspect they'll enjoy it even more now. What I need is the places to play it in—small college halls, maybe—and the musicians to make it work."

—Whitney Balliett

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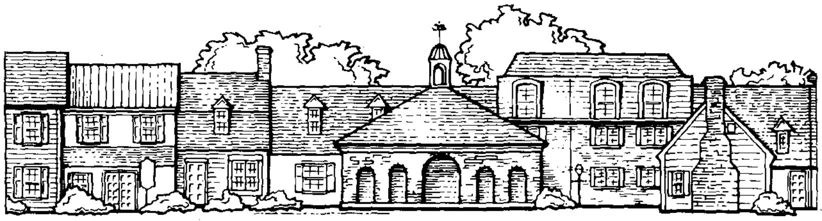
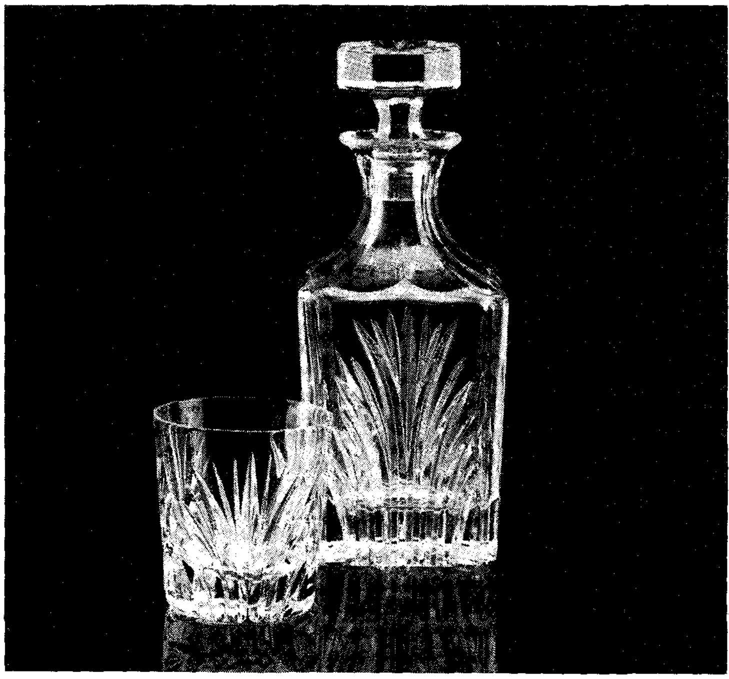


Class Mates.



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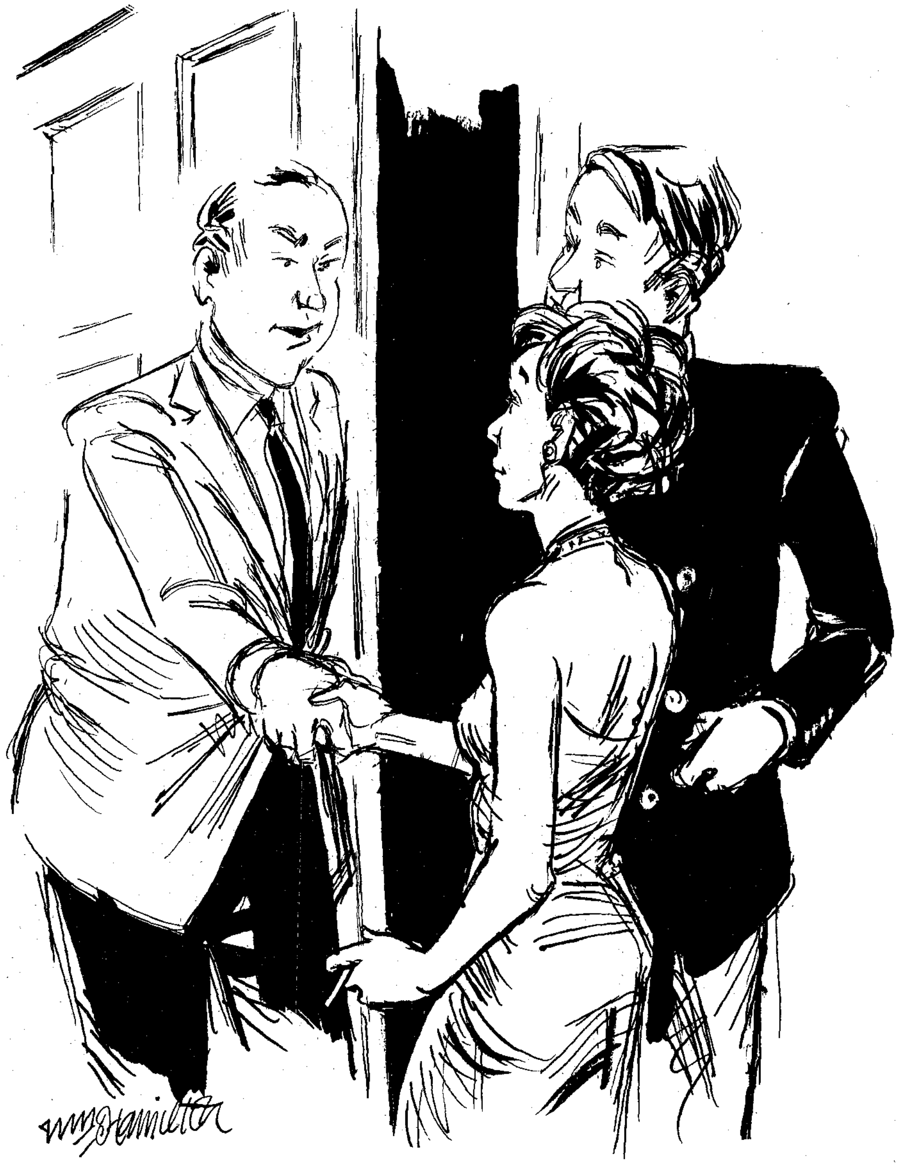
Off Broadway

THE Off Broadway season opened, for all practical purposes, last Tuesday evening, with the Public's production of David Hare's "A Map of the World," a more substantial and—for all its shortcomings—a more credible work than his "Plenty," of a couple of years ago. The play begins in a Bombay hotel in 1978, at a meeting on poverty and hunger held under the auspices of UNESCO. The antagonists are a world-famous Indian expatriate novelist, inescapably reminiscent of V. S. Naipaul, and a young journalist from a socialist magazine in England. The novelist, a witty and cynical supporter of the capitalist system, has been booked as a speaker at the conference if he will only deliver a statement saying, in effect, that all fiction is lies. The author of this statement is, it turns out, the young journalist, who is a self-described idealist—the search for ideals, he claims at one point, is more important than the search for bread. The novelist maintains that old civilizations are more useful models than Marxist governments are, and that putting the world's affairs in order is what must be done; he is, above all, anti-sentimental. Also present, along with diplomats, and delegates from Third World countries, are a woman correspondent from an American broadcasting network and a pretty American actress, who skips a dinner date with the English journalist in order to dine with the novelist and later repair to his bed. The action shifts back and forth between the 1978 conference in the Bombay hotel and a present-day English movie set where a film is being made about the conference. The journalist and the novelist do a lot of heated arguing, and when the novelist has finally decided not to make a speech the actress suggests that the two men debate their differences, the winner to be decided by the woman correspondent and his prize to be a night with the actress. The men agree, but the outcome is very sad.



"Thank you. Very sane and normal."

Mr. Hare is a born playwright, very inventive and often funny (funniest, by the way, when he strays from his point). His characters are deftly drawn and believable. He is also, in this play, extremely generous, giving most of the better lines to the conservative novelist, while the young socialist is often left fumbling and at sea. (Neither is the most scrupulous debater on earth, both becoming mean and personal time after time.) A most eloquent, demolishing reply to the novelist is made, but by an angry African delegate. Nevertheless, these long speeches, witty or eloquent or whatever, stop the action cold and dwindle in interest as they go on; the politics here are not especially dramatic or interesting. There is also considerable confusion in the time-and-place changes. The performances, as is so often true at the Public, are by and large very good. Our marvellous young actor Željko Ivanek plays the English journalist, perpetually on the boil and then suddenly at peace when he withdraws from the debate, gaining strength and dignity. Another marvellous actor, the Indian Roshan Seth, is perfect as the novelist. Also commendable are Elizabeth McGovern as the actress, Alfre Woodard as the network correspondent, Richard Venture as the organizer of the conference, and—especially—Ving Rhames as the African delegate. The dramatist directed. The stunning settings were designed by Hayden Griffin and lighted by Rory Dempster. The appropriate costumes were designed by Jane Greenwood. "A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at," wrote Oscar Wilde, providing Mr. Hare with both title and epigraph.

—EDITH OLIVER

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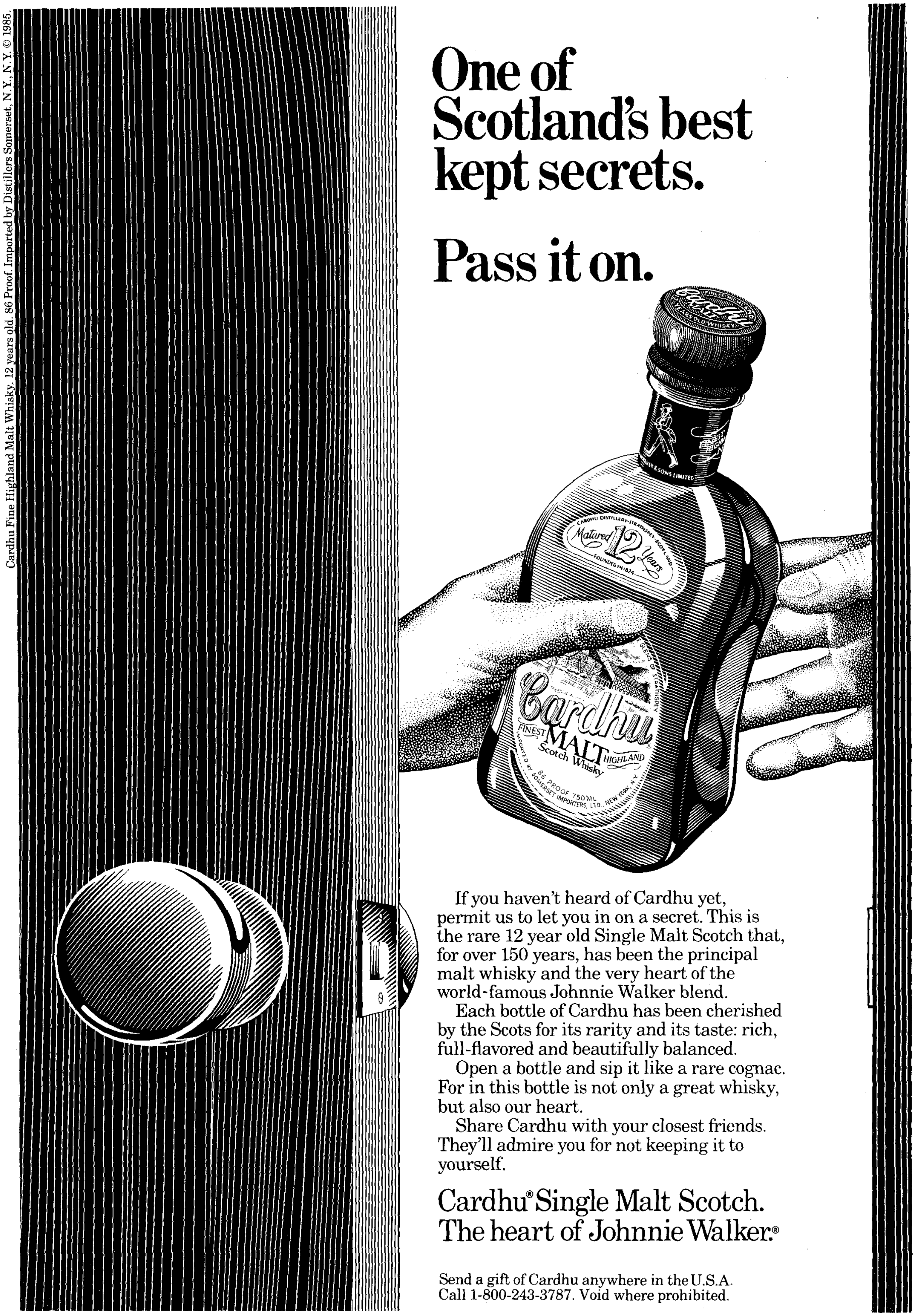
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MUSICAL EVENTS

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IN the eighteen-thirties, Donizetti was Europe's leading composer—chief contributor to the stream of new operas that audiences of those days expected. In the mid-forties, after a marvellous final burst of activity, his mind was clouded by madness. Verdi became his successor: in the decade 1843-53, he turned out sixteen operas. By then, Wagner was at work on the "Ring." People's thinking about opera changed, and Donizetti's reputation did not survive the century. Thirty years ago, he was still held in low esteem. The 1954 Grove summarized current opinion: music written as rapidly as his "can be no more than successful improvisation;" it drew its life from the virtuosi for whom it was composed; "facile, sentimental melodies can no longer sustain the interest or be supposed to represent adequately dramatic action, and Donizetti seldom rises above that standard;" he lacked Rossini's "brilliancy" and Verdi's "earnest sincerity;" "only his delightful comic operas, 'L'Elisir d'Amore' and 'Don Pasquale,' are still thoroughly alive, while 'Lucia' continues to hold the stage in Italy." Then things started to change. That year at La Scala and the following year in Berlin, Herbert von Karajan and Maria Callas joined forces in a "Lucia di Lammermoor" that, preserved on records, can still lead modern doubters of Donizetti's dramatic force to admire him. Two years later, an "Anna Bolena" at La Scala, Callas its heroine, showed that there is more to the serious Donizetti than "Lucia;" in 1960 a Scala "Poliuto," again with Callas, confirmed it. Meanwhile, in 1959, at Covent Garden—the theatre where in 1925 "Lucia," revived for the first time since 1909, had been laughed off the stage after one performance—Joan Sutherland and "Lucia" triumphed with public and critics alike. Some years later, at the New York City Opera, Beverly Sills sang in "Lucia," in her "Tudor trilogy" ("Anna Bolena," "Maria Stuarda," and "Roberto Devereux"), and then in "Lucrezia Borgia." Montserrat Caballé took up "Lucrezia," "Caterina Cornaro," "Gemma di Vergy," "Parisina." Prima donnas were in the van of this Donizetti revival, but not for them alone were his operas staged. In London, I saw productions with less famous singers of "Torquato Tasso," "Marin Faliero," "Belisario," "Poliuto," "Linda di Chamounix;" in Italy, of "Pia de' Tolomei," "Caterina," "Il Furioso," "Le Duc d'Albe." The comedies—"Le Convenienze ed Inconvenienze Teatrali," "Il Campanello," "Betly," "Rita"—were also revived. "La Fille du Régiment" and (a star opera for mezzos) "La Favorite," two works that, *pace* Grove, had hardly disappeared, were done more frequently. There was lots more. "L'Esule di Roma," "Maria di Rohan," "Maria di Rudenz," "Maria Padilla," "Fausta" reappeared. Radio stations and recordings, official or pirated, carried the performances to listeners around the world. The newsletters and journals of the flourishing Donizetti Society (its address is 56 Harbut Road, London S.W.11) provided a forum for Donizetti enthusiasms, and the society reprinted scores that had long been out of print. Musicology kept pace. Congresses were held. Learned papers were published. Donizetti was so prolific—author of some seventy operas—and so ready and practical with revisions and adaptations devised to suit a particular company that Europe's archives hold enough still unexamined material to keep scholars busy for decades.

The first, excited flush of rediscovery has perhaps started to fade. "Anna Bolena," "Maria Stuarda," and "Lucrezia" are again familiar operas. Donizetti virtues long underrated, then reacclaimed, are now taken for granted, and the failings that, perhaps in overcompensation for past injustice, were for a while dismissed too readily are no longer ignored. The new, balanced picture is of a swift, sure composer who chose his subjects with care and sought to give them apt expression; of an inventor in most of whose operas we find striking formal departures from convention; and of a generous, warmhearted, lovable man quick to sympathize with innocence wronged, the pangs of guilty remorse, the hurt of real or apparent betrayal, and steadfastness in the face of suffering brought about by men's cruelty or the turns of a hostile fate. Skillful hand and generous heart conspire, but sometimes haste of execution takes its toll. Sometimes—especially

"Mitchell—herd of four."

in fast movements—there is too easy a recourse to formula. And on occasion external circumstances have compromised artistic integrity. "Pia de' Tolomei," one of Donizetti's most profound and poignant operas, is dramatically weakened by the presence of a superfluous principal, a mezzo-soprano *en travesti* forced into the plot, against the composer's better judgment, to provide a role for a protégée of the commissioning theatre's president.

THIS summer, Donizetti's "Gabriella di Vergy" of 1838—a different opera from his "Gabriella di Vergy" of 1826 and from his "Gemma di Vergy," of 1834, whose action is set some two centuries later—was brought to the stage for the first time. It was done by Dorset Opera, a British company that mounts a production each year in the hall of Sherborne School. The performance—with young professional soloists, an admirable orchestra drawn largely from the Bournemouth Symphony, and a keen, well-trained young chorus—was at once fresh, urgent, and stylish. The opera dates from one of Donizetti's best periods—that of "Pia," "Roberto Devereux," and "Poliuto." The earlier "Gabriella"—to an 1816 libretto, written by Andrea Leone Tottola for Michele Carafa—was composed not to commission but, Donizetti said, for his own enjoyment. It has never been performed, and some of its music went into other works. The second "Gabriella," with a different libretto but the same basic plot, was written for Naples. Some questions about it remain; what seems likely is that Donizetti began the piece, laid it aside for "Poliuto," then completed it in a hurry when "Poliuto" was banned by royal censorship and he was due to leave for Paris. It was not performed; another "Gabriella," Mercadante's, was done in its stead, and some of Donizetti's music found its way into "Adelia," his 1841 opera for Rome. The two "Gabriella" operas became footnotes in musical history. In 1869, a pasticcio "Gabriella," cobbled from parts of both and from various other Donizetti works, with a new text and new orchestration, was produced, without success, in Naples. Then, a few years ago, Don White and Patric Schmid, the directors of Opera Rara, turned up a manuscript copy of the 1838 "Gabriella" in the Sterling Library of the University of London. (Opera Rara is an organization that edits, performs, and records forgotten

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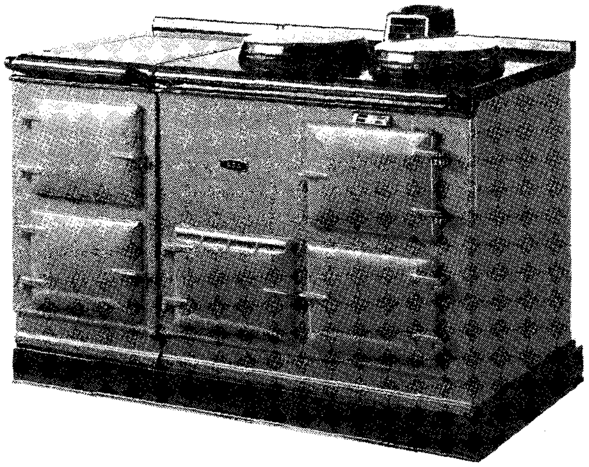

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works of the nineteenth century. In 1977, it staged the first of Donizetti's "Tudor" operas, "Elisabetta al Castello di Kenilworth." Its record albums are essential, enjoyable listening for all students of the century; the full catalogue is available from 25 Compton Terrace, London N.1.) Opera Rara recorded "Gabriella" in 1978, and a concert performance was given in Belfast.

The earlier "Gabriella" may have been undertaken as an exercise in handling the matter of romantic melodrama: its situations adumbrate those of Donizetti's mature operas. The manner, however—to judge by excerpts presented as an appendix to the Opera Rara recording of the 1838 "Gabriella"—is still largely Rossinian, and the hero is a contralto. Donizetti returned to the subject, twelve years later, as a master of the more directly dramatic style established in Bellini's first Milanese operas—the so-called *canto d'azione*, which Donizetti adopted and Verdi developed. "Gabriella" has a simple plot that moves to a gruesome close. The soprano, Gabriella, believing the tenor, Raoul, to be dead, has acquiesced in a loveless marriage to the baritone, Fayel, Count of Vergy. But Raoul turns up, very much alive. In a duet akin to that of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," he wrings from Gabriella an admission that she still loves him, although she is bound by honor and duty to her husband. (The duet was first sung, in its "Adelia" reworking, by Giuseppina Strepponi, Verdi's future wife; "Adelia" is dedicated to Strepponi.) Fayel, finding Raoul at his wife's feet, challenges him to a duel. Fayel wins, and delivers to Gabriella her lover's heart on a platter. She expires of grief. (In earlier, horrider versions of the tale—the ninth novella of the "Decameron" 's fourth day is one—he serves her the heart in a stew.) Donizetti's score is compact, swift-moving, and energetic, with forms fashioned to the turns of the action. The departures from convention include cabaletta second verses that are not straight repeats but have counterpoints—commentary and interjections from other characters—written in. Applause after one aria is obviated and dramatic impetus maintained by the device of lapping the subsequent recitative over the instrumental coda. (Mozart did the same thing in "Idomeneo;" Verdi tried it after the Veil Song in "Don Carlos" but then recast the passage to bring the

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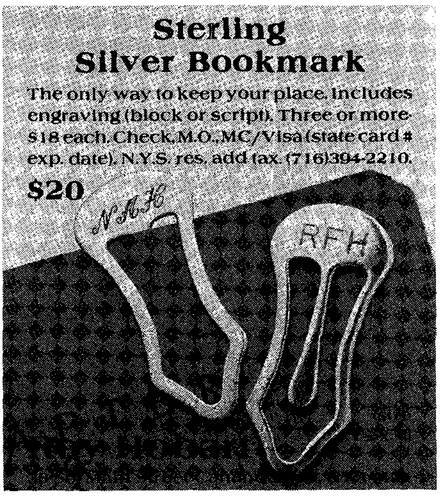

aria to a full stop.) There is a tenor-baritone duet movement in dulcet thirds and sixths, borrowed from the 1826 "Gabriella" and boldly recast for the two male voices in a way to make it a forerunner of Lensky's and Eugene Onegin's tense, lyrical reflections before their duel.

In Dorset, Marie Slorach was a moving Gabriella who produced some finespun cantilena and phrased delicately but was not always pure of tone in outbursts. Justin Lavender's Raoul was honest, assured, and fluent. Best of all was the Fayel of Peter Savidge, a singer with a direct, unforced, unspoiled baritone, a telling stage presence, and a clear, incisive delivery. Robert Glen's staging, in simple, well-devised settings by John Hodgkinson, was straightforward and apt. Patrick Shelley's conducting was sensitive to the grace, the charged emotional content, and the brio of the score. Verve, confidence in the power of the piece, and technical proficiency united to rekindle the elated, almost uncritical response to unfamiliar Donizetti which routine or eccentric revivals had begun to dull.

DONIZETTI's first opera—composed in 1816, when he was a student at the Bologna lyceum; first performed only in 1960, in Bergamo—was a "Pigmalione," one of the many pieces based on Rousseau's "Pygmalion." The philosopher's *scène lyrique*—a spoken monodrama punctuated by musical interludes—appeared in 1770; in various translations, various settings, it quickly made the rounds of Europe. Pygmalion is a powerful myth of artistic creation. It moved Cherubini, whose own music was, and is, often called marmoreal and cold, to give stirring expression to the idea of an artist's being driven to despair and near-madness by his inability to impart warmth, life, and breath to even his greatest work. By Cherubini's "Pimmalione" (1809), it is said, Napoleon was moved to tears.

Bologna's 1985 Feste Musicali—eight September days of music that included Cherubini's Mass for the Coronation of Charles X, Liszt's "Via Crucis," a program of church music Byzantine and contemporary, and Gluck's "Paride ed Elena"—opened with a double bill of "Pygmalion" musical dramas after Rousseau: Ferdinando Provesi's (c. 1820) and Gian Battista Cimador's (1790). Provesi was Verdi's early teacher. One of his —and later Verdi's—duties as Bus-

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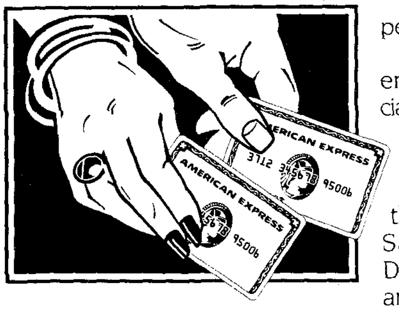

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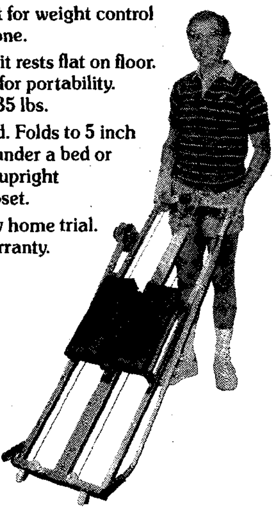

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seto's *maestro di musica* was to provide fare for the "academies" of the Busseto Philharmonic Society, whose programs often included short spoken plays. Provesi's "Pigmalione"—spoken, like Rousseau's—evidently gave a chance both to some local actors and to the dilettanti instrumentalists of the Philharmonic. The thirty-two brief musical passages that articulate the monologue (Galatea, when brought to life, has just four exclamations) are nothing special. Most of them sound like aria introductions unfollowed by arias. They are couched in the Rossinian lingua franca of the day. A flute tune over pizzicatos (while Pygmalion reflects that not his statue but an ideal it represents has won his heart) and flute and bassoon solos (to which the statue starts to move) are pretty. Very full wind scoring reflects the composition of the Busseto Philharmonic. A rich Verdi exhibition in the newly restored Ducal Palace at Colorno, near Parma (it runs until early December), included a Philharmonic membership list showing that there were far more wind than string players.

Cimador's "Pimmalione," a *scena drammatica* that is sung, not spoken, is more substantial and more interesting. It was composed for Matteo Babini, a celebrated tenor with an international career: he sang all over Italy, in Berlin, in St. Petersburg, in London at the King's Theatre, in Paris in duet with Marie Antoinette. He was one of those who helped to displace the castratos as heroes of the operatic stage. He was admired more for his intelligence, handsome appearance, and dramatic intensity than for vocal prowess. Babini played Cimador's "Pimmalione" widely; the more famous Giovanni David also took it up; as late as 1836 it was still being performed. Cimador himself moves on the fringes of music history: in 1791 he settled in London, where he published much of Mozart's music; with Haydn he visited Bath; "Pimmalione" was sung in London in 1797. The epithet that comes to mind for "Pimmalione" is Mozartian, and it has melodic phrases in common with "Così Fan Tutte." Neither work can have influenced the other, however: they appeared on the same day, one in Venice and the other in Vienna. Both composers employed —and Mozart transfigured—the common musical language of the late eighteenth century. Cimador's piece has a character of its own, provided by its unusual formal structure. It is a sequence of orchestrally accompa-

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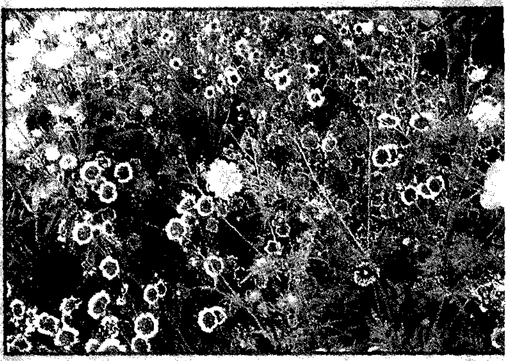

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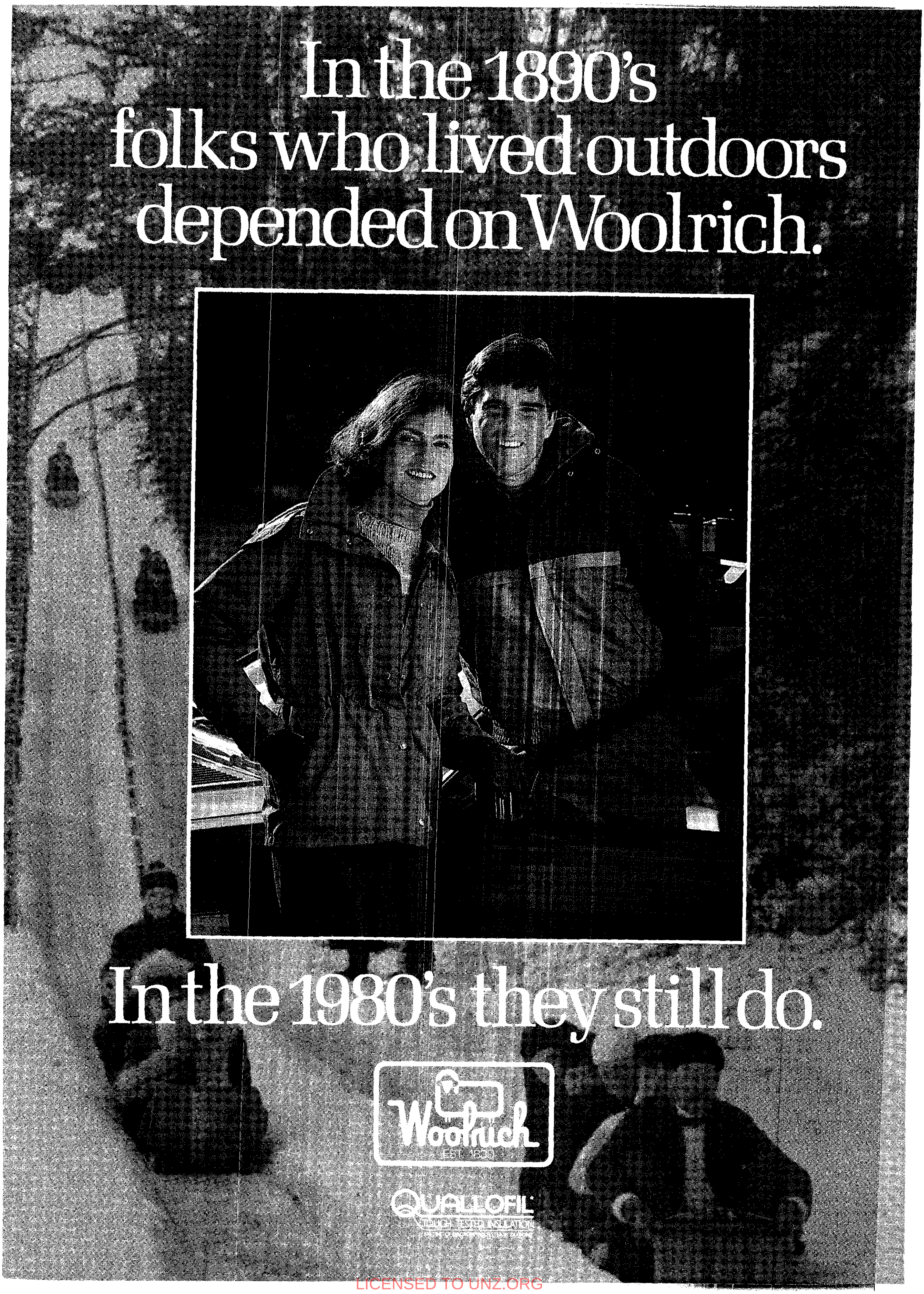
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nied recitatives, ariosos, and ariettas, amounting to a half-hour dramatic monologue that arrestingly changes pace, changes mood, pauses for reflection, then moves on again. It's like an eighteenth-century "Erwartung"—an adventurous and unconventional piece. It is tempting to surmise that Donizetti encountered it in his student days and that its example lingered when he composed the vivid scenas—recitative, instrumental solos giving utterance to inner thought, ariosos, arias begun and then cut short—that, even more than the set-piece solo numbers, project the drama of his mature operas. Surprising that so evidently gifted a composer as Cimador wrote so little. His "Ati e Cibele" (Venice, 1789; revived in London in 1795) and "Ratto di Proserpina" (Venice, 1791) have been mislaid. Some songs and a double-bass concerto written for Dragonetti survive.

The performances were given in the Aula Magna of Bologna's Academy of Fine Arts, established by Napoleon in a former church. It is an uncommonly handsome room, designed by Alfonso Torreggiani, the architect responsible for many of Bologna's eighteenth-century splendors. The Academy's plaster casts of masterpieces from the antique to Michelangelo decked it as Pygmalion's studio, and the modern, living Galatea (in Provesi's piece) was as naked as they. Tito Gotti conducted members of the Teatro Comunale orchestra. Giuseppe di Leva directed. Paolo Bessegato, in the Provesi, was a mannered actor; Carlo Gaifa, in the Cimador, sang intelligently and clearly but in a tenor of effective compass even narrower than Babini's. Cimador's "Pimmalione" would lend itself to concert-hall presentation: it needs only a tenor, a chair, and a shapely young woman able to stand still for a long while and then sing a few simple phrases. It's a work that enterprising chamber orchestras and tenors in quest of a tour de force might well revive. I commend it to the planners of the Mostly Mozart festival.

—ANDREW PORTER

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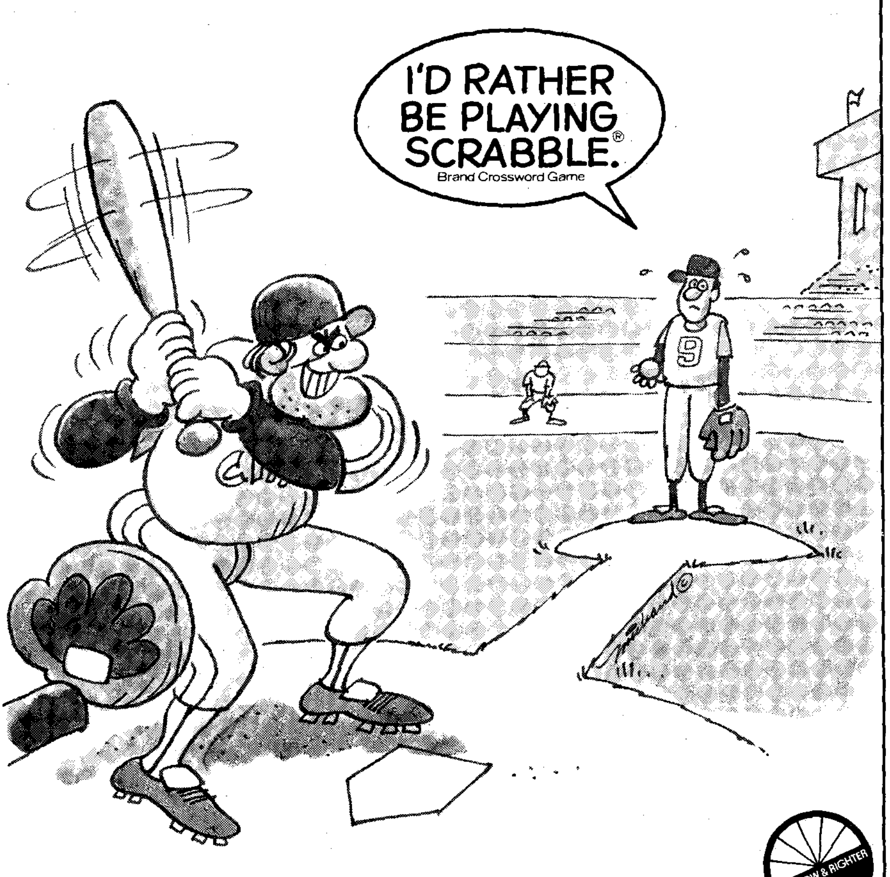
[*From "Double-Blinded," by Leslie Alan Horvitz and H. Harris Gerhard, M.D.*]

She was polishing off her third margarita and so she was putting things a bit more bluntly than she customarily would.
—*Page 177.*

"But what hope is there to cure it, then?" she asked, draining her second margarita.
—*Page 178.*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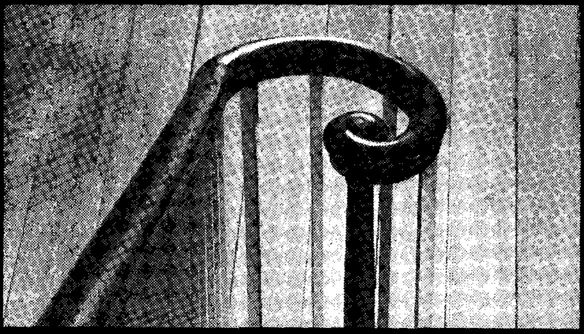

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Stubbs

George Stubbs is among the handful of first-rate painters England has produced. A Stubbs, which is often of a person and an animal set in a landscape, is a subtle thing. At first, it seems like a very skillful version of the kind of picture that can't be taken seriously: a sporting scene, usually of a handsome, sleek horse accompanied by some stately folk. But Stubbs, whose dates are 1724 to 1806—and who was, this past spring, the subject of a retrospective at the Yale Center for British Art, in New Haven—had a supremely confident, if unflashy, hand. As you look at his paintings (and think about them later), you are filled with a sense of serenity and clarity. He makes everything—grasses, trees, people, leather saddles, horses, clothes, brick houses, empty fields, carriages, dogs, rainy skies, green meadows—look perfect, right, quintessential. And there is such a gentle breathing life to his color and touch that he cheats himself a little. We forget about him, the artist, and pass right into the world he has painted.

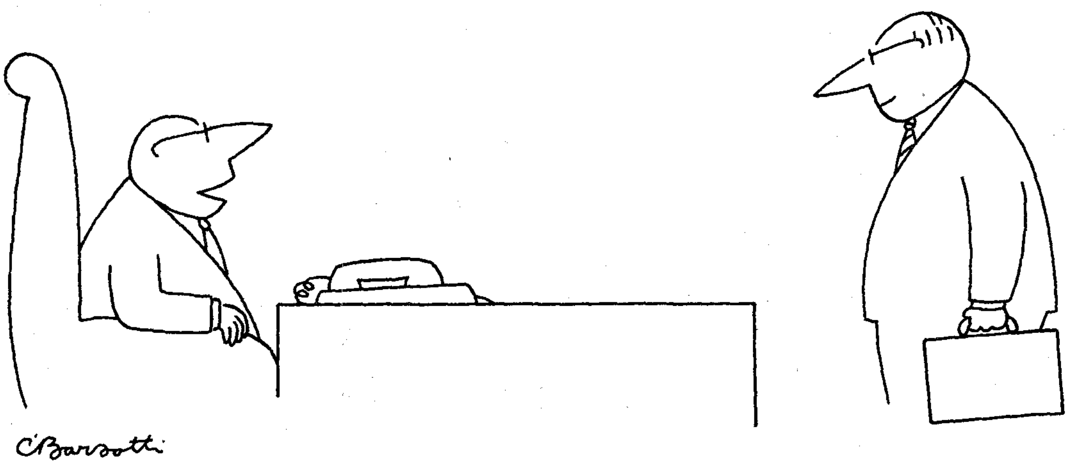
Stubbs' reputation has developed only in the past thirty years. He wasn't considered a high, fine artist in his time. He was just a horse painter—he was one of the pioneers of the sporting-scene genre—and the English, I think, are still cautious in their praise of him. The Yale show was the first he has had in the United States—it was a much abridged version of a show that was at the Tate last year (and that was, in turn, the largest show he has had in England). The Yale show was short on masterpieces. Stubbs' most amazing pictures—including two paintings of horses done life-size (one is of a rearing horse)—couldn't come, probably because of the difficulty of shipping such fragile monsters. Toned down as it was, the show left a feeling that Stubbs ought to be considered a giant, and there were seven or so paintings in it that are sublime—in a class with Vermeer, Piero della Francesca, and Chardin (at his best).

Stubbs' best work has a spooky freshness. From the clothes his people wear, we know that these are eighteenth-century paintings, but otherwise we might not know when they were made. His people look out at us (or look into the space of the pictures) with an open, penetrating quality that hardly any other artist achieves. Stubbs generally places his figures at a distance, in large surrounding landscapes, so their faces are literally small—yet we feel we're looking at portraits of distinct individuals. And we love these people! Around the beginning of the show, there were some equestrian portraits and paintings of jockeys, trainers, and grooms with horses, and it was one great face after another. John Larkin, John Pratt, Simon Cobb, John Singleton, the Countess of Coningsby, and Joseph Smyth are the names given. I mention the names because, in some primitive way, a viewer believes that the pictures are as much about these individuals as they are about the art of painting. It's a kind of séance. You feel you are really with that person.

The jockey on Turf, in the superb painting of that name, has a pained, lined, superior, rather Spanish face. John Larkin, who's on Otho, seems sweet but weak. It's hard to tear yourself away from Stubbs' people. It's not that they're vibrant characters (à la Copley) or fascinating combinations of contrary qualities (à la Goya). They're just totally fresh individuals. Stubbs hasn't already understood them for us.

There's a formal, optical aspect to Stubbs' realism, too. There's an odd tension between the figures and the backgrounds. He usually painted his animals (or people and animals) first, then gave them a suitable background. In reproductions, the backgrounds can look like cardboard sets. It turns out, though, that he was a wonderful—but understated—landscapist. His landscapes don't have the jittery wetness of most English landscapes. His are drier, more monumental; his clouds are often massive, puffy banks of white. His backgrounds are filled with real, freshly observed details, but the interesting thing is that he plays them down, he makes a viewer have to peer to see them. You look at the people and animals, then at the quietly busy backgrounds, then you return to the figures, who now appear much softer, and it's like focussing with a camera.

It's this foreground-background split that makes many of his images startlingly alive. Looking at the second painting in the series "Two Gentlemen Going a Shooting" is like entering the Twilight Zone. This four-part series shows an outing of hunters and their two pointers. They go out one morning, shoot some birds, and, in the final painting, look at the day's kill in a darkened forest. The second picture is the special one. It's a very plain image. There's a house off to one side, an empty road, some trees, a pale empty sky, the men, and their dogs. The men and dogs are, of course, painted more sharply than the background. One man looks straight out at us; he seems to say, "Oh, hello there," and it's unnerving. Perhaps because his face and black hat, seen against the pale, dusty-green background, are so real, so touchable. Or because, while the setting is stagelike, we're given an immediate sense of a hot, muggy summer morning. Whatever the reason, you feel you have walked into the eighteenth century.



"Have a good meeting. Give my best to B. J., and on your way back pick up a DoveBar."

There is very little known about Stubbs. He apparently came on the scene—and was thought of as strictly a horse painter, with a sideline in other animals—when he was nearing middle age, and the few pictures of him show a heavyset, white-haired, not exactly handsome man. He must have been physically strong. He was the son of a currier and worked for his father in his youth, and one of his earliest projects, which was self-commissioned, was a book of large pencil drawings showing the anatomy of a horse. To accomplish this, he had to rig up one dead horse after another. It had to be backbreaking and stomach-turning work. He was helped by Mary Spencer, his common-law wife of fifty years.

He wasn't always inspired. About half (or more) of the paintings in the New Haven show struck me as merely all right. Most of Stubbs' work came from commissions. People commissioned him to paint their grooms and horses, or jockeys, or stableboys, or carriages, or the wild animals—or dogs—they employed or possessed. When his pictures don't succeed, it's usually because he doesn't aim high enough—the commission itself isn't challenging. Or because he's too imaginative, "artistic" (which happens rarely). The retrospective dispelled some notions about him. He's probably best known as the author of a number of paintings on the theme of a lion attacking a horse. He made seventeen over a thirty-year period—a half dozen or so were in the show—and he's generally represented in surveys and textbooks with one of these pictures. That ought to be changed, because they're about his most shallow works. A case could be made that they represent the ferocious and nerve-racked other side of his art—the reverse of his calm scenes of people and their horses. But the lion-and-horse paintings, which include pictures of a frightened horse being stalked by a lion and a lion digging his fangs into the back of a screaming horse, do not have the formal interest or the emotional depth of his "actionless" pictures. The lion-and-horse paintings are forcedly romantic. The lions are invariably wide-eyed, tawny creatures who charm more than they are meant to, and the horses, whose necks arch in perfect curves and whose veins bulge, are like fatuous rock stars flaunting their profiles.

STUBBS' fame in his lifetime rested (and rests today) on his paintings of horses, but the surprise of the show was that while his paintings of horses

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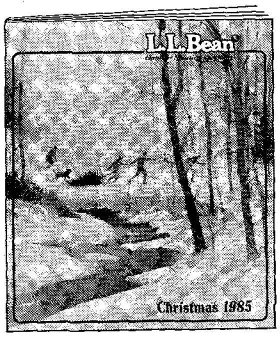

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(and of other animals) on their own have a solidity and beauty that no other animal paintings have, they aren't exciting. There is, of course, a lot to admire in Stubbs' paintings of animals on their own. His "Zebra" is particularly good. This handsome and sad creature stands alone in an inviting, softly lit forest setting. Stubbs alters his touch to match the hide or hair of the animal he paints. He puts the oil on so that when you look at his zebra—or his monkey, his poodle, his spaniel, or his many horses—you feel the flaxen softness, the oily smoothness, the damp ringlets. His touch is spectacular in "Cheetah and Stag with Two Indians," a huge and fascinating painting—which doesn't quite jell—that shows Indians in beautifully painted white native outfits. They're the cheetah's keepers. In the nearby distance is a stag, who will presumably become the cheetah's victim as soon as he is released. The Indians (who actually came to London with this big cat in 1764) are painted with sympathy and are handsome, interesting-looking men—they put to shame Delacroix's various dark-skinned exotics—but the picture is fancy. We're not sure what's going on and we don't care. The life-size cheetah, though, is awesome. The animal's fur is freakishly alive and touchable. It's a cliché to say that a passage in a painting gives off its own light, but this cheetah really seems to.

Stubbs is most commanding and original when he paints people and animals together—preferably English people and their animals. Then there is a chemistry. You are given a sense of a nation's wealth and power, physical strength and happiness, all held in perfect, unconscious poise. You believe that you are looking at a country that shyly knows that it is great, that hasn't yet begun to congratulate itself. It's England—as a powerful yet still green nation—that you come away dreaming about.

It should be noted that while the show's catalogue is handsome the color isn't good enough. The reproductions don't compare with the paintings, and Judy Egerton, who wrote the catalogue (and organized the show), could probe a bit more. She repeatedly refers to herself as "the compiler"—annoying modesty, since she produced a lot of copy. The compiler tells about the lineages of the various horses and describes the people who commissioned the pictures. She says little about the paintings as paintings, or where they fit into the larger scheme of things. To some extent, this is understandable. Stubbs, like Vermeer, makes you tongue-tied. (And there is a loony poetry to Egerton's commentaries, as when she says of a dog in a portrait of Thomas Smith that "the hound is Wonder, bred in 1770, by Tatler out of Trickster.")

Yet Stubbs clearly had personal themes in his work, and they developed over the course of his career. A social history of eighteenth-century England—and an account of one man's moral values—could be deduced from his pictures. As an anatomist, Stubbs was more than an amateur and less than a professional; but it would be wrong to call him an artist-scientist, and he wasn't a naïf. He grew as a man and a painter. He started on a high note, went through a long middle period when he was on a kind of plateau, and then, in his last years, transcended himself. His earliest paintings have sparkling surfaces and, often, an audacious sense of space. His finest early works couldn't come to New Haven. They're long, horizontal hunt scenes and the magnificent, screenlike "Gimcrack on Newmarket Heath, with a Trainer, Jockey, and a Stable-lad." In the far right distance of this six-foot-long painting (which was at the Tate), Gimcrack is handily winning a race. In the center, the jockey walks to the rubbing-down house, and on the far left there's Gimcrack again. The race is over and he's being attended to. One of the amazing things about Stubbs is his feeling for composition. Most of his pictures are built like that brick rubbing-down house; they're structured with an unshakable classical balance. Yet in "Gimcrack"—and there are other pictures like it—his design is totally modern and uncentered. He knows exactly how empty and wide-open you can leave a picture space and have it stay dramatic.

In his last fifteen or so years, he returned to the bright colors and the unexpected compositions of his early work. But now, instead of the figures being a touch spindly and toylike, they have a filled-out perfection. The last room at the show, which included five paintings and a print, and primarily

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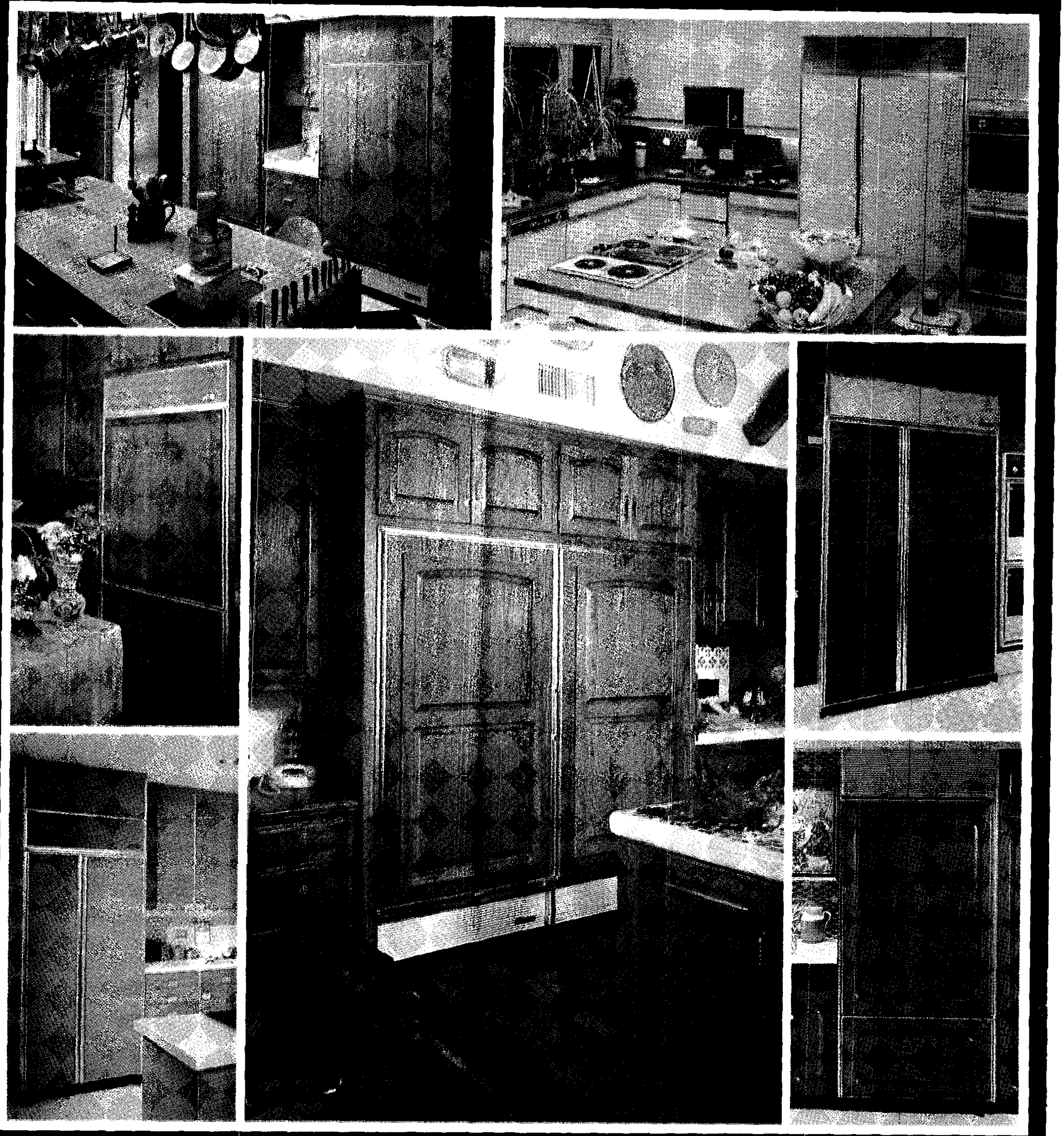

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represented work he did between roughly 1785 and 1800, was almost too much. Each picture was stunning, and each went off in a different direction. (The print was of one of the paintings.)

"Phaeton with a Pair of Cream Ponies in Charge of a Stable-lad," which was one of them, is among the most blissful pictures in the world. Left to right, there is the phaeton—it's a small carriage, comparable to a sports car—then the ponies, the lad, and a yappy dog at his feet (who looks up at the ponies in an at-the-ready, shall-we-play? position). The scene is a little clearing, just outside a forest. The ponies wear exquisite robin's-egg-blue brow bands. They back up just a touch—they're not sure about the dog. Their forelegs form two triangle shapes. It is as though they had been choreographed. The stable lad rests his arm on the shaft and smiles at the ponies. The picture is mysteriously beautiful in part because of the way the phaeton sits there on the clean earth floor. Stubbs paints the base and wheels of this blue carriage with such a godlike clarity that you feel air circulating in and around the whole vehicle.

Stubbs received a number of commissions from the Prince of Wales at the end of his career, and he rose to the occasion. They're sumptuous. He painted the Prince's phaeton. That picture couldn't come—it looks fantastic in the catalogue—but another of these royal commissions, "Soldiers of the 10th Light Dragoons," did. (The 10th Light Dragoons was the outfit that his father, the King, appointed the Prince head of.) Stubbs' picture of four enlisted men placed in a row, facing out, in a meadow landscape on a summer's day was probably the single most brilliant image and the most lusciously painted work in the show. As a composition, it is as startlingly direct and silly as any Rousseau. It is painted, though, with a wallop and a sensuousness that Rousseau never achieves. If Toulouse-Lautrec (who didn't have this muscle, either) had made it, you'd know to smile. But Stubbs is serious, so this is somehow great poetry and a great joke. On the left is a sergeant on a horse, his sword unsheathed. To the right are—standing—a trumpeter, a sergeant with a rifle, and a private with a rifle. The sky is one big enveloping pink cloud, with a patch of vivid turquoise showing through. The uniforms and the various pieces of equipment are painted so that you can see small details from a few feet away, yet up close the oil pigment is fresh and creamy and bright.

Stubbs does what Vermeer does (and what photographs sometimes do): he catches so transitory a moment that the faces and expressions seem to move as we look at the work. The mounted sergeant is haughtily full of himself, but the men on foot squint, fidget, suppress smiles. They look from the sides of their eyes; the private wants to see if he's doing it right.

Stubbs is a painter of an egalitarian paradise, a realm where grooms and jockeys and stable lads are as compelling to us as countesses and wealthy landowners, where everyone, no matter what his station, looks at life without irony. But there is an increasing sense of majesty in his art. He seems to trace, in his work, England's growing mood of self-importance. Stubbs' values as a person don't change. He doesn't become puffed up (from the "Dragoons" it's clear that he could go just so far with pomp). But his work expands. Did his contemporaries know that Mr. Stubbs the horse painter was becoming a great master? It's not likely. His subject matter was too colloquial. Though he had professional connections with fellow-painters, he may have always been considered a first-class artisan in a special line who carefully obeyed the rules of picture-making. Now that craftsman was simply becoming more polished. Maybe he, too, saw it this way.

He reaches his height in two of his very last works, which were made in 1800, when he was seventy-six: "Hambletonian, Rubbing Down" and "Freeman, the Earl of Clarendon's Gamekeeper, with a Dying Doe and a Hound." It is unfortunate that "Hambletonian" could not make it to New Haven. There is nothing else like it in English art. There is nothing quite like it anywhere. This approximately seven-foot-high-by-twelve-foot-long painting shows a famous race horse of the time being rubbed down after a race. The horse, his trainer, and his stableboy are the only figures in the picture, and they're life-size. Hambletonian has clearly had a rough race—he crouches somewhat and appears strung out. The stableboy comes forward to look at us from behind and under Hambletonian's neck. The trainer, standing at the far right, with the reins in his hands, stares directly out at us. He's a short, solid

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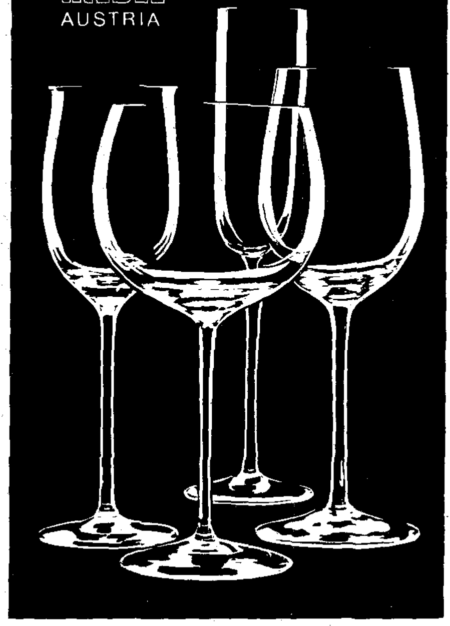

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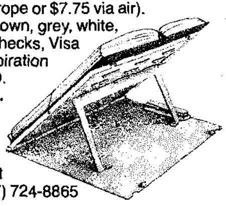

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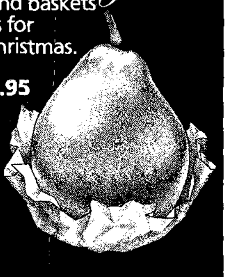

man in a black top hat, a dark-tan greatcoat, and boots. A painting of a life-size horse is extraordinary to begin with, but it is the trainer who gives this picture its real strangeness. The strangeness has to do with his squat body, his powerful hat, his gaze, the way his body compactly fits into the far right side of the picture. He seems to judge, and to be impatient with, us (and to lewdly size up the viewer).

"Hambletonian" is still virtually unknown. It was commissioned by the horse's owner and has stayed in the family ever since. It is in a house in Northern Ireland—Mount Stewart—that is open to the public only for part of the year, and it has been lent only to three exhibitions. (It was cleaned for the first time for the Tate show.) There is something nightmarish and unpleasant about it. It's different from other big pictures, whether Picasso's "Guernica" or works by the Venetian masters or Pollock. They have a decorative airiness that makes us feel we're not being swallowed by sheer size. "Hambletonian" is not airy. It has the intensity of an easel painting, and an easel painting this size radiates so much energy that you want to take a step back. It takes a while to surrender to it. It seems less a painting than a thing. One wants to place it as a curiosity from a travelling circus, or a billboard painted a hundred and fifty years before its time. But it is really an incomparable painting.

"Freeman, the Earl of Clarendon's Gamekeeper," which was in the Yale show, isn't awesome on a first viewing, but it is Stubbs' most complex work. Freeman has come upon his staghound and a doe in a dark forest, and he stands over them, crouching a little, facing us. The dog has done his job. The doe is dying. She is extremely gentle, beautiful, and graceful. She looks out at us. The dog is a fine creature, too. He looks up at his master; his tongue is out a little, he seems to smile. He is ready for his reward. Freeman's rifle is balanced on his top hat, which is in the darkened background. Freeman has a small knife in his hand, though. He's going to put the doe out of her misery. The composition is very unusual and takes a little time to figure out. The animals connect like dancers stepping toward one another—their crossed legs are balletic—but then we see that the dog stands upright on the ground and that the deer is lying back against Freeman's legs. The painter, you believe, wants

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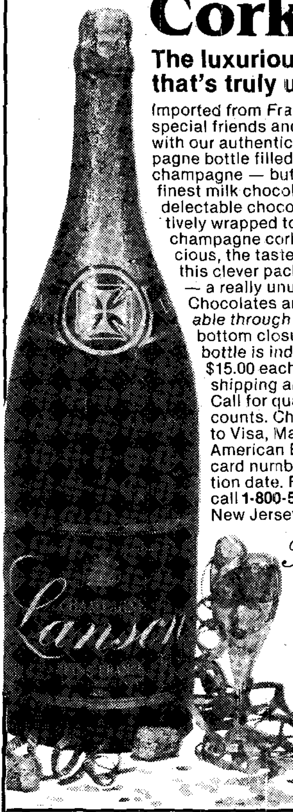

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this confusion. He wants us to slowly realize what has happened only a moment before and what Freeman (whose knife is quite small and not immediately apparent) is about to do. We are to see that the dog is no villain and that the dog, the gamekeeper, and the doe—this linking triangular shape—are one. All of life and death are tied together in this image, which expands as we think about it and which is worthy of Tolstoy.

Stubbs seems to be showing his own end in "Hambletonian" and "Freeman." In all his work (and he was prolific), there aren't any other images of dead or dying animals. The various lion-and-horse paintings show fear and combat, but nothing of the emotion of these two pictures. Hambletonian is in some distress, and the deer is genuinely stricken. Their bowed and collapsed bodies, the helpless, calling-out look in their eyes affect us deeply. It is as though Stubbs had always thought of himself as one of his beautiful animals—one of his horses especially—and when he felt that he no longer had the goods as a painter he pictured his end in the terms that he knew best. He created two works of visual poetry that are as dense and fresh as anything in the history of art. He apparently made a few more paintings and then simply retired his brushes. He set himself out to pasture, so to speak. His last years were devoted to work with pencil and paper. He had been working on a study in comparative anatomy for some time before he stopped painting, and he continued with it right up until the end. It is said that his one regret when he died—which was on July 10, 1806—was that he hadn't finished it.

—SANFORD SCHWARTZ

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BOOKS

A Kind of Dryness

FOR veteran readers of Doris Lessing, the main question about a new book of hers is not whether it is good, or better or worse than her last one, but what she is up to now. After a binge on Lessing a few years ago, I swore off her for a while, and have so far passed up a chance to read "The Diary of a Good Neighbour" and "If the Old Could . . . ," a pair of books that were published in 1983 and 1984 under a pseudonym. By posing as a beginner named Jane Somers, Lessing was able to confirm predictable depressing facts about the publishing business and the perspicacity of reviewers, although she managed to snag some attention in women's magazines by purporting to be "a well-known woman journalist"—"It was enough, it seems, to say it for people to believe it." As an ambivalent devotee, I like to think that I would have spotted Lessing lurking under the name of Somers, but at the time few readers were that alert. Some of this information is contained in an amusing short preface to the books, which were issued by Vintage last fall as "The Diaries of Jane Somers," with the name Doris Lessing in lights, as it were, above the title.

Besides making a fool of the literary world, a motive for going incognito, according to the preface, was an urge to break away from herself. A familiar move on her part, like the break she made after the success of her first novel, "The Grass Is Singing," into autobiographical fiction; like her experiments with style and structure in "The Golden Notebook;" and like her shift about sixteen years ago into a type of mystical science fiction, at the end of "The Four-Gated City." Evidently, then, after the five-volume series of allegorical Canopus novels, written between 1978 and 1983, Lessing felt a yen for the freedom of another fresh start.

"Jane Somers," she has written about her front woman, "knew nothing about a kind of dryness, like a conscience, that monitors Doris Lessing whatever she writes and in whatever style." But, to judge from a random sample of the Somers text, Lessing overestimates her power to elude herself:

> Almost at once the real structure became the same as the formal, the official structure. . . .
>
> And what has been growing up inside *this* structure, what is the future? Now I know it is not Joyce and me! But I wonder if it is really me and Phyllis? What is it I am not seeing because I am too involved with what is *now*? It seems to me that things change suddenly, overnight, or seem to: but the change has been growing up inside. I cannot see any change inside: and yet I *think* about *it* a good deal.

The dogged labyrinthine interior monologue, explanatory phrases, irregular rhythm of the prose, expressionistic punctuation, artless first-name dropping—the "dryness, like a conscience": pure Doris Lessing. It's hard to imagine an attentive reader being fooled.

Lessing's current novel, "The Good Terrorist" (Knopf; $16.95), comes with no apologia. In it she tells the story of a makeshift commune—a group of men and women in their twenties and thirties who have occupied a condemned house on the outskirts of London. The main action is domestic: rehabilitation of the house, which has been vandalized by local officials to discourage squatters; negotiation with bureaucrats for access to electricity and water; housecleaning, cooking, and garbage disposal. Consolidating its disparate grievances and living mostly on welfare payments and filial theft, the group establishes itself as a branch of a left-wing splinter, the Communist Centre Union. The plot concerns the group's accidental promotion from petty activists, attending anti-government demonstrations and spray-painting graffiti, to terrorist bombers. The leading character is Alice, a thirty-six-year-old dropout.

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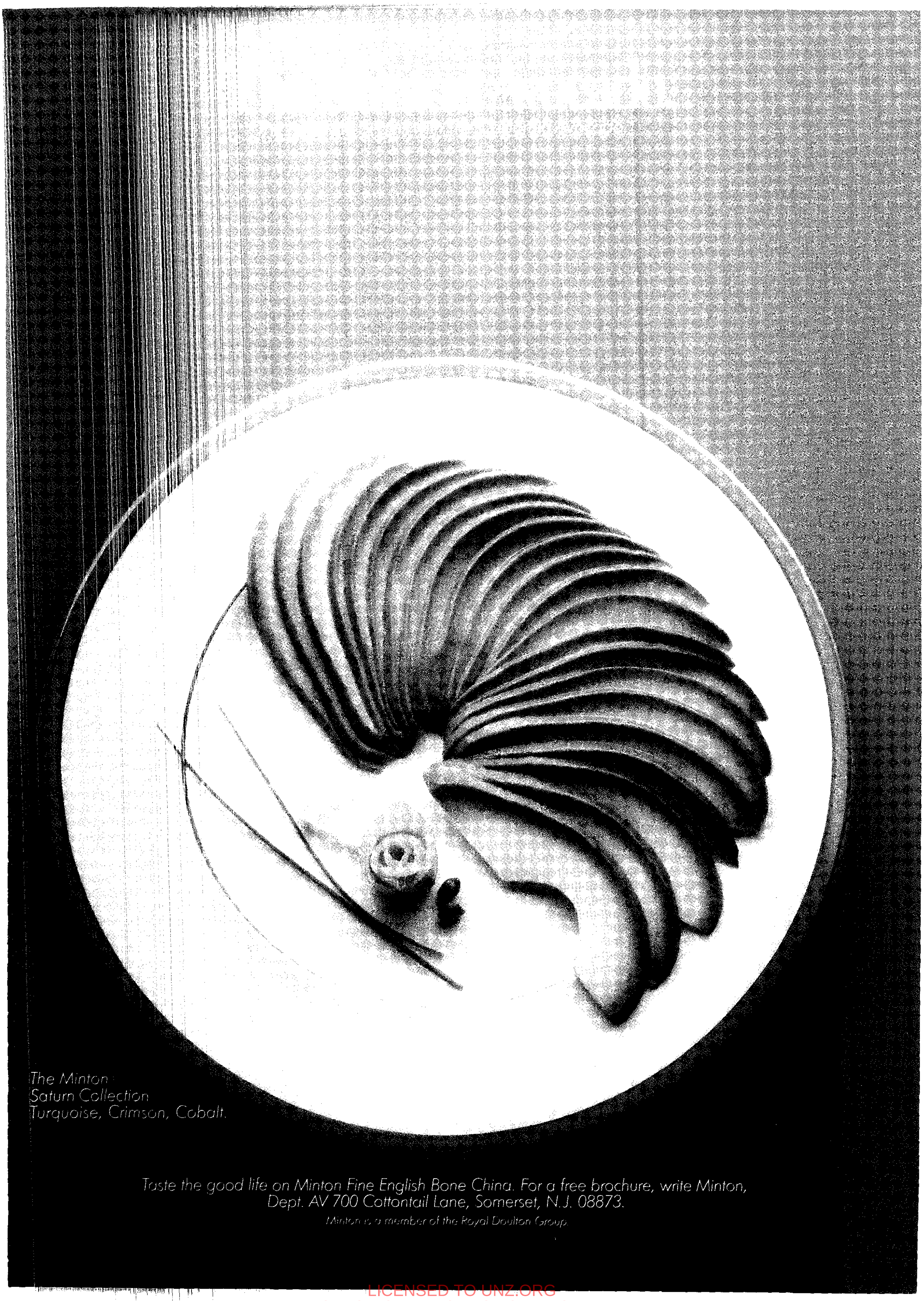
So far, standard Lessing: radical politics, social misfits, a woman beset by the conflict of her domestic instincts and worldly interests, a house minutely described, a cat that needs feeding, a passage like the following:

> She was thinking: And *who* is he? For *whom* would I be working? She had a good idea—but did it matter? The main point was, did she or did she not think that the whole ghastly superstructure should be brought down and got rid of, root and branch, once and for all?

So, what's new? What is Lessing up to



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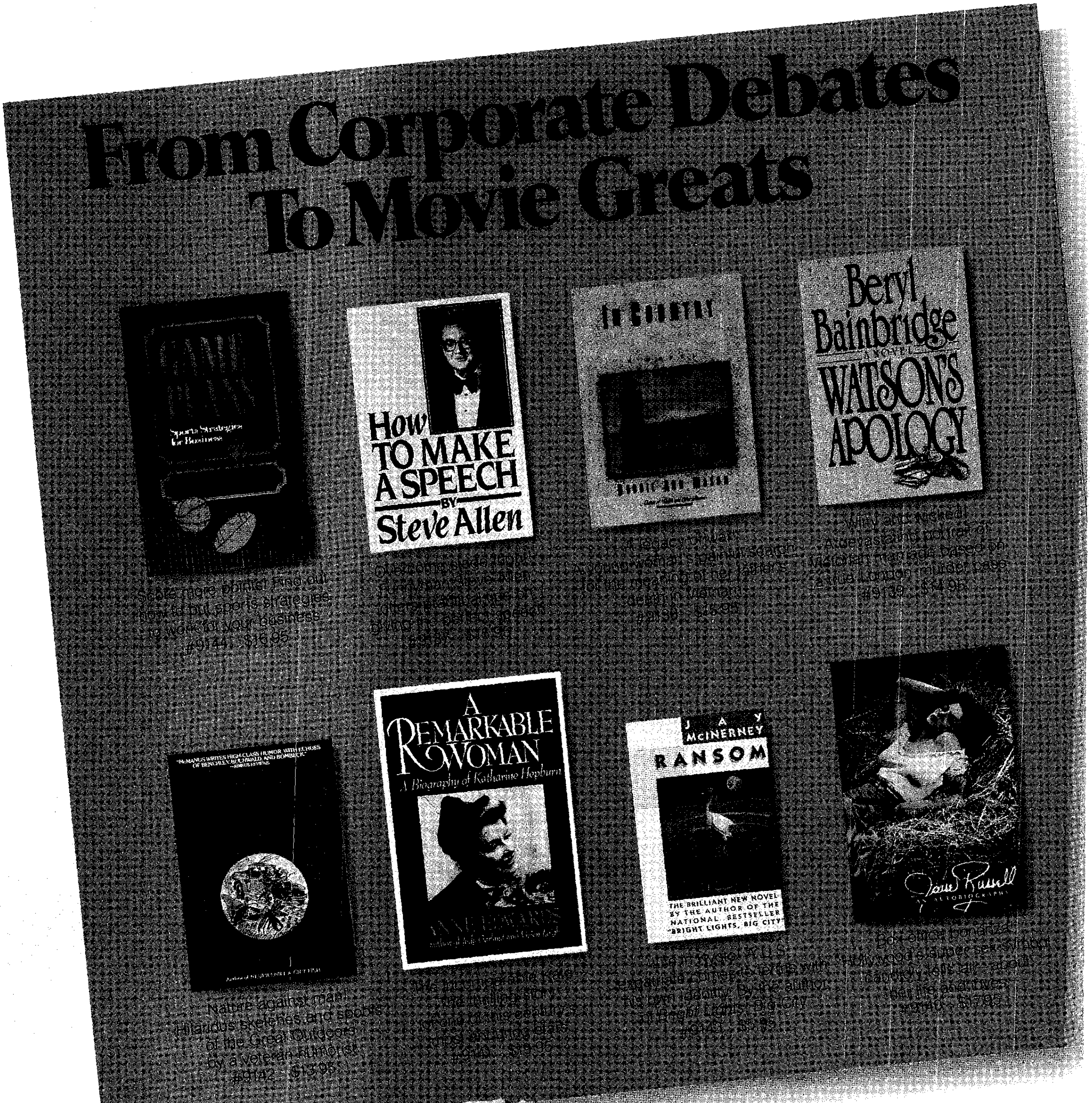
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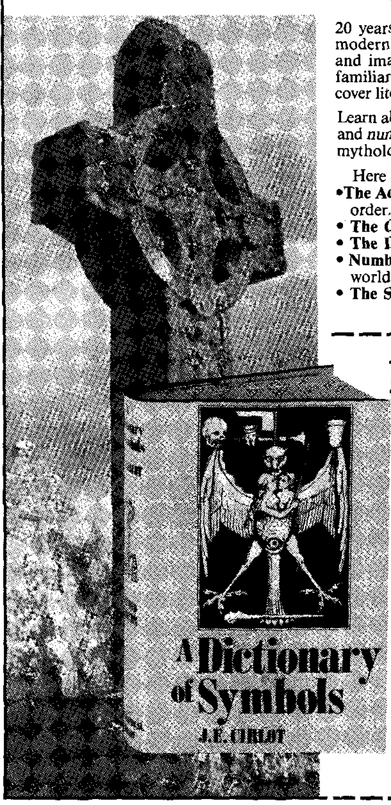
Over 900 stores nationwide. For phone orders call: 1-800-543-1300 & ask for Operator 390 (Alaska & Hawaii: 1-800-545-1000, Operator 390). Code #SI041 now? The most unusual feature of "The Good Terrorist" is that Alice's thoughts don't extend much beyond the rhetorical questions laid out in that passage. That is to say, she doesn't follow her thoughts very far. She is impulsive, subject to enthusiasm and sudden rage; she has a horror of sex and an aversion to reading anything but newspapers; she indulges in fantasies of family feeling among her comrades and in dubious political pipe dreams:

> She thought, too—steadily, letting her mind open out into one perspective after another—of the implications of what she had learned . . . She simply hadn't had any idea before! All over the country were these people—networks, to use Comrade Andrew's word. Kindly, skilled people watched, and waited, judging when people (like herself, like Pat) were ripe, could be really useful. Unsuspected by the petits bourgeois who were in the thrall of the mental superstructure of fascist-imperialistic Britain, the poor slaves of propaganda, were these watchers, the observers, the people who held all the strings in their hands.

Despite superficial affinities with previous Lessing heroines, Alice is distinctly a third-person creation, named, perhaps ironically, for being unable to recognize a pack of cards when she sees one, and related to her author as a daughter to a mother who has firmly decided to let her learn about life for herself. The effect of Lessing's decision to stand at a distance from Alice is a moderately invigorating emphasis on emotion and action, unconfined by the need to record a tortuous mental process. The reader can share Lessing's sense of superiority to Alice, if not her measured sympathy, and, for a female reader at least, there is a special interest in the housekeeping details underlying the political adventure.

As in even the noble extraplanetary Canopus novels, the writing in "The Good Terrorist" is marked by a homely British diction—Mum, dustbins, newsagent, flat, bloody, wholemeal buns—and by the inevitable awkward locutions. "Next he and Mary had a long eye-consultation," Lessing writes. And " 'You've changed your mind, at any rate,' said Bert, his red lips shining angrily from his thickets of beard." In the same category, there is Philip with his "sheaves of glistening pale hair," and Jim, whose "bright tears bounced off his black cheeks and splashed on the big drum." Although she insists on citing and *re*citing physical features—what people look like and what they are wearing—Lessing isn't very good at such description. There's the black



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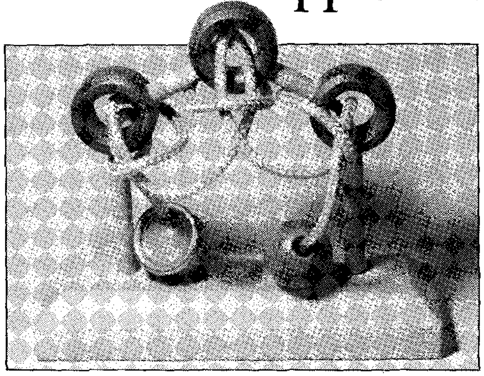

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guy with drums; the bearded fellow with the red lips; Alice and her homosexual companion, who look like *brother and sister*; *a lesbian couple*, one frail, the other bulky; and so on. She is better at explaining than at showing, and in this book she has left herself with little to explain. With her characters, *as with the rooms* and buildings she likes to describe, Lessing is interested in the connotations of appearances, but she isn't always able to make clear what they are. The failure to catch the descriptive connotations may be partly a hazard of a confrontation between a British writer and an American reader. However, I also had trouble deciphering the psychological message, possibly accounting for Alice's childishness, that Lessing tries to transmit indirectly, via flashbacks and present encounters with Alice's mother and father and references to a brother who never appears and who has no noticeable plot value.

That, then, as she might say herself, is what Doris Lessing is up to. The detached maternal point of view is particularly effective at the end of the book, in the reference to Alice as "the poor baby." —Susan Lardner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

My Present Age, by Guy Vanderhaeghe (Ticknor & Fields; $15.95). The narrator of this first novel, a thirty-two-year-old escapee from a department store's china department, where he insulted potential customers, flatters himself when he claims to be merely "fat," "opinionated," "neurotic." He is also a liar, a coward, a forger, a hypochondriac, and a loudmouth. The narrative features his efforts to find his implausibly intelligent ex-wife and to write the "art novel" that he has rashly promised to a creative-writing workshop, and the plot is thickened by a feud with a nosy neighbor. The premise of Mr. Vanderhaeghe's black comedy (the title comes from Kierkegaard) is standard fare for a first novel, but the book has its memorable moments—including the one that shortened the narrator's career in china.

Man Descending, by Guy Vanderhaeghe (Ticknor & Fields; $7.95 paper). This collection of a dozen stories was first published in 1982 in Canada, where it won the Governor General's Literary Award for fiction. A hospital orderly in one of

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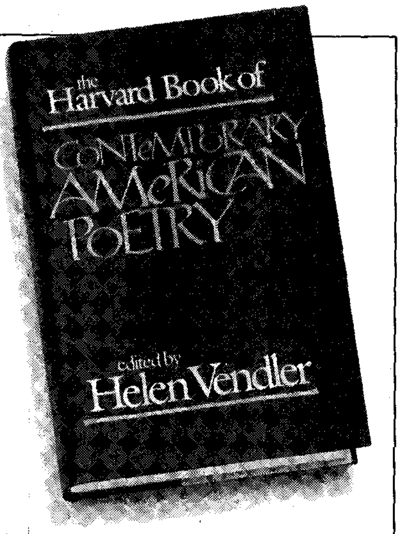

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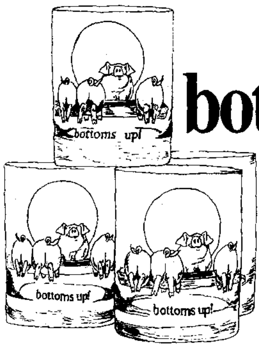

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the stories tells a patient that there are two kinds of bitterness: pepper "burns the tongue and nothing more," but horseradish, "though bitter, sharpens the hunger and makes a man impatient for the good things of the meal." Most of the stories' settings are bleak ones in western Canada, and most of the major characters are scrawny boys under brothers' and fathers' thumbs, soused husbands itching to belt a rival or an in-law, or shaky old men losing their tempers and their minds. Too many of the stories are spiced with pepper rather than horseradish, but in some the author serves up a piquant passage. A brutish teen-age brother, for instance, is "a million-dollar body carrying around a ten-cent head," and a dying emigrant from Rumania mourns for a simple paradise: "Nothing but a sheet of sky above and good smells below: pickled herring and leather, paprika and the faint scent of little, hard, sweet apples."

MRS. BEAUTIFUL, by Lester Goran (New Horizon; $14.95). A slapdash edition of a strong and shapely novel by a translator of Isaac Bashevis Singer. The errors begin on the dust jacket, which says that the story is set in 1890; it is set in 1909. The eponymous heroine, christened Roxanne, is an ambitious orphan from Appalachia. "I got other prospects," she explains to a suitor in Chapter 1; then she sets out for Pittsburgh, where she marries Diamond Jim Brady's doorman, sells corsets door to door (hence her nickname, which starts as the jeer of street loafers), and falls in love with a Wobbly who aims to liberate black chain gangs imported by the Pressed Steel Car Company to break a strike. Brady's motor bus eventually transports Roxanne to New York City, where she tries to measure Lillian Russell for a corset, and where she refuses to measure Lord Alfred Douglas, but she is soon on her way back to Pittsburgh. This misadventure prompts the dust-jacket copywriter to make a comparison with "D. L. Doctorow's 'Ragtime,'" but Mr. Goran's focus is on the strike, and his portrayal of tragic passions—passions that can work only minor miracles—rivals Mr. Singer's darker plots.

GENERAL

FREUD FOR HISTORIANS, by Peter Gay (Oxford; $17.95). This short essay,

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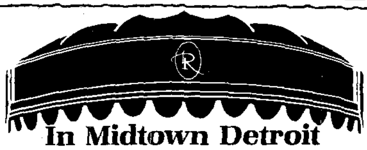

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part plea and part polemic, aims to demonstrate that Freud as a psychologist or a philosopher of human nature has greater scope and validity than present-day historians recognize. Mr. Gay, a noted historian at Yale, has quarried quotations to show that Freud's own writings rebut the hostile stereotype of the narrow nineteenth-century Viennese physician mulling over the sexual difficulties of well-to-do neurotics, and express, instead, an awareness that the many factors that affect human behavior might operate differently in different eras and among diverse societies. Mr. Gay's quotations from historians and biographers assailing Freud do often suggest surprising ignorance. On the other hand, many Freudian concepts, such as the idea of the unconscious, have seeped into the public mind; the Master is perhaps more influential in historical writing than Mr. Gay acknowledges.

SELECTED LETTERS OF E. M. FORSTER: VOLUME II, 1921-1970, edited by Mary Lago and P. N. Furbank (Harvard; $20). In a letter written in 1958 from his rooms at King's College, Cambridge, Forster said, "The things that have most interested me in life are personal relationships and the arts, and I don't, at the age of eighty, find my interest in either flagging." One will notice that he didn't say "my work in the arts," and this may furnish a clue to his fairly detached attitude toward the drying up of his powers of creative imagination, which had begun soon after the publication of "A Passage to India," some thirty-four years before. The subsequent years were devoted to travel, journalism, writing essays—like those in the seminal "Aspects of the Novel" (1927)—broadcasting for the BBC, writing librettos for modern operas, and counselling and nurturing promising young writers, and his correspondence shows that his devotion to the arts and his enthusiasm for people never did flag. He writes about literary matters to T. S. Eliot, T. E. Lawrence, the Woolfs, Christopher Isherwood, and Siegfried Sassoon, and about more mundane concerns to his mother, family friends, and other intimates, and he always has something lively and colorful to say: "Chicago—is—oh well, a façade of skyscrapers facing a lake, and behind the façade every

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A RUMOR OF REVOLT: THE "GREAT NEGRO PLOT" IN COLONIAL NEW YORK, by Thomas J. Davis (Free Press; $19.95). A young historian reëxamines the alleged conspiracy, in 1741, of New York City's slaves to burn down the city, kill the rich and powerful white slaveowners, and hold the town for themselves or for Spain, with which Great Britain was at war. Most historians have refused to take this accusation seriously, and have regarded the subsequent trials and the execution of thirty-four men and women as gruesome mistakes. But Professor Davis, who teaches at Howard, finds evidence that the kernel of a plot really existed, and that it was responsible for a series of fires—the most significant of which destroyed Fort George, the seat of government. The book is a fascinating reconstruction of a city small enough for most of its inhabitants to expect to know each other's business, and to be surprised when they discover they do not.

THE UNASHAMED ACCOMPANIST, by Gerald Moore, with a foreword by Geoffrey Parsons and an afterword by Graham Johnson (Franklin Watts; $13.95). This third edition, published in honor of its author's eighty-fifth birthday, brings an essential book back into print, with new contributions by two younger accompanists, representing two generations that have benefitted from Mr. Moore's concert performances and from his codification of the rules of his trade. One reason the book has lasted is its valuable exposition of the possibilities of the piano when combined with different voices and different instruments. It is as enlightening to amateur music-makers as it is to professionals, and its discussions of particular works point out pitfalls—technical and expressive difficulties—and highlight opportunities. Earnest and witty, Mr. Moore demonstrates a devotion to music which does not exclude criticism of musicians and never fails to suggest the pleasure of getting a masterwork right.

COPS: THEIR LIVES IN THEIR OWN WORDS, by Mark Baker (Simon & Schuster; $16.95). The sources of this work are more than a hundred policemen, of several ranks, in a variety of American communities, who have in common, most notably, a feeling of separation from the rest of

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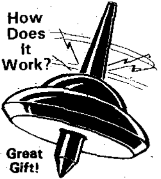
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the population. The author's tapestry of first-person narratives tells us that most men (and now women) originally joined the police to do good. Some manage to retain their idealism, but others suffer from boredom or poor leadership or politics or corruption, or from the daily evidence of the human capacity for evil. Most agree that policework demands a degree of callousness that none wholly attain, and most agree, too, that none of them resemble television policemen, whose charmed lives, infallible intuition, marksmanship, and invariable success at solving serious crimes bear no relation to their own dangerous drudgery.

WITH FONDEST REGARDS, by Françoise Sagan, translated from the French by Christine Donougher (Dutton; $14.95). The jacket of this collection of more or less autobiographical essays shows Mlle. Sagan wrapped in a long leopard-skin coat, leaning against a long, low fire-engine-red sports car. This is the Sagan of 1955, the Sagan we will always remember, the Sagan of "Bonjour Tristesse," and her gaze in these pieces is largely fixed on those early days of celebrity. Five of them describe with a kind of elegiac affection five celebrated friends—Billie Holiday, Tennessee Williams, Orson Welles, Rudolf Nureyev, and Jean-Paul Sartre. She writes in other pieces of her joy (and usual good fortune) in gambling, of her joy in fast cars on dangerous roads, of the excitement of writing for the theatre, of the sad transformation of Saint-Tropez from village to resort. There are interesting moments, as when she says of Sartre that he "never claimed that the talent of the writer could justify the failings of the man," but for the most part she offers little more than a glimpse of herself, at fifty, reclining in nostalgia.

ETHICS AND THE LIMITS OF PHILOSOPHY, by Bernard Williams (Harvard; $17.50). The English philosopher argues that philosophy cannot produce an acceptable ethical theory—at least, not as it has attempted to do since the days of the Greeks, by presenting a set of arguments that every human being is expected to find irrefutable. Some ethical theories fail, in Mr. Williams' opinion, because they are oversimple and seek to derive their entire scheme from a single good;

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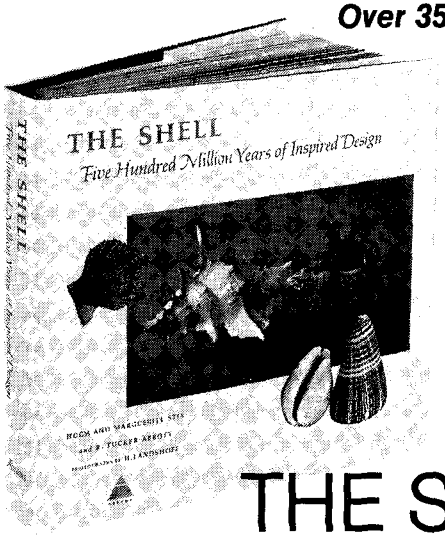

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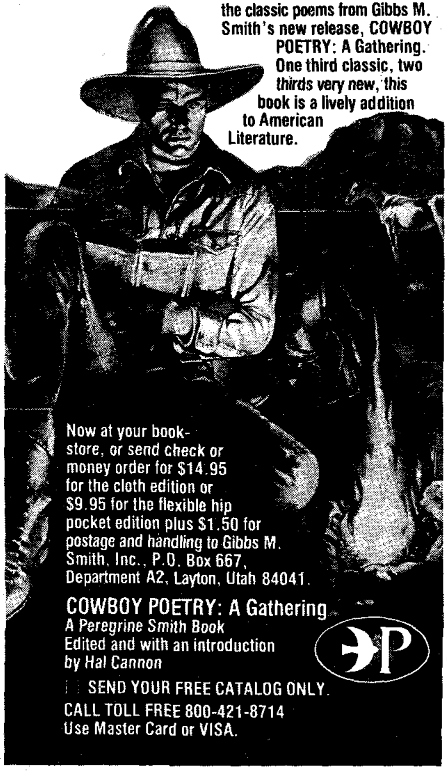

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others smuggle in irrational elements either as presuppositions or as the philosophers' own unrecognized prejudices. Mr. Williams suggests that Aristotle's "Nicomachean Ethics" may come closer to meeting the demands of a consistent ethical theory than the systems of later thinkers, but he finds that work less than perfectly satisfactory for several reasons, including its historical remoteness and its faith in an attainable harmony. Mr. Williams' arguments are intended not to assail ethics but to encourage ethical behavior; he fears that the manifest flaws of present all-embracing systems may lead to a despair of ethics.

HALLEY'S COMET, 1910: FIRE IN THE SKY, by Jerred Metz (Singing Bone Press; $13.95 cloth, $6.95 paper). A poet has assembled and edited texts that illustrate the worldwide response to the last appearance of Halley's Comet. In an introduction, Mr. Metz tells us that on the night of May 18, 1910, when the earth passed through the comet's tail, "the greatest number of people ever to share in a single event" stayed up to watch. For some, the comet was an opportunity to learn, and for others it was an occasion of dread. It became a theme of advertising, skits, cartoons, and vaudeville jokes, and the subject of innumerable gimcrack souvenirs. Pseudo scientists and prophets won audiences by predicting the end of the world, but the commonest response in this country was festivity—there were comet-viewing champagne parties on the roof gardens of Manhattan hotels and humbler galas atop Flatbush tenements. Mr. Metz is a good selector. And in this wealth of material—surprising, funny, scientific, or sad—he never lets us forget that the comet was beautiful.

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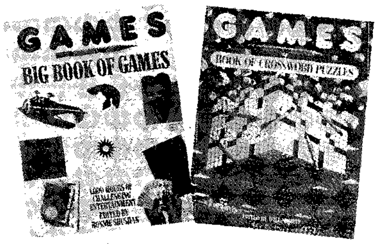
CONCERTS—July 7: Montpelier Philharmonic Orchestra, Cyril Diederich/Mstislav Rostropovitch conductor, Leonard Bernstein cello (Tchaikovsky).—*International Herald Tribune.*

Damn, we missed it!



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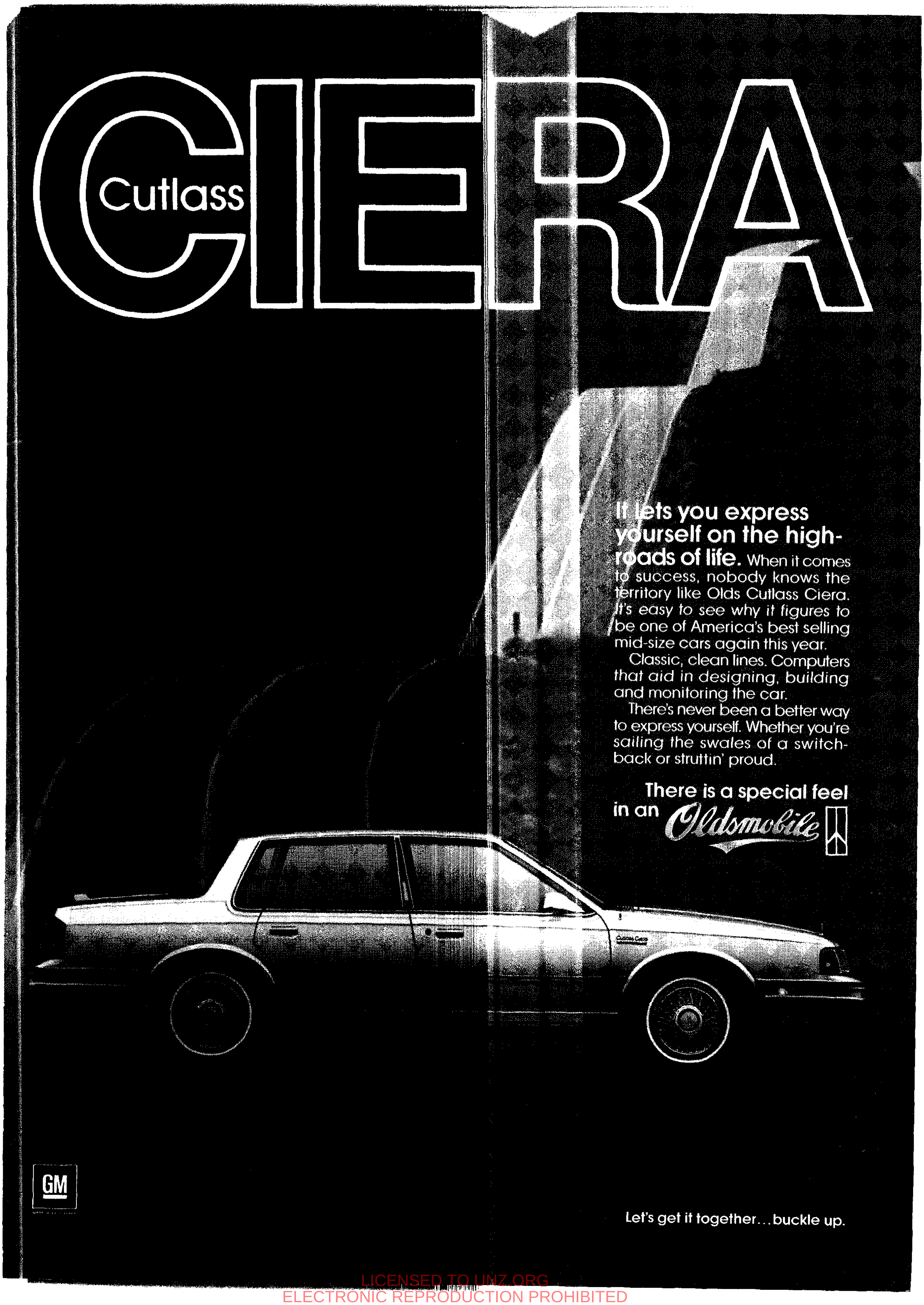

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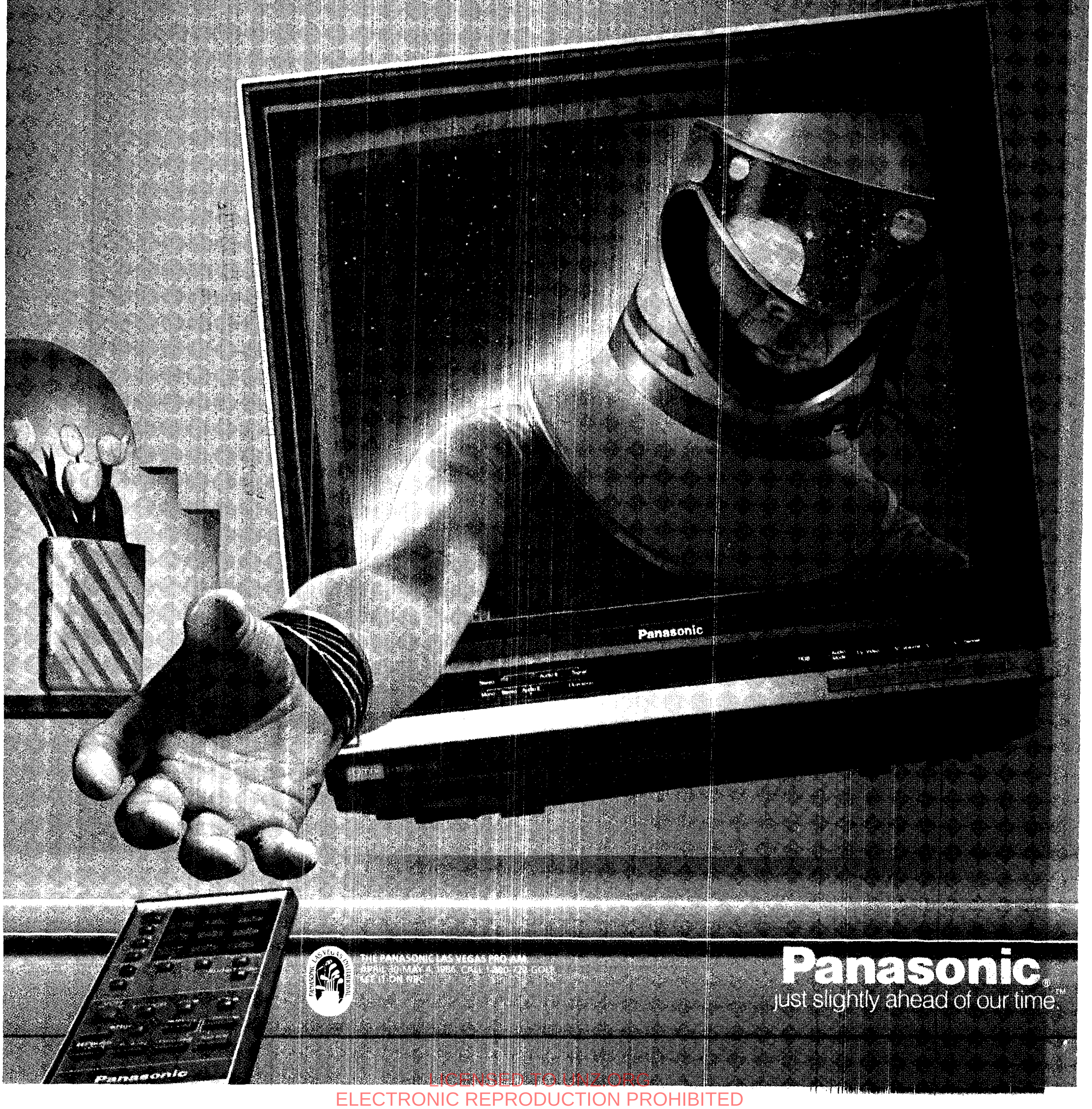

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